Collier's

April 26, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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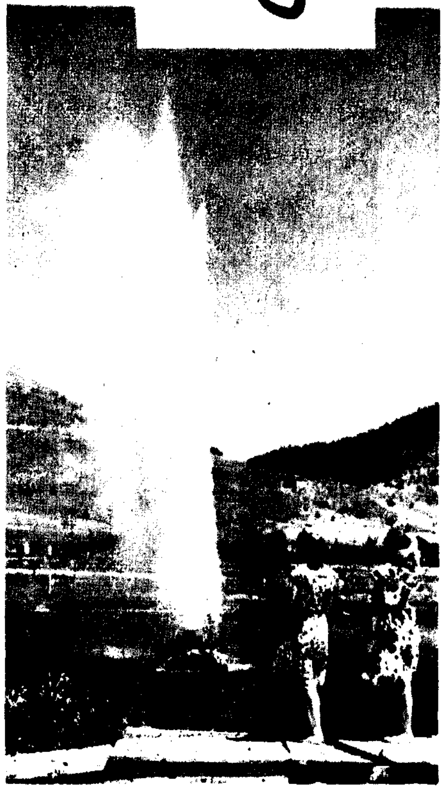

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 129, No. 17. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Lovely Italian-born Pier Angeli already has won international acclaim for her acting ability at the age of nineteen. Her part in the movie Teresa won American plaudits, and her role in Tomorrow Is Too Late, now being released in the U.S., earned a coveted Venice film prize for the best performance by an Italian actress. Photographer John Florea captures the young actress's beauty and rare sensitivity for the cover. The story of her past and present, and a preview of her future, begins on page 52.

Week's Mail

Kelly & Pogo

EDITOR: Many thanks for your splendid article about two favorite characters of several friends and myself—Pogo and Walt Kelly (Pogo's Papa, March 8th).

Some months ago the Montreal Herald was indiscreet enough to publish a letter demanding that the editors get rid of Pogo and reinstate a completely inane feature. After two weeks they stopped the whole thing because so many pro-Pogo letters were sent in by the indignant faithful that they couldn't handle the flood.

One point about the article. I think you missed some of the best of the fictional names Walt Kelly was using to sign the strip for a while. There are my favorites: Hathaniel Nawthorne, Doray Mefasso, Tuppens Happeny, Middling Fayreux, Motley Crewcut and Gunga Dinsmore.

ALLAN BERNFELD, Montreal, Canada

. . . We of the Midwest have long been cognizant of the genius involved in the creation of our little friend, and now we find that others are also aware of the fact. Pogo is not a cartoon to be scoffed at, sneered at or derided. He is an intellectual among intellectuals.

During final examinations at the University of Illinois, many professors were seen reading Pogo comic books as they tended their flocks. Surprisingly enough, many of the students taking exams had brought their own Pogos to while away any spare time they might have.

ARTE S. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

Economic Trailer Living

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and to Bill Stapleton on that superb article Home Is Where the Car Is (March 8th).

My only criticism of the article is that Bill neglected to mention that many of the trailerites now living in Florida are retired persons with an income of less than $100 a month. They enjoy all the comforts of home and, in addition, some even manage to save a little money every month!

I know that this may sound incredible with today's high prices, but there are hundreds of families doing just this today, particularly on Florida's Gulf Coast.

CLIFFORD H. WILMATH, Coral Gables, Fla.

One Too Many Plants

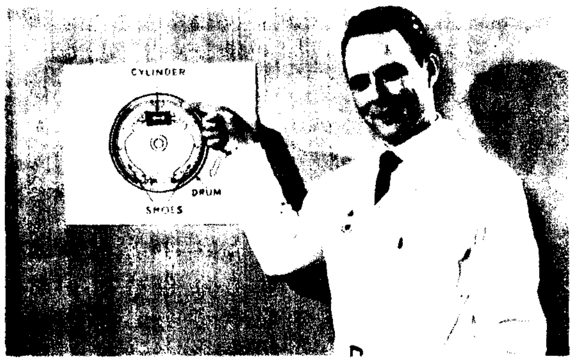
EDITOR: We have read with particular interest your article Big Boom on the Delaware (March 8th), because of our substantial preparations to turn out medium and heavy tanks in Newark, Delaware. As you know, we built and operated the nationally famous Detroit Tank Arsenal in World War II and we have an even larger assignment in the Delaware basin of the same character now. We also have one of our main parts plants in the same town and enjoy very much operating in that vicinity.

However, your article goes a little further than our operations in suggesting that we have a plant in Pennsylvania. We do not have any plants in Pennsylvania, although a large number of independent Plymouth,

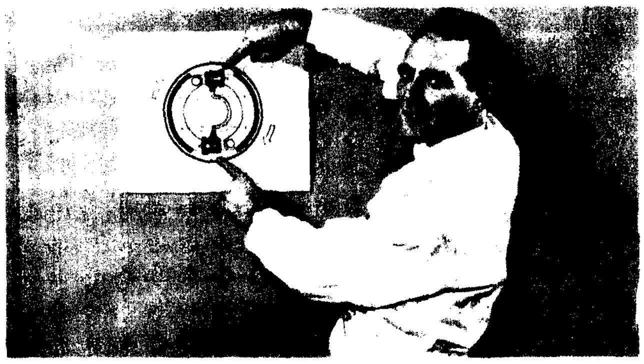
the new PLYMOUTH *shows you big forward steps in driving and riding ease*

SOME CARS affect you like this when encountering an unexpected bump in the road. Another thing that can make you "tense up" while you're driving is the glare of the sun.

NEW PLYMOUTH offers you the relaxation of smooth-gliding Safety-Flow Ride. Also Solex Safety Glass* to reduce glare, help keep out heat of sun, for greater driving comfort.



JUST ONE hydraulic cylinder in front brakes of other leading low-priced cars. Results may be erratic: same pedal pressure doesn't always produce the same braking action.

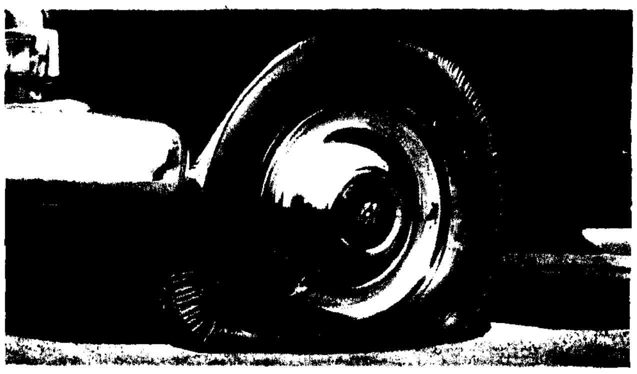


NEW PLYMOUTH'S front brakes have *two* hydraulic cylinders. Results always smooth and sure—same braking action for the same pedal pressure every time.

CONVENTIONAL seat used in many cars. To get head room under a too-low roof contour, it's built low and tilted back. Uncomfortable posture: weight on base of spine; knees jackknifed.

NEW PLYMOUTH has Chair-Height seats—highest seats in the lowest-priced field. Ample head room, but erect, natural posture. Full support for legs and back. More comfort, less fatigue.

ORDINARY wheel rim, after a blowout. Tire has twisted off the rim and the resulting drag on one wheel has caused the car to go out of control and into the ditch.



NEW PLYMOUTH has Safety-Rim Wheels, another "exclusive" in the lowest-priced field. Blown-out tire has been held squarely on the rim, allowing driver to slow to a safe, controlled stop.

NEW AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

ANOTHER NEW feature now available with the 1952 Plymouth is Automatic Overdrive*. Just let up on the gas pedal at any speed over 25 and you're in Overdrive, gliding along with the same forward speed but with engine speed 30% less. For sudden acceleration just "step down" on the gas pedal and you're back in conventional drive.

There's a Plymouth dealer near you. See him soon!

* Optional equipment at moderate extra cost

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

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Close your mouth and say "ah!"

Comes out "Mmmm" doesn't it?

That's because you've closed down on a mellow Mars candy bar. You've eased through the thickly poured layer of pure milk chocolate, on into that creamy nougat and finished that bite, savoring the crisp, golden almonds that Mars loads into these marvelous bars. Get one now. Open wide please. Now close your mouth and say "AH!"

Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers sell our products in that state.

Rumors often develop about possible plant locations but this one has no basis in fact and, knowing your interest in accuracy, I felt sure you would want to know about this error. We do not want people in Pennsylvania to be thinking improperly that we are planning to put a plant there. Such rumors can create unreal speculation.

JAMES W. LEE II,
Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

The Durochers

Queen & consort

EDITOR: After reading the Durochers' Story, Laraine Taught Leo (March 8th), I now proclaim, with witnesses thereof—

Laraine Day as Queen of Baseball. For the past six months baseball fans have been trying to figure out how in the world the Giants ever performed the miracle of winning the National League pennant. The answer is Laraine Day.

HERMAN CARTER, New York, N.Y.

Power & Government

EDITOR: You and your staff are to be highly commended for the forceful editorial On the Brink of Socialism (March 8th).

Every unit of private enterprise, regardless of the nature of its business, will applaud this excellent editorial.

WALTER L. TODD, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . I cannot refrain from commending your bold and forthright editorial on the Niagara power project. I hope that your espousal of this campaign against public ownership, this creeping Socialism, reflects a growing feeling in the nation.

Every thinker who has been entitled to respect, from Aristotle to the present day, has seen that politics cannot properly conduct business. "The only stable principle of government is equality according to proportion and that every man shall enjoy his own." That is 25 centuries old.

ERNEST FREDERICK LLOYD,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . Permit me to compliment you on the editorial On the Brink of Socialism. You have performed a great public service in again emphasizing the frightening trend toward Socialism in this country as brought out in the hydroelectric power case at Niagara Falls.

We have a somewhat comparable situation in Los Angeles in the form of a government-subsidized public housing program which we found ourselves in the midst of before we knew what was happening. The federal government was to provide a $110,000,000 subsidy on an alleged slum-clearance program. It was not to cost our taxpayers anything. In fact, it was "manna from heaven." If we did not take it, some other community would.

By the time the anesthetic began to wear off, we found, much to our chagrin, that contrary to its being a slum-clearance program with no cost to our taxpayers, it contemplated the erection of 13-story apartment buildings on land now vacant. The cost to our local taxpayers, by way of providing services, vacating streets, and taking the property off the tax rolls, was fantastic —being estimated by some to be in excess of $200,000,000.

GEORGE P. CRONK, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . In a recent article in the Oakland Tribune I said, "The two worst evils we have to combat today are within our own government. They are a federal bureaucracy and an overzealous Army, each one dependent upon and related to the other."

We find today the Army engineers planning great power plants and other projects in direct competition with the free-enterprise institutions that pay their salaries. What a farce!

I would like to see more editorials condemning this growth of federal bureaucracy, and appreciated the editorial you wrote in the March 8th issue.

GEORGE M. SVARVERUD, Oakland, Cal.

. . . Your defense of the power trust is sickening.

It has robbed the public for generations, and fought all attempts to develop our rivers for electricity and flood control.

J. CLEARY, Pico, Cal.

. . . I very much like your editorial titled The Campaign Issues: Which Direction? (March 1st), and I wanted to tell you that in my opinion you are thinking very clearly on the subject. Congratulations for having the courage to say what you think.

Your editorial On the Brink of Socialism is also good. The tax-spend-elect formula is an expensive and unwise procedure.

H. W. FILES, Minneapolis, Minn.

Our Fiction Admirers

EDITOR: You deserve my sincere thanks for your wonderful short story Special Assembly (March 8th).

Since I am a speech and drama teacher I have seen many a young person's "soul murdered" by the "second row." How very true is the contention the story holds: that those who either are, or dare to be, different are always crucified by the blockheads and their cliques. Your story gave me a piece of writing through which I could possibly show a few of the "blockheads" how stupid they make themselves appear.

I have found Collier's an excellent source of stories which are a real help in teaching. Evidently other educators feel the same way, as I have observed that Collier's is represented much more often than any other magazine in Scholastic's Literary Cavalcade and Practical English, both of which reprint outstanding fiction and articles for classroom use.

R. H. FANDERS, Schuyler, Nebr.

. . . Moses and Mr. Aiken, by Edward Thompson (March 8th), is one of the finest stories I ever read in Collier's or any other magazine. Please give us more by same author.

Such a welcome change from some of your more violent action stories.

M. C. ELLIOTT, Sebring, Ohio

Beaton the Perseverant

EDITOR: Your article This Is Garbo (March 1st) was extremely interesting and entertaining.

This is one tale I heard of how Greta Garbo and Cecil Beaton, the famous English photographer, met. He was visiting this country and wanted to add Garbo' portrait to his huge collection of notables. Garbo, as expected, said "no" to several re quests.

He learned she was leaving for Swede and wired her: "May I at least take you passport photograph?" She admired hi perseverance, okayed his last request, an *voilà*—their friendship began.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, New York, N.Y

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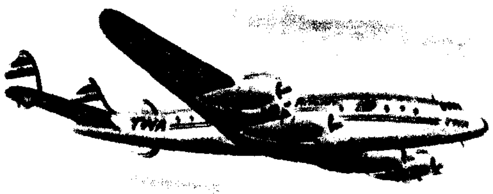

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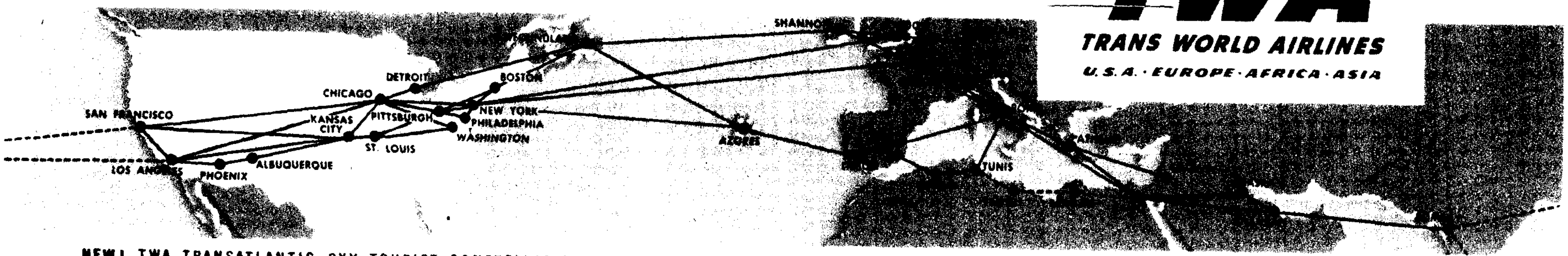
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The Kenmoor, *S-1502, U-wing tip, in blue calf and blue nylon mesh*

The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

With all the crisp zest of an overdunked doughnut, candidates for political office are exhorting these harangue-happy forty-eight. With vigorous vagueness they unload their damp political fuel; we, the voters, are expected to furnish the fire. The conductor of this department unlimbers his old brass spyglass and scans the national horizon. He sets it down, rubs his eyes, which have seen nothing new, and hopefully cups his hand behind his good ear.

★ ★ ★

In Little Rock a chap dropped in at the Eisenhower headquarters. He was warmly received, and emerged plastered with I Like Ike buttons. His next stop was the office of the state attorney general, in the Capitol. In a few minutes, he had been divested of every last button, and folks were parading them all over the place. Just a coincidence, of course, that the attorney general's name happens to be Ike Murry.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Hattie Harncross, of Los Angeles, asked her ten-year-old son what he thought was the greatest invention. He didn't squander a minute in thinking. "The atom bomb," said he. "Wish I had one."

★ ★ ★

Which brings us to Mr. J. E. Gatchell, of Oakland, California, who stopped in front of a market on LaSalle Avenue, stunned by the sign he saw: "Help Yourself to a Tray of Ice Cubes—Free!" Mr. Gatchell, in no real need of an ice cube, but delighted to find anything offered without cost these days, started to help himself—and in so doing almost ran afoul of the law. For at that moment an OPS inspector arrived and the following scene occurred: OPS man tells market proprietor to take down that sign; OPS has decreed that nothing may be given away free. Market proprietor protests they're his ice cubes and he can do what he wants with them. Not so, repeats OPS; nothing may be given away free. So the proprietor puts up another sign: "One Cent Per Tray. Take Them Away." Okay, says OPS. Nuts, says Mr. Gatchell, proceeding on his way, cubeless.

★ ★ ★

You've heard of crying towels. Well, Mr. Henry T. Rutledge, president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, has sent us a laughing towel. He says it is to be used to mop away the tears of merriment we shed when we hear anyone speak unenthusiastically about the weather in Minnesota, which, Mr. Rutledge insists, is unbeatable—no matter what the thermometer says. Also healthy.

★ ★ ★

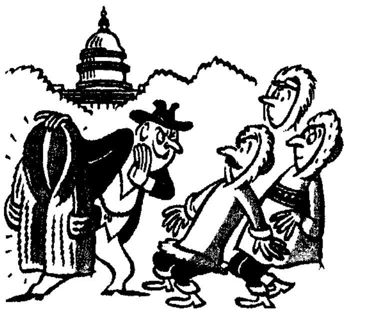
Trouble in Mississippi. The state is legally dry—in a manner of speaking. But there are almost 2,000 licensed bootleggers who are required to pay the state 10 per cent of their annual take or go to jail for illegally operating their illegal business. In 1951, Mississippi collected $1,221,883 from her licensed bootleggers. The trouble is that it costs Mississippi more to prosecute citizens who break laws because they've consumed too much liquor than the state gets from the legally licensed illegal bootleggers. What to do? The legally licensed bootleggers threaten to quit their illegal bootlegging if the state increases the legal levy to 15 or 20 per cent. The dry-voting citizens protest that this would deprive them of their liquor. The only word we have for this direful situation is alackaday.

★ ★ ★

We gather from Mr. Paul J. Pallson's letter that there's a shortage of unity, peace and concord in his home in Tucson, Arizona. Mrs. Pallson, it seems, gave him a birthday present of 500 tea bags with his name printed on them. Not only his name but her pet name for him—Cosey. "I don't know when I'll be writing again," says Mr. Pallson. "I may be in jail. So help me, the next guy I meet on the street who yells, 'Cosey, got any pretty little tea bags with you?' the cops better be somewhere near."

★ ★ ★

Here's a fellow in Nome, Alaska, also looking through a glass, but darkly. Name's Ed Broad. "Oh, well," sighs Mr. Broad, "maybe it's just as well Congress ain't making us a state just yet. Save us the trouble of sending a delegation of fine upstanding Alaskans to Washington to have their morals corrupted."



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Here's a team of facts that doesn't thrill us with pride in our beloved country. Thirty-three per cent of Kentucky's draftees are rejected for illiteracy. And nearly 5,000 of Kentucky's schoolteachers are substandard. In other words, they lack sufficient educational qualifications for the job. Nevertheless, the state has to hire them because there's a shortage of adequately equipped teachers. To our weak mind, these two dismal discoveries seem to indicate that something's drastically wrong.

★ ★ ★

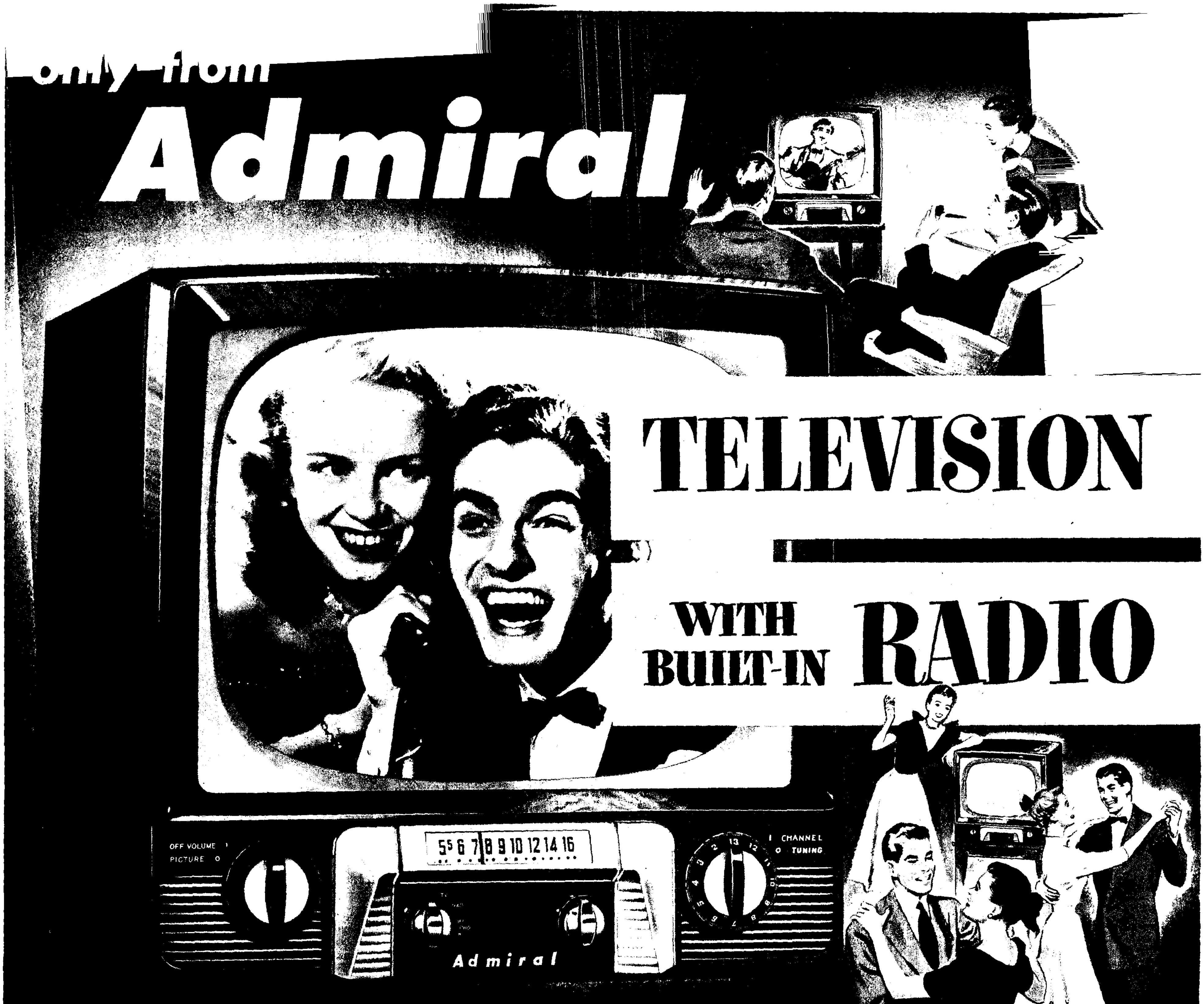
And to make ends meet, 29 Albuquerque cops are working in uniform for private employers in their off hours—most of them in bars. Mr. Joseph Topico Luardes tell us that the practice is considered deplor able. But we don't go along with him whe he says it has "no redeeming feature." A least the bouncer doesn't have to wast time calling a cop.

★ ★ ★

Nothing like that in Randolph, Wiscor sin. Believe it or not, there have been n complaints about police wages in Randolpl Nor any suggestion that any cop has ev been bribed. Now that we've quit beir cute, we reveal the secret. No cops.

★ ★ ★

Pretty quiet in Spokane, Washington, r ports our man there. Best he could do about an irate lady on a bus. She sudder decided to get off, but not before telling t driver what she thought of him. "Six sixth Street!" she shouted. "I said I want



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Model 57M12—Admiral 17" TV with built-in radio, tone control, and plug-in jack for record player.

...at no extra cost!

Model 47M36—Admiral 17" TV Console with built-in radio, tone control, plug-in jack for record player.

Model 421M25—Admiral 21" TV Console with built-in radio. New anti-reflection picture tube provides 245 sq. inches of glare free viewing surface. 14% bigger than a 20" tube!

Admiral Prices Never Were Lower! See Your Admiral Dealer Today for the Greatest Values in TV History!

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It's another spectacular "first" from Admiral . . . TV with built-in radio at no extra cost! And what a radio! Don't confuse it with an ordinary table model worth $25 or $30! Because here is a radio with rich *console* tone, with unmatched selectivity and sensitivity achieved by utilizing the full power of Admiral's famous triple-X TV chassis.

Never before has so much power been available in a radio alone! Compare its performance with the most expensive console radio-phonograph built today.

Yes, here is a magnificent new radio that brings in all standard broadcasts . . . a radio worth over $100, if purchased by itself . . . and it's yours at no extra cost, built right into your 1952 Admiral television receiver.

More than ever before, you will want a dependable radio conveniently at hand to hear, as well as see, the many history making events to be unfolded in this all-important election year With a 1952 Admiral you can shift from TV to radio at the flick of a switch.

On TV and RADIO—See and hear both Presidential Nominating Conventions on ABC Networks.
On RADIO—"World News" with Bob Trout, Sundays, 5:30 PM EST on CBS.

A MESSAGE TO MOTORISTS

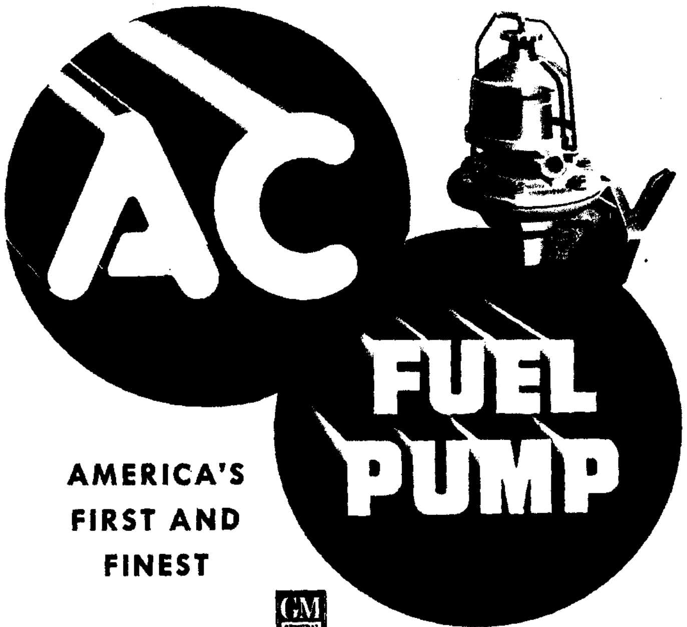
Whose Fuel Pumps Have Seen Several Years of Service

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU!

Your car's fuel pump . . . because of its many moving parts . . . is naturally subject to considerable wear over the years. In fact, it pulsates 150 thousand times for every 100 miles you drive. And when the fuel pump stops, you're really stopped . . . oftentimes when service is most difficult to get.

Don't let this happen to you! A small investment for a new AC Fuel Pump . . . America's first choice for 25 years . . . will assure you of additional years of dependable operation.

HAVE YOUR DEALER INSTALL A NEW . . .



AMERICA'S FIRST AND FINEST

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Sixty-sixth. Why didn't you let me off? You're a rude, careless, incompetent fool and I'm going to report you to the company." He looked at her mildly. "Lady," said he, touching his cap, "calm yourself. We'd hate to see you leave us. I can't begin to tell you how pleasant it's been to have you on our bus. Please be seated. Relax and be comfortable. We won't be at Sixty-sixth for several minutes yet. Thank you." At Sixty-sixth he rose, tipped his cap and gallantly helped her off the bus.

★ ★ ★

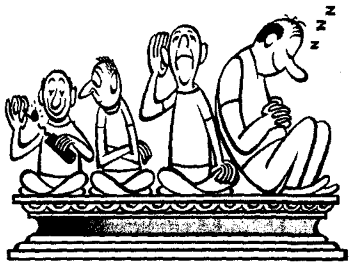
Oklahoma genius who understandably prefers not to be named is working on a trailer equipped with a suction pump. Idea is to follow gin-bound cotton trucks and gather up the cotton that blows off. Figures he'll pick up about three bales a day.

★ ★ ★

Comes word from Mr. Chris Ungerheis, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, about a fellow who was arrested for driving with one hand while the other arm was around the shoulders of a girl. No accident or anything like that. Just accident-inviting. So the cop gathered him in and they told it to the judge. The judge dismissed the case, then asked: "Who was the lady?" And the man said: "That was no lady, Your Honor, that was—" But you finish it if you can. We haven't the heart.

★ ★ ★

After giving the situation a good thinking over, Mr. Bull Ryall informs us from Mexico, Missouri, that the world is divided into four groups. In order of their size, beginning with the smallest, says Mr. Ryall, there are those who make things happen, those who watch things happen, those who hear about it and ask "so what?" and finally the bewildered majority—who haven't any idea what's happened.



★ ★ ★

Social speculation from the Dahlonega Nugget, my favorite Georgia paper: "The Frogtown bus ain't running so much lately. Think the driver must have got married."

★ ★ ★

Just got an excellent idea from Mr. Joseph Coniglio, of Brooklyn, a part of New York City you may have heard of. Mr. Coniglio is president of the G.I. Pipe Smokers Club, a coast-to-coast organization which for seven years has been sending hundreds of thousands of cigarettes to our armed forces at home and abroad, to say nothing of cargoes of pipes and pipe tobacco. And especially for the past year to the men who are doing the fighting in Korea. Mr. Coniglio wants to do you readers a favor. He wants you to receive letters such as the G.I. Pipe Smokers Clubs have got from Korea, G.I. hospitals and training camps. And you can get such letters if you'll send our fighting men cigarettes, pipes and tobacco. Mr. Coniglio will send them for you, if you'll forward them to him at 86 Avenue S, Brooklyn 23, New York. Or he'll be very glad to give you names of G.I.s to send them to. So get going, readers. Do *yourselves* a favor.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours just back from England dropped in to say that if he hadn't heard it, he wouldn't believe it. While he was in London he heard Dr. S. F. Dorey, president of the Institute of Marine Engineers, say that courtships should be rationed to one day a week. Dr. Dorey suggested Sunday, a nonworking day. A snorting fellow in the audience got up and departed, loudly declaiming that he also wanted something else rationed—namely, silly statements.

★ ★ ★

Stern directive issued recently by big brass at Langley Air Force Base in Virginia: "Effective immediately, the wearing of long sideburns and long and fancy hairdos by male personnel will not be condoned." And just as the lads were learning how to manage their new horse-tail and poodle dos.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Joe Lauffertee went to the fights in Los Angeles. For five rounds the main bout was a minuet between two gents who shared a horror of hitting and possibly hurting each other. It was in the sixth stately round that the referee spoke to the peace-loving gladiators. Said he: "Okay, boys, love and kisses, but if you two butterflies don't stop treading on my toes when I try to pry you apart, there's going to be a fight around here. And I know you two lovelies wouldn't want to be responsible for anything like that."

★ ★ ★

You can imagine his shocked surprise, says Mr. Duane Bradley, of Henniker, New Hampshire, when he read in the Concord Daily Monitor and New Hampshire Patriot of the gift received from former Montana neighbors by the Rev. and Mrs. William Keeffe of Penacook. It was a hundred pounds of deer and elk meat. "It was shipped," read the account, "in two packages packed in dry ice and contained cuts from 17 persons still frozen stiff." Mr. Bradley's letter doesn't say how the Rev. and Mrs. Keeffe felt.

★ ★ ★

Little early, seems to us, but Mr. Ned Littlejohn, of Ogden, Utah, reports that the political situation is about to bust out in several directions. For example, thieves recently stole four cases of rotten eggs.

★ ★ ★

From Mr. Mel Brossard, in Knoxville, Tennessee, we hear that Liver Lou Detwiler has retired. Either retired or vanished without a trace. Liver Lou was not a doctor. Never pretended he was. But if anyone he met in his wanderings through the Unico, Great Smoky and Bald Mountains that separate Tennessee from North Carolina complained of an absence of rugged health, Liver Lou immediately pronounced it liver trouble and gave them a recipe which, he said, would "anyway mend up the liver." Mr. Detwiler's invariable salute was "How's your liver?" It didn't pay to discuss it with him because, no matter how well you felt he'd convince you that you'd feel better if it weren't for your liver. Anyway, he prob ably hasn't retired at all. It's our opinior that he has merely quit in disgust, convincec that it's no use trying to mend his fellov man in an utterly liverish world.

★ ★ ★

You'll be glad to know, we're sure, tha Mr. Ted Gulden, of Concord, New Hamp shire, has adopted a hobby. In his enthus asm he forgets to tell us what it is. Just sa that he got so bored listening to others te him about their hobbies that he decided have one himself and bore them right bac "Ever hear of two tough bores worki on each other?" asks Mr. Gulden. Su Haven't you ever been to a literary coc tail party, Mr. Gulden?

★ ★ ★

Gentleman in New Jersey reached ninety-ninth year not long ago and was terviewed by gentlemen of the press. difficult assignment for any journalist. (reporter asked him whether he was look forward to his hundredth birthday. Rep the old boy: "What the devil else can a r my age look forward to, son?"

It isn't often you discover you have a

RICH UNCLE

I'VE said it myself and you've probably said it, too: "Gee, I wish I had a rich uncle!"

I had one for years and never even knew it. That is, I knew I had an uncle, all right, but—well, let me tell you what happened.

My father's brother—Uncle Fred—was just a natural-born wanderer. He went to sea right after he got out of school and traveled around the world for years as an engineer on tankers and freighters and ships of all kinds.

When I was a kid he used to stop at the house for a couple of days, sometimes for a couple of weeks. He used to bring me little souvenirs of his travels—Indian curios from Central America, a drum from Africa, coins and toys from Iceland and India, Portugal and Peru. He'd tell me about his adventures at sea, and we got along swell.

Sometimes as he was leaving, Dad or Mother would urge him to "drop anchor" in our town, but he'd always smile and say maybe someday he would.

Weeks or months later we'd get a card from him from Liverpool or Marseilles or Honolulu. He always said the same thing on his cards. "Arrived safely. This is an interesting port."

A couple of months ago Uncle Fred died suddenly on an inbound freighter just outside of San Francisco. Dad got busy at once making all the necessary arrangements and assuming the expenses.

It was then that Mr. Ashley, a New York Life agent and a good friend of Dad's for many years, came over and told us what Uncle Fred had done.

It seems that back in the days when Uncle Fred used to visit us so often, he made up his mind to do something nice for me as a way of repaying Dad and Mom for the kindness they'd shown him over the years.

Uncle Fred had met Mr. Ashley over at our house and asked his advice. Between them they had worked out a plan.

As Mr. Ashley himself said to Dad, "The most sensible thing for him was life insurance. It would build up a fund for his own old age, so he would never be a burden to you. If he died, it would help to repay you for all you had done for him."

Mr. Ashley took some papers from his briefcase and gave them to Dad to sign. Dad looked at the top one, swallowed kind of hard and said, "Are you *sure* Fred carried this much life insurance?"

"Quite sure," Mr. Ashley said. "And your brother asked me—in case I ever had to get in touch with you about this—to give you two messages. First, that he hoped you would apply part of the money you will receive toward his nephew's education. And second, that he arrived safely in an interesting port . . ."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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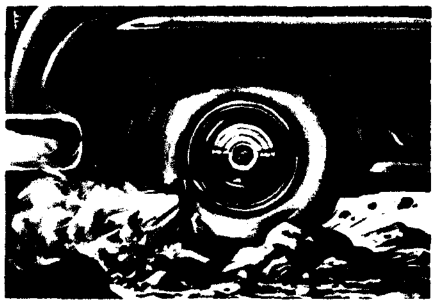

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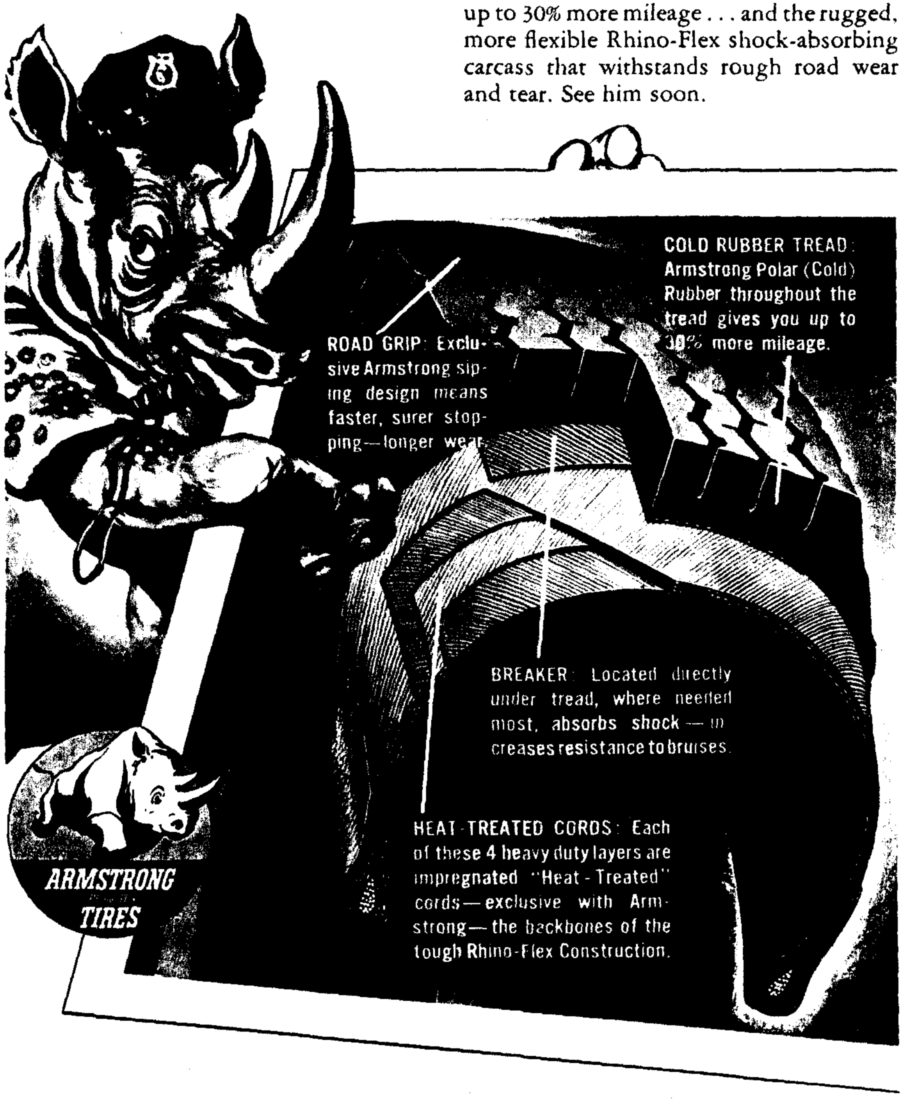
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ROAD GRIP: Exclusive Armstrong siping design means faster, surer stopping—longer wear.
BREAKER: Located directly under tread, where needed most, absorbs shock—increases resistance to bruises.
HEAT-TREATED CORDS: Each of these 4 heavy duty layers are impregnated "Heat-Treated" cords—exclusive with Armstrong—the backbones of the tough Rhino-Flex Construction.
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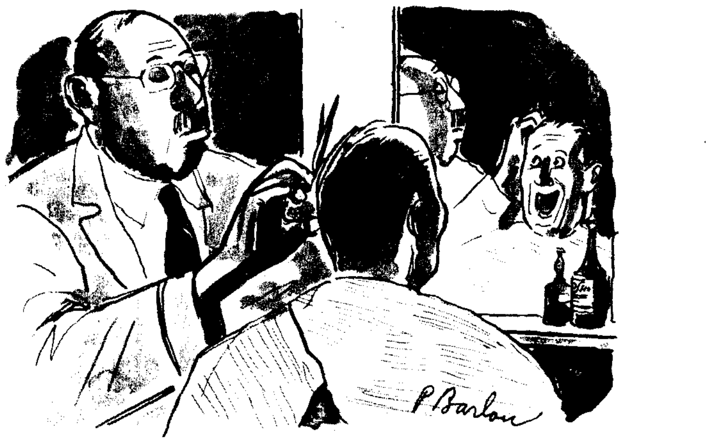
PERRY BARLOW



"Nice day," I said. "Yeh," says he. Chummy, but no loose tongue

You Meet Such People!

By PHIL DESSAUER

SOME guys go into a barbershop for a haircut. Me, I'm looking for Characters.

You know how it is: people are always telling how they go to Sam's Snip Shop because the barber in the first chair is such a riot. He's loaded with laughs, lives in a trailer with five in-laws, shoots 90 at golf using a pitchfork, wows his customers with imitations of Jimmy Durante at an English tea. These tales bewitch me. Ever since I've had hair I've been trying to match them. But all the barbers I know are only people.

Every week or so I try out a new shop, probing for talent like a movie scout at a drive-in restaurant. How I'd like to tell the world that my barber plays the zither with his teeth! But it wouldn't have to be that spectacular. Just a guy who sold soda pop at the Dempsey-Willard fight, or once caught one of Gypsy Rose Lee's garters, would be okay. I'd be willing to settle for the inventor of a home permanent for poodles. However, I can't even promote a decent conversation in a barbershop. Other fellows sit there and gab about the weather, the United Nations, Dick Tracy, the ball games, cures for dandruff. But let me open my face and my man turns up the volume on his clippers and plays like a prisoner of war: name and serial number—that's all, brother. I couldn't even get a *woman* barber to talk.

I've played it cagey, too. Tried to draw 'em out with tricks. In the beginning I'd start off with something snappy, like "Guess I'd better get my ears lowered a little, heh, heh."

Always I get the same response: "Heh, heh."

One time I thought I had it made. There was this sign in a three-chair shop: Try Our Psychological Haircut.

"This," I chortled, "must be It. Whoever thought of that one is a pixy for sure." Inside, I found an empty and climbed into the saddle. I decided to take the easy road. No tricks.

"Nice day," I offered.

"Yeh." He was a big chummy-looking guy but no loose tongue.

"Paper says rain tomorrow." Not too fast; give him a little rope.

"Yeh." At this rate I'd have to get a haircut, shave and shampoo before he got his motor running.

"You see the fight on TV last night?"

He hesitated a second and I strained for his answer, *any* kind of answer. Any kind but:

"Yeh."

Some chum. What did he want—a multiple-choice question? I changed the game. "Say, I saw your sign in the window. What's this psychological gimmick?"

That got him. I could feel his shudder. Then he leaned down and laid it in my right ear, gently. "Big deal. The boss, he's crazy."

With that he clammed up as though I'd just tipped him a nickel, and I looked around for the boss. He was over at a table holding cuticles with a redhead—a psychological manicurist, no doubt. I gave up in disgust, hating myself for not being bald.

When I was a boy I had no such trouble. For years I went to the shop of my home-town hero. It was an inspiring sight to watch his specialty—plunking a gobboon at 15 feet. He was the county champion; finally got so good a brass company hired him just to give demonstrations.

I remember another barber who was ambidextrous. In a public exhibition one day he held a razor in each hand and shaved *two men at once,* without so much as a nick! Fighting my way through the crowd, I was first in his chair after the applause died down, but he turned me out with a sneer. "Scram, buster," he said. "Think I'd waste myself on a seven-year-old kid? Come back in fifteen years."

I did, but he was gone.

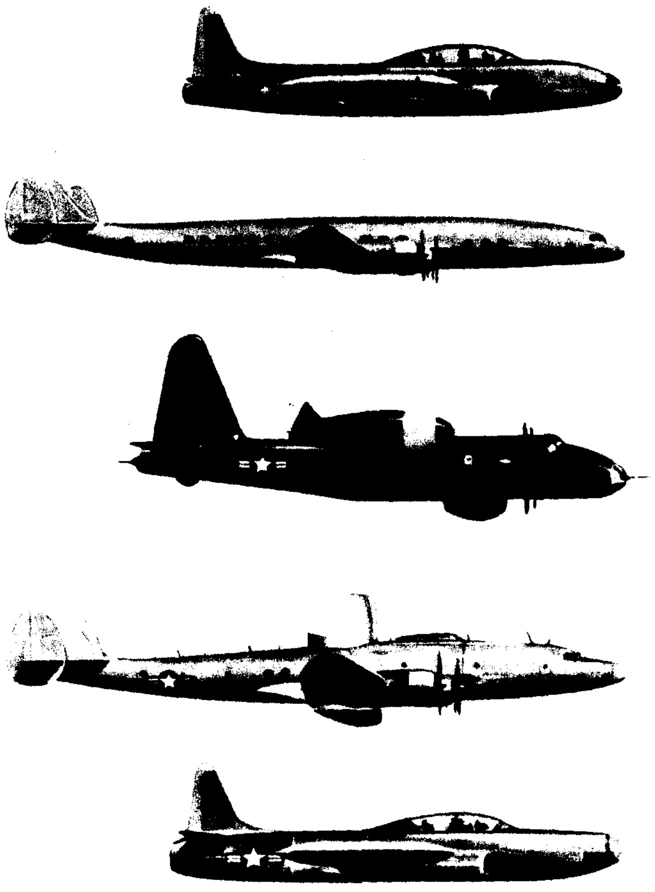
Since those days of the 25-cent haircut I've tracked down many a hot tip, but I always end up with a freak or a phony. Like the one who claimed he'd patented a painless way to remove mustard plasters, with a hammer and chisel. Or the midget who stood on a chair to cut hair.

I found one fellow who raised my hopes. The story was that he'd correctly predicted the results of every Presidential election since World War I. I drove 170 miles and sweated out four customers to sit in his chair. Just as he was about to give me the word on 1952 he slapped a steaming towel over my face and I lost consciousness.

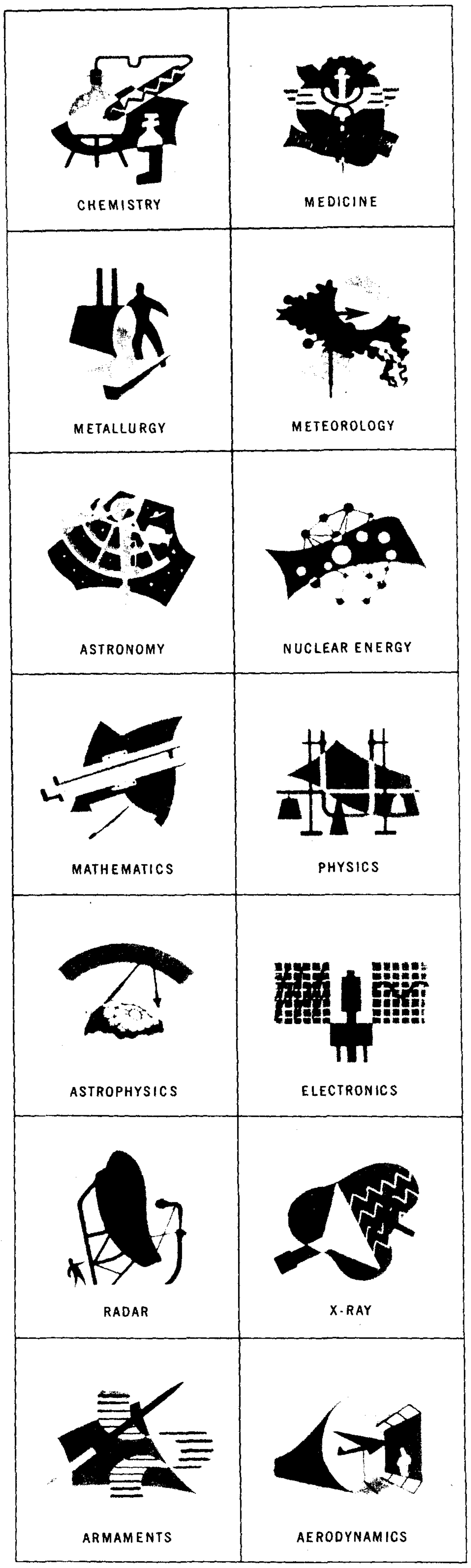
So what's the answer? I don't know. Once I laid it on the line to a friendly barber. "I've been looking all over for one of you birds with a lively line of chatter," I told him. "What's become of all the barbers with color?"

"I know just what you mean," he said, snipping at my sideburns. "All the time I hear about customers who do big things, give tips on the races and go around with movie stars. But what do I draw—nothing but ordinary guys!" ▲▲▲

Leadership demands constant achievement



T-33 JET TRAINER
SUPER CONSTELLATION
P2V NEPTUNE
MILITARY CONSTELLATION
F-94 STARFIRE



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SPARK PLUGS

BYRNES
Answers Truman

By JAMES F. BYRNES

The ex-Secretary of State hotly disputes charges the President made in a memo on the Moscow Conference and attacks the substitution of "fiction for history"

(I wrote this memo and read it to my Secretary of State. So urgent were its contents I neither had it typed nor mailed but preferred to read it in order to give emphasis to the points I wanted to make. H.S.T.)

January 5, 1946

"Hon. Jas. F. Byrnes, Secretary of State

"My Dear Jim: I have been considering some of our difficulties. As you know I would like to pursue a policy of delegating authority to the members of the Cabinet in their various fields and then back them up in the results. But in doing that and in carrying out that policy I do not intend to turn over the complete authority of the President nor to forego the President's prerogative to make the final decision.

"Therefore it is absolutely necessary that the President should be kept fully informed on what is taking place. This is vitally necessary when negotiations are taking place in a foreign capital, or even in another city than Washington. This procedure is necessary in domestic affairs and it is vital in foreign affairs. At San Francisco no agreements or compromises were ever agreed to without my approval. At London you were in constant touch with me and communication was established daily if necessary. That procedure did not take place at this last conference. I only saw you for a possible thirty minutes the night before you left after your interview with the Senate Committee.

"I received no communication from you directly while you were in Moscow. The only message I had from you came as a reply to one which I had Under Secretary Acheson send to you about my interview with the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy.

"The protocol was not submitted to me, nor was the communiqué. I was completely in the dark on the whole conference until I requested you to come to the Williamsburg and inform me. The communiqué was released before I ever saw it.

"Now I have infinite confidence in you and in your ability but there should be a complete understanding between us on procedure. Hence this memorandum.

"For the first time I read the Etheridge letter this morning. It is full of information on Rumania and Bulgaria and confirms our previous information on those two police states. I am not going to agree to the recognition of those governments unless they are radically changed.

"I think we ought to protest with all the vigor of which we are capable against the Russian program in Iran. There is no justification for it. It is a parallel to the program of Russia in Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania. It is also in line with the high-handed and arbitrary manner in which Russia acted in Poland.

"At Potsdam we were faced with an accomplished fact and were by circumstances almost forced to agree to Russian occupation of Eastern Poland and the occupation of that part of Germany east of the Oder River by Poland. It was a high-handed outrage.

"At the time we were anxious for Russian entry into the Japanese War. Of course we found later that we didn't need Russia there and that the Russians have been a headache to us ever since.

"When you went to Moscow you were faced with another accomplished fact in Iran. Another outrage if ever I saw one.

"Iran was our ally in the war. Iran was Russia's ally in the war. Iran agreed to the free passage of arms, ammunition and other supplies running into millions of tons across her territory from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. Without these supplies furnished by the United States, Russia would have been ignominiously defeated. Yet now Russia stirs up rebellion and keeps troops on the soil of her friend and ally—Iran.

"There isn't a doubt in my mind that Russia intends an invasion of Turkey and the seizure of the Black Sea Straits to the Mediterranean. Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand—'How many divisions have you?'

"I do not think we should play compromise any longer. We should refuse to recognize Rumania and Bulgaria until they comply with our requirements; we should let our position on Iran be known in no uncertain terms and we should continue to insist on the internationalization of the Kiel Canal, the Rhine-Danube waterway and the Black Sea Straits and we should maintain complete control of Japan and the Pacific. We should rehabilitate China and create a strong central government there. We should do the same for Korea.

"Then we should insist on the return of our ships from Russia and force a settlement of the Lend-Lease debt of Russia.

"I'm tired babying the Soviets.

"Sincerely, Harry S. Truman"

A DECENT regard for the opinions of my fellow Americans causes me to make this statement. Every normal man, however obscure, wishes his name to be clean in the annals of his country. I cannot, therefore, be unconcerned or remain forever silent when the President of the United States repeatedly makes inaccurate and untrue remarks about my services, and gives them such permanence as printed words can bestow. What a President says is likely to be accepted as established fact because Presidential papers are considered original and authoritative historical documents. This places a heavy responsibility on all Presidents to be scrupulously accurate.

President Truman has not met that responsibility in what he has said about me. Twice within 18 months, in two separate books, he has authorized direct quotations or made statements in his own writing that are not true about my services as Secretary of State. He did this first in the Jonathan Daniels book The Man of Independence, published in the autumn of 1950 by Lippincott, and now in the William Hillman book Mr. President, that appeared in March of this year, published by Farrar, Straus & Young.

In the Hillman book (page 21) there is something described as a "memorandum-letter" dated January 5, 1946 (printed on page 15). The President's note accompanying the memorandum-letter, says this:

"I wrote this memo and read it to my Secretary of State. So urgent were its contents I neither had it typed nor mailed but preferred to read it in order to give emphasis to the points I wanted to make." The initials H.S.T. conclude the note.

The statement made by the President that he read the memorandum-letter to me is absolutely untrue. I never even heard of the document until it was reproduced in the Hillman book. In none of the many conversations between the President and me did he mention it. There is no possibility that I could have forgotten it. The memorandum-letter is too remarkable a document for that explanation to stand.

This memorandum-letter would have to be interpreted, if left unchallenged, as meaning that intentionally I did not keep the President informed on what I was doing; that I undertook to make final decisions on major foreign policies on my authority, thus assuming Presidential prerogatives; that I was not in accord with his views on a number of subjects including a "tough" policy toward Russia; and that there were difficulties between us at the time. None of this is correct. The document said: "Now I have infinite confidence in you and in your ability but there should be a complete understanding between us on procedure." That fact, however, does not erase the major implications of what he said he read to me.

The evidence is impressive that the document was written by the President, and formally signed by him, to record himself favorably.

(The first facsimile in the book is an illustration of writing after the fact. It is a narrative beginning in 1918 written on White House stationery in 1946.)

Mr. Truman's method of writing history is very unusual. Ordinarily, if you write a letter and decide not to send it, it is destroyed. It seems, however, that Mr. Truman does not destroy such letters. He places them in his personal file for the historian to publish. In this book his biographer writes (page 46), "One day the President said that sometimes he wrote letters which he never sent but wished he had sent."

A Letter to an Unnamed Journalist

For example, the biographer published a letter written to a prominent journalist whose name, however, is withheld in this book. Today that journalist is unaware, as I have been unaware for six years, that in the President's file there is a letter addressed to him. Someday when all the private papers of the President are published, that letter will be published with the journalist's name. The man may be dead. The friends of the journalist may believe that he received such a letter.

The letter alleged to have been written to me is published while I am still alive. I deny that it was either read to me or sent to me.

Mr. Truman does not say when or where he read it to me. He did not publish an imaginary reply by me. For that I am thankful.

Among the numerous jottings made by Mr. Truman and printed in the book is this one: "I am going to spend the rest of my life in an endeavor to cause a return to truthful writing and reporting." I regret he did not reach that determination before he decided to write this memorandum letter and place it in the files.

If, as he said, the contents of his letter to me were so urgent that he "neither had it typed nor mailed but preferred to read it," why did he sign the memorandum-letter as the photostat shows he did? Normally a man writing a memorandum to himself, to remind him what he intends to say to someone, does not sign it "sincerely" and then his full name.

Jonathan Daniels in his book (page 310), after quoting the President directly as saying, "Byrnes lost his nerve in Moscow," went on to say in his own words: "And the real break (between Truman and Byrnes) as Truman remembers it and Admiral Leahy recalls, too, came on the President's yacht, the Williamsburg, down on the Potomac River the day after Byrnes returned."

That refers to my return from the Moscow conference of December, 1945. On the same page Daniels quoted the President directly as declaring: "Byrnes got the real riot act after Moscow. I told

RALPH ROYLE

Gov. and Mrs. Byrnes. Byrnes accuses Truman of creating impression he failed to report on the conference promptly. He asserts he contacted Truman within an hour after his return him our policy was not appeasement and not a one-way street."

This positively is not true. No riot act was spoken or read to me then or any other time. From Daniels' statement, presumably this alleged reading of an alleged riot act to me took place on the Williamsburg when I first saw the President after my return from Moscow. That would have been the evening of December 29, 1945. If that had happened, why did he write the January 5th memorandum-letter to be read to me?

What was so "urgent" about it if he already had read the riot act to me on the Williamsburg, and if there had been a break between us? There was no urgency at all. If there had been, why did the strange document lie unknown to me and to the world from January 5, 1946, until March, 1952?

The general foreign policy, and even most of the specifics put forward in this document, were not new. Most of these policies previously had been announced by me with Presidential approval, and were accepted as established policies.

Hazards of Telephoning from Moscow

The complaint of the President that he was not sufficiently informed of our discussions in Moscow indicates that he did not appreciate the difficulty in communicating with Washington from Moscow, as compared with San Francisco, London or Paris. Certainly in December, 1945, telephone communication between Moscow and Washington was practically impossible. I tried it. But even if such communication had been possible, it would have been foolish to discuss our relations with the Soviets, or what we proposed to do next, because in Moscow agents of the government certainly listen to telephone conversations.

During the conference, Mr. C. E. Bohlen, who acted as interpreter and who still is with the State Department, transmitted to the department in Washington reports of important developments. I am confident Mr. Dean Acheson, who was acting secretary in my absence, communicated to the White House the information transmitted by Mr. Bohlen.

In his memorandum-letter the President said he did not receive the communiqué announcing results of the conference until it was publicly announced. He is right. Final agreement was reached on the questions at issue quite unexpectedly between two and three o'clock in the morning in Moscow; and at seven that same morning our delegation left for home. But Ambassador Harriman, now director of the Mutual Security Program, and who participated with me in the conference, assured me he would have the communiqué transmitted to Washington as soon as his employees reached the embassy in the morning. I am satisfied he did so.

In the memorandum-letter the President claims he read to me, he said he was in the dark on the whole Moscow conference "until I requested you to come to the Williamsburg and inform me." He creates the impression I did not report to him until he requested it.

The fact is that when I came home from Moscow early on the morning of December 29th I learned that the President had spent Christmas in Missouri and upon his return had left immediately with a party of friends on the Williamsburg, which was then anchored off Quantico, Virginia. Within an hour after my arrival I sent word to him through the White House that I wished to report to him and to discuss with him the advisability of my making a speech on the radio about the conference.

Mr. Truman replied, suggesting that I come to see him in the next two days, and saying we could discuss a radio speech then. Certainly in this message there was nothing to show any displeasure.

When I arrived on the Williamsburg that afternoon, I was greeted by the President cordially. We went to his sitting room. No one else was present. When he asked about my trip, I told him it was strenuous and particularly tiring because the conference in Moscow did not adjourn until three o'clock the morning of the 28th and we had to pack and leave Moscow at seven o'clock that morning.

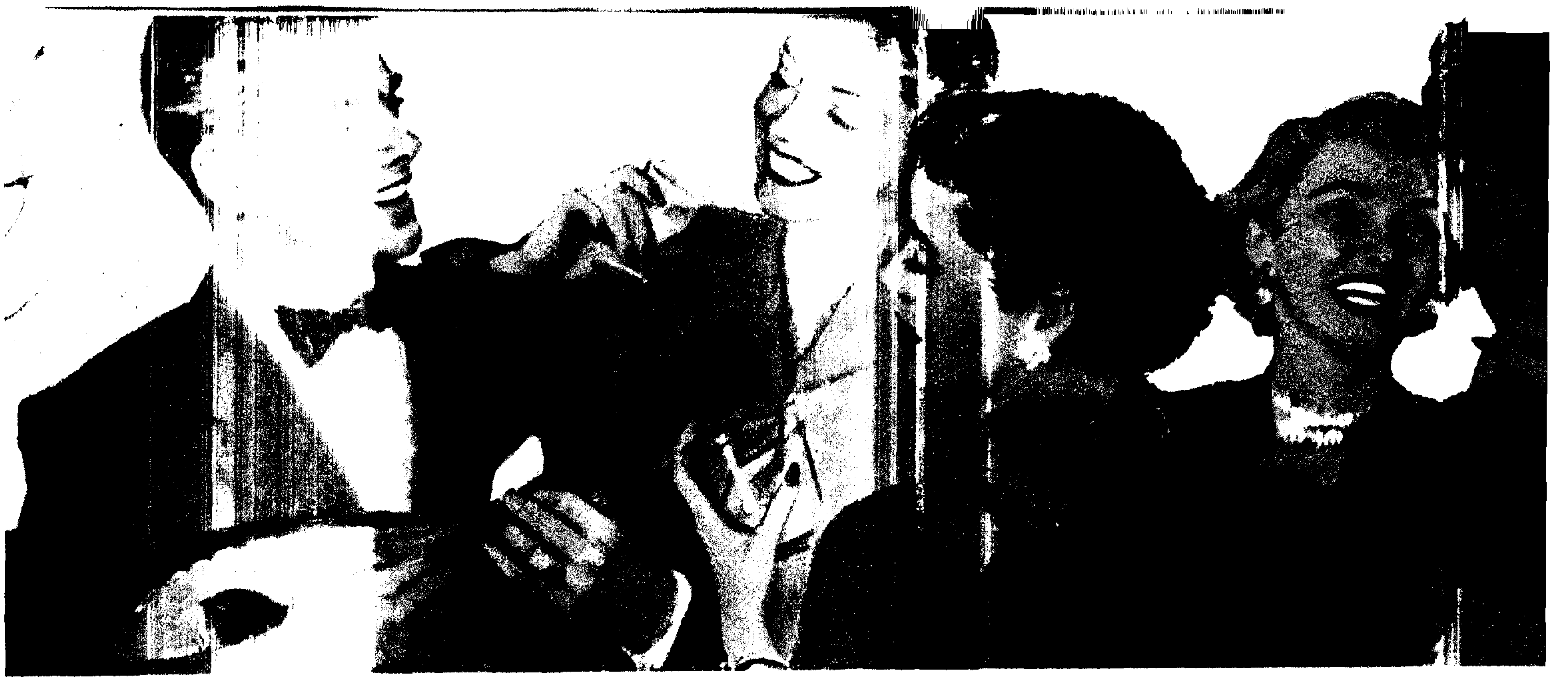
The President expressed sympathy and said he assumed the adjournment's being at three o'clock in the morning was the (Continued on page 65)

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Byrnes and Truman on the USS Augusta. Since Truman says he wrote the letter only for the purpose of reading it to Byrnes, the latter wonders why the President bothered to sign it

WIDE WORLD

Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov and Byrnes at the Moscow Conference. At right is Charles Bohlen, State Department interpreter. Russian interpreter has his back to camera



She held him off with light fingers against his mouth. "This is what I mean by feeling that you belong," she said. "I do, even if I've only borrowed the right to be here"

A Student of Women

By FRED DICKENSON

Stet knew all about lighthearted flirtation; he was a master of it. Then, suddenly, this wasn't just any party, any girl—but he hadn't found that out till too late

GIRLS, especially young and pretty ones, did not follow Stet Richards as a rule. They didn't even follow him as the exception. He followed *them* once in a while, at a discreet distance and when they were going in his general direction, mostly because a beautiful pair of ankles cheered him up and shortened the journey.

But this girl definitely was trailing him. He'd realized it with a mild shock as they walked south on Broadway from the Times Tower, crossed the street and strolled east on Forty-second. Now he confirmed it with another quick glance over his shoulder.

When he slowed, she slowed. When he moved faster, her heels clicked smartly along behind. When he stopped and pretended to look into a store window, she did the same.

Stetson Richards looked at his transparent image in the store front—a sign said, *Marked down to $39.50* directly across his chest—and spoke to himself sternly. "Impartial tests prove that you understand women," he said, "and you also know that there is some reasonable explanation for this. So stop grinning like Edward Everett Horton and get a grip on yourself. Think!"

The statement was well grounded. In spite of the fact that he was still a bachelor at thirty—or maybe because of it—Stet Richards seemed not only to understand women but to be personally familiar with every twist and turn of their secret little hearts. Everybody around Burton, Fassett, Newcomb & Hassel admitted it. What he had done for the sales of Victoria (Queen Size) cigarettes—"They Reign Supreme"—and Cosmic cheese—"It Stands Alone"—had won him the public compliments and secret suspicion of all the top brass in the advertising agency. "If Richards is a comer," they reasoned, not illogically, "am I a goner?"

The way Stet Richards knew the hearts and hopes of women was calculated to give one pause.

He fixed his image in the window with a critical stare and saw only unpadded shoulders, an angular face, and short hair. These attributes obviously did not explain the flattering predicament in which he now found himself.

What did? She couldn't be a process server, because nobody was that mad at him, and you can't slap anyone with a summons on Sunday, anyway. He wondered with a start if she could be a full-mooner, the kind who suddenly confronts strangers with a pearl-handled automatic and cries, "So, Thaddeus Winster, you think you can cast me off like an old whatchamacallit? Take that!"

No, this girl was entirely too chic to be a full-mooner, he decided. They usually went in for 1910 feathered hats and health shoes. It must be something else. Could it lie in his activities on this late afternoon in spring? He had gone for a walk and stopped at the out-of-town newsstand in Times Square, where he'd bought a rural newspaper to look over in connection with Victoria cigarettes' new campaign.

He had casually surveyed, and made a note to improve, the spectaculars along Broadway before he started sauntering toward home. It was then that he had noticed Miss X on his trail.

Stet twisted his newspaper into a neat roll, turned away from the window, and walked back to where she was waiting. "Not that I mind," he said, "but you are following me."

"Yes." She had to tilt her head back slightly to look up at his face. Her red-brown hair stood out crisply with the low sun behind it.

"Don't tell me why," he said. "I'll guess. You're an international adventuress, and you think I'm a nuclear physicist."

She showed pretty, white teeth. "Way off."

"I'm your long-lost brother."

"My brother's in St. Louis." She was suddenly solemn. "But you're getting warm. I'm homesick."

Stet Richards had the uneasy feeling that he was getting out of his depth, which could be serious if it were noised about Burton, Fassett, Newcomb & Hassel. He knew that if he had any sense he would bow gallantly, say, "I see by America's most honored watch that I am late for an appointment," and hop the next bus. New York was literally overflowing with odd citizens who started things and then blew the whistle on baffled victims. "Flee!" warned the inner and wiser Richards.

She was still looking up, her cheeks flushed. He said, "You wanted to tell me about it?"

She shook her head. "I wanted to read the Marysville Call, but the man at the out-of-town stand said you'd bought the last copy. It seemed terribly important this afternoon that I read the Call. I was horribly disappointed."

"I didn't do it on purpose."

"I hoped maybe you'd glance at it and throw it away. I wanted to make up my mind today, and the man said there wouldn't be any more in until Tuesday. That might be too late."

"It could easily." What was he waiting for? Give the girl the newspaper, bow gallantly, et cetera, the inner Richards prodded. It didn't make any difference to him what out-of-town paper he looked at. He had just picked up the first one he'd seen. All he had to do was walk back and get a different one. It could be his good deed for the day.

"I've fought the impulse for six months," she said, "but this afternoon I gave in."

The thin newspaper had grown to the size of a Sunday Times in his hand. It was a moment, he knew, for a man of decision. She was lovely, the hand which held a glove almost supplicatingly against her bosom proclaimed that she was not engaged, and it didn't really

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Honkytonk-U.S.A.

Hundreds of low dives trap the unwary every year. Their aim: thievery. Their siege gun: the strip-teaser. The target: you

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

I HAVE just spent two months and traveled 8,000 miles to grope my way through the smoke and larceny of a mushrooming byproduct of American show business. It is the honkytonk industry, which waxes prosperous because so many American men act foolish away from home—and so many American fighting men are lonesome.

The honkytonk is a licensed place of amusement that exists by ignoring the laws scrupulously observed by most of the nation's night clubs and taverns. Honkytonk is a vulgarism with no polite synonym. Funk and Wagnall's says it is slang for low liquor saloon. Webster's calls it a low drinking resort. The word is popularly associated with frontier saloons of the wild West which featured busthead whisky, table stakes poker, and light ladies who pranced a wicked cancan at stated intervals and otherwise deployed to the mutual advantage of the house and themselves.

Today's honkytonks fit all ancient definitions. They are gin mills of amazing degrees of lowness. Almost always they present female entertainment, and the ladies deploy like mad. Gambling is rare, but crooked where it does exist.

Some tidy little fortunes are being garnered by honkytonk bonifaces by the simple device of pitting voracious females against solvent males. The ladies are generally strip-tease danseuses and the gentlemen run heavily to conventioneers, misunderstood husbands and lonesome servicemen. It is the most uneven contest since the Charge of the Light Brigade. It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy how many honkytonks there are in the land. Nobody keeps any figures on the subject, and nobody admits he owns one. I have heard estimates of 600 to 800, and I consider them low. I visited around 200, and just barely skimmed the surface.

Although a few of these places still employ the ladies known as B-girls—nonperformers whose only job is to mix with the clientele and act as shills for the house—the great majority of honkytonks nowadays seem to prefer strip-teasers, who fulfill all the functions of the B-girl, and provide a form of entertainment besides.

The word "entertainment" is used loosely. These strippers are not what I knew as a boy. The Mesdames Gypsy Rose Lee, Hinda Wassau, Margie Hart, Princess Nadja and Georgia Sothern brought to their bizarre little art form some imagination, and even a touch of humor.

The women who are really trying to follow in the steps of these immortals are having a rough time getting work today. In their stead is a faceless mass of females, of surprisingly good posture and form, who remove as much of their clothing as the law allows from two to six times a night. Music plays and these artistes move, frequently in time. But their main job often is to get back to the bar and the tables between performances, to aid and abet the house in its nightly career of stealing.

The crooked waiter, the check-kiting cashier and the bartender play major roles in these skirmishes. But the siege gun is the stripper. There is much that is ridiculous in a situation where a grown man, frequently a pillar in his community, is duped by a tart who is closer to Kallikak than she is to Cleopatra. But the ridiculous sometimes carries over to the tragic.

It is difficult to get exercised over a division sales manager who has himself confused with Casanova and blows $120 on sauterne and soda water (labeled champagne) for a witch who, at night's end, sneaks out the back door to meet the trombone player. But it's something different when he winds up unconscious in an alley sleeping off a slug of chloral hydrate. Or in a gutter fighting the intestine-wrecking effects of a Mickey Finn. Or in a hospital with a cracked skull. Or in a morgue.

The male's capacity for being swindled is an awesome thing. The Chicago police still shudder when they recall the gent who dashed into a precinct captain's office and screamed, "Captain, I was taken for $240 a couple of nights ago, and I want you to find the girl who did it!"

The cry of the outraged sucker is rare and welcome to an honest cop, and this captain was that. After he and a vice-squad detective had asked a few questions, they told the victim, "We know who took you. She's a dancer out of Philadelphia and she closed the night she clipped you. We can get her here, and it'll be a pleasure. But when we do, you better not start worrying about your home-town newspapers. She belongs in jail and you can help us put her there."

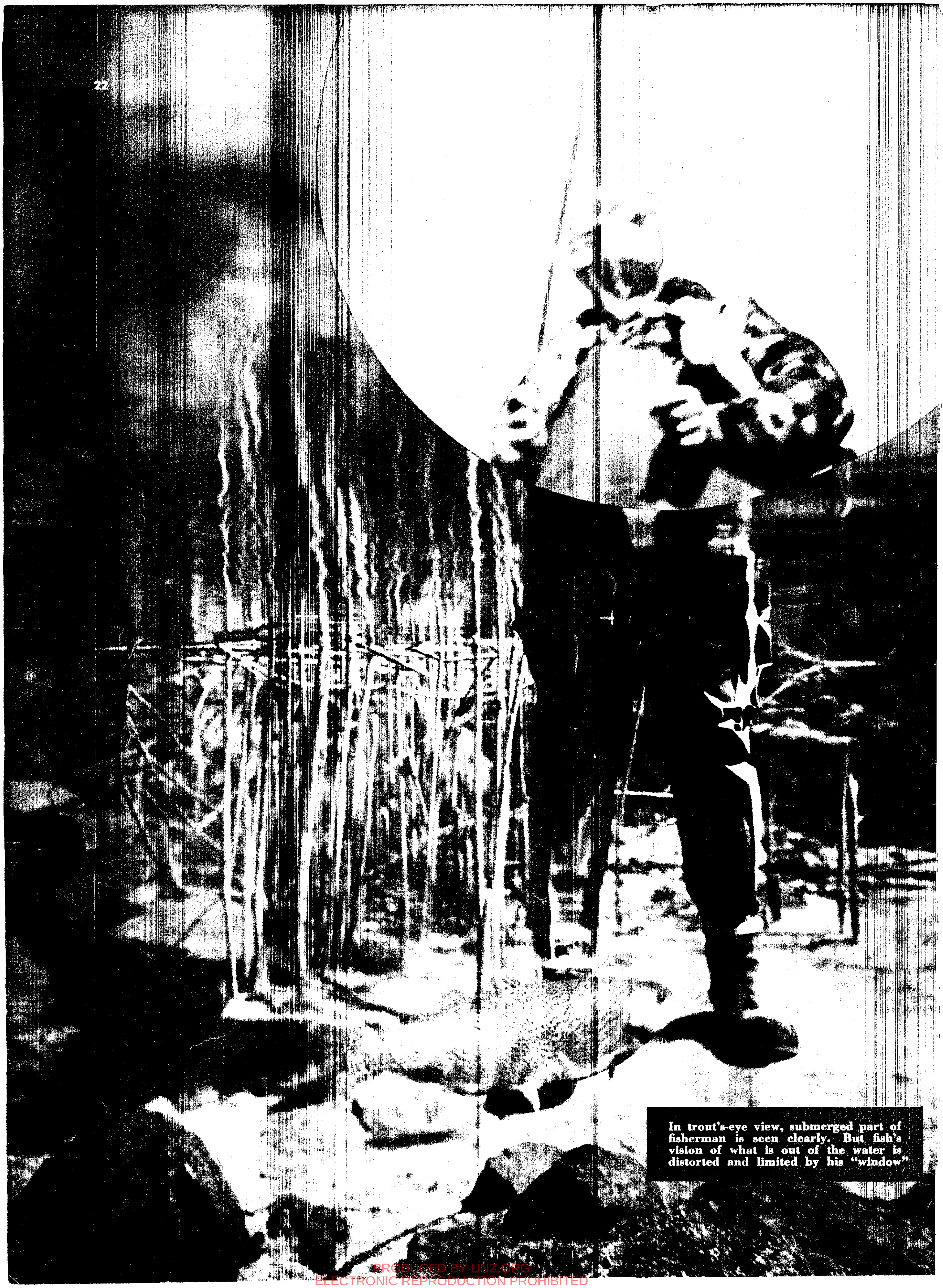
"Jail?" the gentleman yelled. "Jail! Captain, I don't want her in jail. I want you to find her so I can tell her I love her. I want to marry her!"

On the other hand, we have the story of Robert E. Dunn, Jr., of Nashville, who visited New Orleans for the 1950 Sugar Bowl game and returned in a casket. Dunn died in the lounge of a Bourbon Street honkytonk and was adjudged, by the coroner, a cardiac victim. His friends doubted it and arranged an exhumation and autopsy which, according to later testimony, disclosed the presence of a large amount of chloral hydrate, or knockout drops. One of the joint's female adjuncts admitted robbing him and swore that she had seen another employee do the same. Everybody thought the corpse was just sleeping.

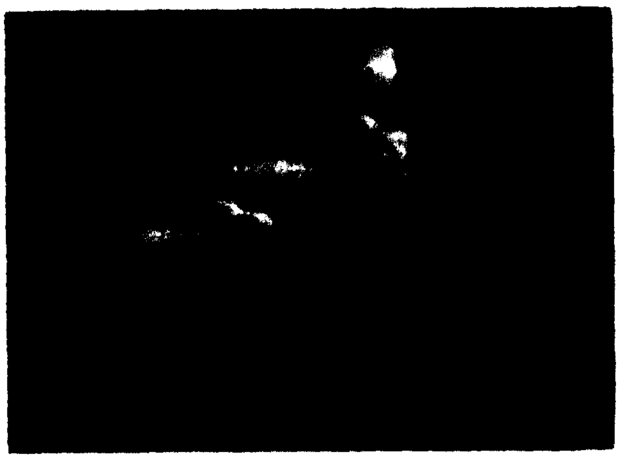
The girl and the joint's owner were tried for murder and acquitted.

(Continued on page 69)

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

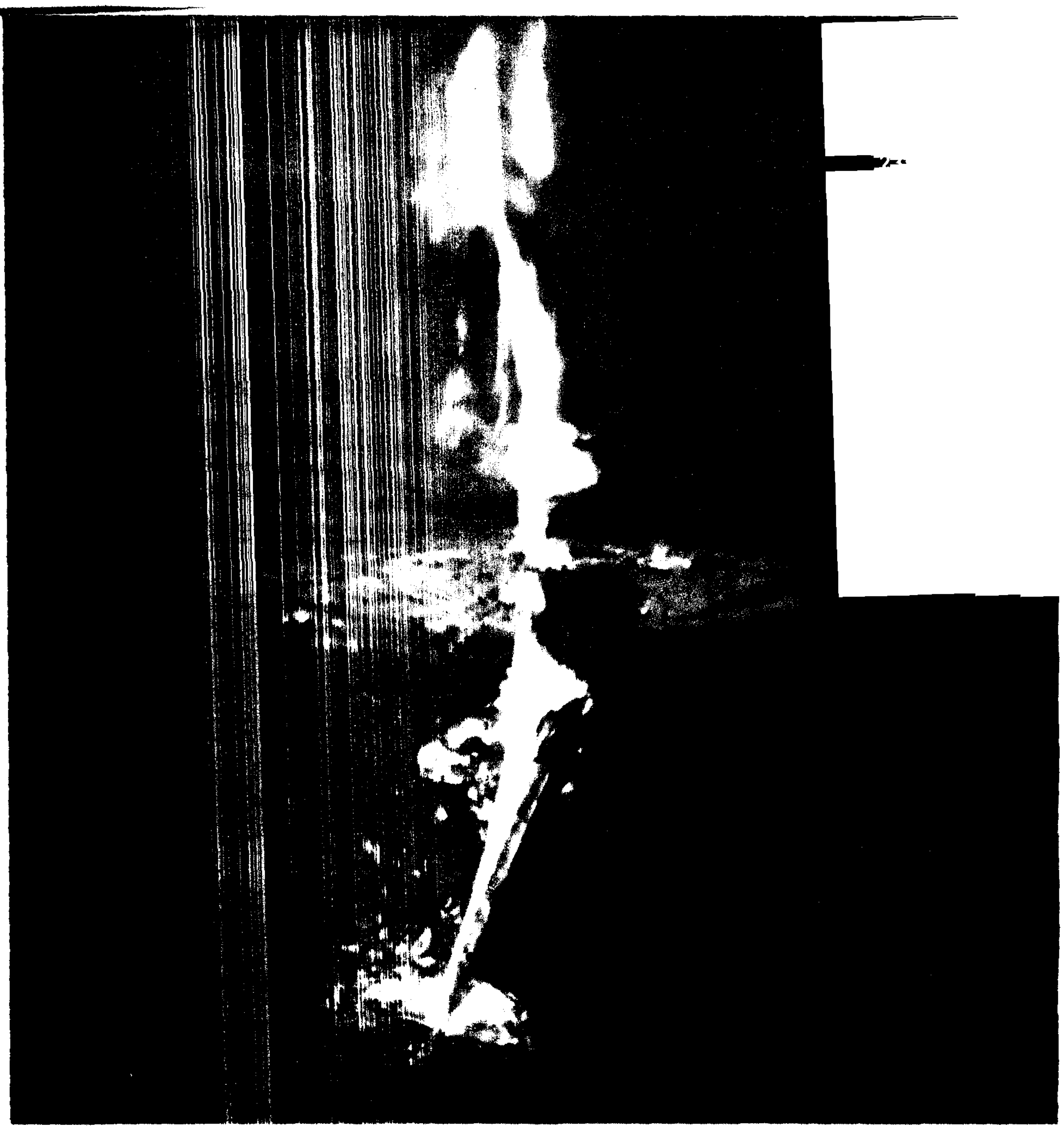


In trout's-eye view, submerged part of fisherman is seen clearly. But fish's vision of what is out of the water is distorted and limited by his "window"



Below stream's surface, a water snake seeks trout

This is how trout-hunting kingfisher looks to fish



Heron, a greedy enemy, plunges beak into the water and catches a fingerling (young trout)

TROUT'S WORLD

By PROF. WILLIAM W. MICHAEL and JOHN FLOREA

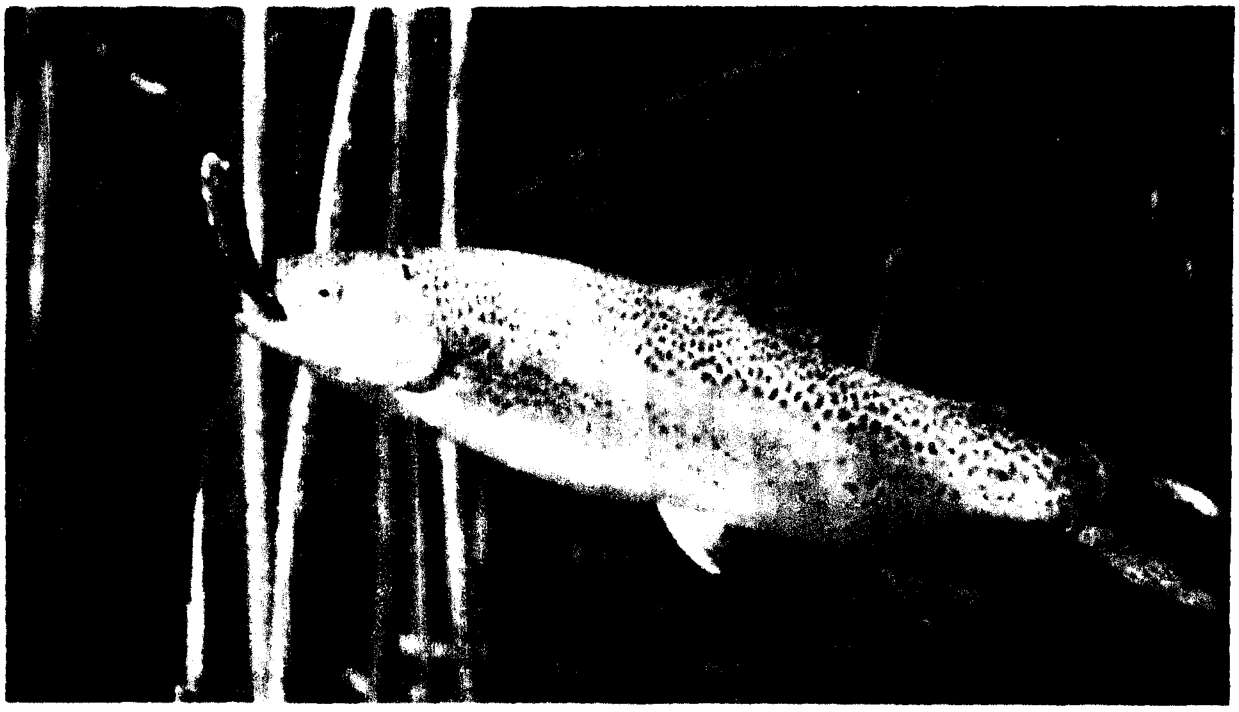
THE experts who fish the nation's streams for trout are serious, inquisitive sportsmen who plot a fishing expedition with all the thoroughness of a modern chief of staff sending an army into battle. They take everything into account—from the color of the shirts they wear to the probable metabolic rates of the trout in the particular stream they are headed for. They have studied, pondered, investigated, examined and researched almost every possible aspect of their opponents in sport.

Now that they know virtually all there is to know about the human side of the stream, they are beginning to prod deeper. Their big question today is: What is the trout's world really like?

The trout depends on its eyes for a good deal of its knowledge about its environment. Investigation has proved that though they are lidless and less mobile than human eyes, most fisheyes operate optically pretty much the same as our own. The vision of fish, however, is conditioned by the fact that it must pierce anywhere from several inches to several feet of water.

.The trout sees objects under water—such as a fisherman's feet and legs—in just about the same way that a human swimmer would see them; but when it looks through the surface of the water at objects above, its vision is restricted to a circular area directly over its head.

Because of the way light is bent (refracted) as it passes through water, the fish in effect is looking through the small end of a cone which flares from its smaller end to its larger end at an angle of about 97 degrees—a bit



Trout are often their own worst enemies. Here, fingerling is gobbled up by a big relative

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Catching the Trout's View

All of the photographs illustrating Trout's World were made with the advice of Professor Michael, author of Dry-Fly Trout Fishing, and the aid of the California Department of Fish and Game. Collier's photographer John Florea used a 4x5 Linhof camera with a wide-angle lens, a 35-mm. Nikon, a Rolleiflex and a Foton. Watertight, open-top tanks were used to hold lights and cameras. The trout's window was simulated with mirrors. These pictures by Bob Irwin show how John Florea caught the trout's view

Florea sat in boat as Collier's Western editor Ted Strauss and Michael (left) guided the fish

Lowering himself into waterproof tank, Florea watched trout, determined his camera angles

Under water, Florea worked virtually standing on head, made most pictures with daylight film

more than a right angle. This is the trout's window to the world of fishermen.

Light rays entering the fish's "cone of vision" from directly above are virtually straight, but all other rays are bent—those nearest the center being almost vertical, those nearest the edges being almost horizontal. The result is that fish see objects above water in a flattened-out, squashed-down condition, the amount of "squash" being determined by the object's distance from the fish. A six-foot man standing at the edge of a stream 15 feet away from a trout, for instance, would look as though some giant hand had pushed him down to a height of about 15 inches. A man directly above the trout would look fairly normal.

View Is Better from Greater Depth

A further complication in the trout's window is that its circumference varies in proportion to the depth of the fish in the water. The nearer a fish is to the surface, the smaller its window; the deeper it swims, the larger its window grows. It is possible, for this reason, to come closer to a trout in shallow water than in a deep pool.

Except for its window, the trout has no real top to its world. For all around the window the undersurface of the water acts as a mirror, reflecting the bottom of the stream. It is as though the trout were looking up at a mirrored ceiling with a porthole in the middle of it.

Trout cannot close their eyes on their world, for they have no eyelids. They cannot turn their heads, either. Wise fishermen, therefore, will approach a trout from the sunny side (if it can be done without casting a shadow near the fish) or from the rear while it faces upstream waiting for food. In one case the fish will be blinded and unable to see danger coming; in the other it will be unable to turn its head to see what is going on. As a sort of compensation for these two weaknesses, though, trout are fairly sensitive to shadows. Even so slight a shadow as that made by a nylon leader for a dry fly lying on the water's surface often will send a trout scurrying for cover.

Is there color in the trout's world? It has been proved that trout do have some conception of color. Trout trained to associate red pellets with food refuse blue pellets, even when the red ones are empty and the blue ones are full, indicating that they are attracted by the color rather than by any hint of food hidden inside the pellets. In hatcheries and rearing ponds where ground raw horse meat is used, the fish begin to associate red with feeding time. Attendants approaching the pond report that when they wear red shirts the trout thrash the surface madly. If trout are aware of colors, then—and apparently they are—fishermen should wear subdued colors. White reflects a great deal of light and should be avoided, for it would be a warning to any trout that something was wrong. Ideally, fishing clothes ought to blend in with the scenery above the water as much as possible.

While a fish's world is largely composed of visual sensations, it can also hear, after a fashion. Running from the gills to the tail along each side of a trout is a highly sensitive network of nerves known as the lateral line. These nerves are auxiliary "ears," extremely susceptible to vibrations. A fisherman may yell without disturbing a trout, but his footsteps on a bank or in a stream are felt and heeded. Trout race away from most footsteps, whether made by man, deer, elk, bear or any other walking creature. But birds and snakes can, and do, often come upon them and take them by surprise.

We know that trout are sensitive to temperature changes in water. Since the oxygen content of water is somewhat proportional to its temperature, it is probable that the fish's reactions to variations in heat are basically reactions to varying amounts of available oxygen. The warmer the water, the less oxygen it contains. Hence, as the water warms up, fish seek cooler areas. During summer hot spells, trout seek deeper pools or remain on cool creek bottoms as much as they can. With increasing temperatures, the trout seem to become more inactive.

In fly fishing it is difficult to interest a trout if the temperature of the water rises above 70° F. When it reaches 80°, it is questionable whether or not the trout can survive for any length of time; but it seems to be able to take care of itself around the freezing point. A trout's greatest activity, for the fly fisherman at least, occurs at temperatures between 50° and 70°. When the temperature is right, a trout's metabolism is greatest and its appetite is as keen as a hungry fisherman's.

Trout are not only sensitive to temperature changes, they also react to variations in barometric pressure. A falling barometer, indicating an approaching storm, will, for some unknown reason, cause fish to become lackadaisical. A rising barometer sends them into action—and makes the fishing worth while.

It is known, then, that trout can see well and hear what they need to hear. Their reactions to their world are based on past experience, memory and recognition. They will take lures in the form of hooks baited with live grasshoppers, grubs and the like because they recognize them as edible. When artificial baits classed as "flashing lures" are used, though, there is no telling what the trout sees in them. Some fishermen believe that a lure pulled through the water may be irritating and cause the fish to strike in sheer anger. Others think that flashing lures look like small minnows under water, and the trout take them thinking they are food. Artificial flies, either wet or dry, are imitations of subadult or adult forms of insects, and the trout definitely take these with the expectation that they are edible.

In some Eastern states the trout season has already opened. It is moving westward, and soon fishermen from coast to coast will be working the streams for one of the most exciting fish in nature's big creel. All of them won't come home with something for the pan. A recent study shows that 10 per cent of the fishermen catch nearly one half of the fish, while 55 per cent catch the other half. More than a third never catch any fish at all. The reason is simple: only about 10 per cent of the nation's anglers really know how to fish. To catch a fish you not only have to know where to find it, you must know how to outsmart it. Studying the trout's world, therefore, is not merely a hobby for pedants; it is as worth while and as useful as a baseball manager's file of dope on the opposing teams.

Safeguarding the Trout Population

There is not an unlimited supply of trout in U.S. streams. If it were not for fishing laws, catch limits and private and state hatcheries there would soon be practically no trout at all. Serious fishermen collect information about trout in order to increase their skill and to enhance their enjoyment of fishing as a sport. Many anglers will spend all day fishing and releasing their catches back into the streams. They are true sportsmen, interested in a good fight rather than a fat prize.

But while the trout is getting a better break from fishermen, it still has to put up with a host of other enemies. In addition to man, the trout's world is plagued by almost every creature within walking, crawling or flying distance of a stream. Otters, raccoons, bears, water snakes, turtles, fish hawks, herons, egrets, kingfishers and a score of other animals gobble up trout at alarming rates. Like many other fish, trout add to their problems of survival by being cannibalistic: adult trout eat their own young almost as fast as they flick by. The only real protection a trout has against this army of swift, sure, hungry enemies is to seek cover as fast as it can. Animal foes often outwit the fish instinctively. Human opponents have to spend long hours learning about insects, meteorology and optics before they are in a position to do battle with the fish.

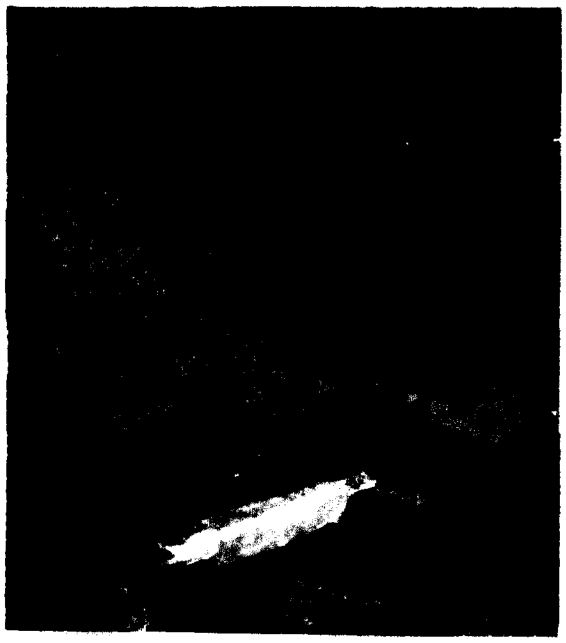
Still, advice and knowledge are easier to come by than trout. There's no doubt about that. Experience is, as always, the best instructor. But understanding your opponent is a big step toward victory. The trout's world isn't very complicated, but it is as real as the fisherman's.

To sum up, then: by instinct, trout will always try to be where the fisherman isn't. The angler, therefore, must keep out of sight, blend in with the scenery as much as possible, and walk carefully so as not to set up any vibrations that may reach his fish. Be it a fly, bait or a flashing lure that is used, he should present it as it would be served up by Mother Nature.

A trout, after it has been in the stream a few months, becomes wise through bitter experience. It has to be outsmarted if it's going to be caught. This is particularly true of the big fellows. They've learned the hard way that it's a tough world. They must be smart or they'd never be big. ▲▲▲

Nearer surface trout is, the smaller its cone of vision. Above, it is only foot in diameter

Below. When trout rests near bottom, cone of vision is enlarged and it sees more of angler



Almost as good as hooked, the trout takes to an orange "flatfish" lure that looks like a minnow

When leader attached to a fly isn't wholly submerged, it can cast shadow which will frighten away the trout

Man's-view of trout expert Michael shows him fishing a California mountain stream

Continuing My White House Years

PEACE *and* PROGRESS

By HERBERT HOOVER

Before the Great Depression struck, the President put through many needed reforms. He strengthened the bankruptcy laws, expanded the FBI and raised judiciary standards. But other goals, including Social Security, had to be forgotten when the economy collapsed

II

IN THE 15 years prior to my Presidency the federal government had done little in the way of reform and less in the development of our natural resources. After 1914, the Wilson administration had been absorbed mostly in problems of war. The Harding and Coolidge eras had been concerned with postwar reconstruction. Mr. Coolidge, in addition, had been reluctant to undertake much that either was new or cost money—until the federal debt was reduced.

By 1929, therefore, many things were long overdue. The general need was twofold: to develop and conserve our resources, and to correct the marginal faults stemming from our growth thus far. A virile people constantly sparking new ideas and discoveries confronts its government with continual problems of protecting liberty against misuse or abuse. Liberty's prolific soil produces magnificent blossoms, but also noxious weeds. We had our share of weeds.

I had high hopes that I might lead in giving impulse to this urgently needed development and reform. But instead of being able to devote my four years wholly to these purposes, I was overtaken by a violent economic storm born of the delayed consequences of World War I. Our primary need thus became the restoration of employment.

Reforms which would have been possible, depression notwithstanding, met another obstacle in the shape of an opposition Congress during the second half of my term. That being the last session before the 1932 election, it brought out all that is worst in the democratic process.

I felt deeply that the independence of the legislative arm must be respected. I had little taste for forcing Congressional action or engaging in battles of criticism—although that could not be avoided with a Democratic Congress bent on administration ruin.

However, some of the dreams of national development which I had had as Secretary of Commerce were realized, for I carried over to the Presidency many policies which I had helped work out in my Cabinet days. I now had authority to push them, and, at first, a sympathetic Congress.

One such major policy was the harnessing of our vast water resources, including the construction of great multiple-purpose dams and the creation of a real trunk-line system of inland waterways.

More than $700,000,000 was spent during my term on river-improvement projects—on the Mississippi, Missouri, Hudson, Columbia, Tennessee, Cumberland, Sacramento and others. Had we not had this largely completed system of waterways when World War II came on, our whole war transportation would have broken down.

The great multipurpose dam-building projects came of my belief that we must enlarge the dimensions of irrigation, navigation and flood control. Previously, storage dams had been built to irrigate government-owned lands only. The Reclamation Service had been set up to build the dams, sell the public lands to settlers, and, from the sale of lands as well as water and power, return the cost to the government. The easy irrigation projects had already been largely completed. The idea that they would be financed by the farmers was a failure, because the costs were greater than the farmers could bear. Moreover, the government-owned lands were mostly exhausted.

I therefore proposed that the Reclamation Service be reoriented to build great multiple-purpose dams which would irrigate private as well as public lands, at the same time provide flood protection, and, in many cases, improve navigation—all with hydroelectric power as a by-product. We set up joint federal-state commissions to work out the engineering plans.

The first of the great dams was on the Colorado River. When finally built, it was to be the largest and most comprehensive structure of its kind up to that time; its over-all cost, with collateral improvements, $400,000,000 in direct expenditure and loans (the federal government will recover its entire contribution with interest).

All Sorts of Obstacles to Overcome

As Secretary of Commerce I had served as chairman of the commission for the Colorado's development; after years of labor we had untangled the legal, legislative, engineering and financial obstacles involved. The final step to enable us to start work was to secure federal ratification of the Colorado River Compact. Three months after my inauguration, the last formality was complete.

Under legislation for the dam, we first had to sell the hydro power which the dam was to produce. This was the largest power contract in history. It provided, in effect, for the sale of the falling water, measured as electric power at the "bus-bar," to municipalities and private companies in such a way as to protect the public and return the entire cost of the works to the federal government. This method kept the government out of the business of generating and distributing power.

It was national custom to name large federal reservoirs for Presidents when authorized during their administrations. The Roosevelt Dam had been named for Theodore Roosevelt, the Wilson Dam for Woodrow Wilson, the Coolidge Dam for Calvin Coolidge. None had taken more than a casual interest in establishing these great works. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur named the Colorado site the Hoover Dam, and Congress, through its appropriations, legalized the name.

A week after my defeat in the 1932 election, on my way East from my home in California, I stopped at the dam at night to inspect the progress of construction, which was then two-thirds completed. I briefly reviewed the work and said:

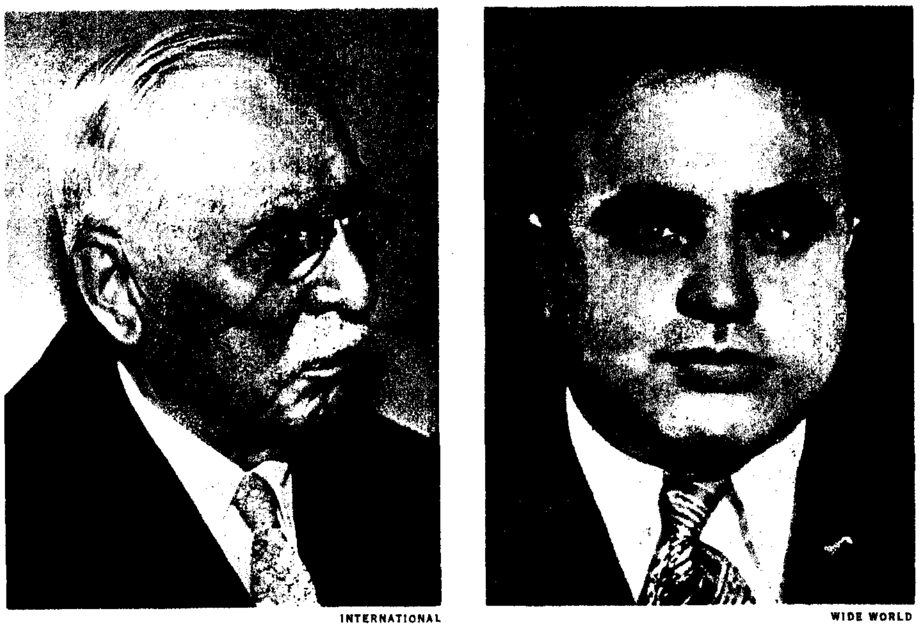
"It does give me extraordinary pleasure to see the great dream I have so long held taking form in actual reality of stone and cement . . . I hope to be present at its final completion as a bystander. Even so, I shall feel a special personal satisfaction."

The hint that I should like to be present did not secure me an invitation to the dedication ceremonies conducted by President Roosevelt. And, responding to a suggestion from Senator Hiram Johnson, Harold Ickes, the New Deal Secretary of the Interior, changed the name of the dam to Boulder Dam. In 1947, Congress by practically unanimous action restored the name Hoover Dam—to Mr. Ickes' intense indignation. I have never regarded the name as important. The important thing is a gigantic engineering achievement bringing happiness to millions of people.

Second only to the Hoover Dam was the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River. Immediately after becoming President, I directed the Reclamation Service to prepare the engineering plans for this project. They were so near completion at the end of my term that the Roosevelt administration was able to begin construction almost at once.

Similarly, by 1932 the engineering work we had begun for dams needed in the Central Valley of California was sufficiently advanced to determine the location, feasibility, and much of the essential data for construction.

Another great national resource to which I directed my attention as President was oil. I had served on the Federal Oil Conservation Board appointed by President Coolidge to pick up the pieces after the scandals of the Harding period. The board was not as vigorous as I thought it should be in conserving possible oil areas on public



INTERNATIONAL WIDE WORLD

Hoover ordered arrest of Samuel Insull (l.), Chicago utilities manipulator, and directed government agencies to get Al Capone

lands. These lands were then open to oil operators under a permit system which had been much abused.

Within eight days of moving into the White House, I announced that there would be no leases or disposal of government oil lands, except those mandatory by Congressional act; that, in other words, there would be complete conservation of government oil in my administration.

There were 20,000 permits issued on public lands whose holders had not complied with the law requiring active drilling; they were held simply for speculation. Under my order, permits over hundreds of thousands of acres were canceled and the rights returned to the government.

The Oil Board had been investigating another conservation question: the overdrilling of new oil pools and consequent waste of gas pressure which, in turn, cut a pool's total production.

Under my direction Secretary Wilbur called a meeting at Colorado Springs of the governors of oil states and leading oil-company executives. He laid before them a plan we had prepared (using as precedent the Colorado River Compact) providing for an interstate compact by which each of the oil states would agree to set up regulation to repress excessive drilling and wasteful methods in collaboration with the others.

What the Oil Interests Really Wanted

After some debate, the conference rejected our plan and recommended direct federal control of production. The real objection to my proposal was that it was a conservation measure, and not the production-control and price-fixing measure the oil companies really wanted. One of the stupidest actions of big business was this demand for collectivism by federal action to pull themselves out of a hole of overproduction.

Secretary Wilbur and I nevertheless proceeded to secure state conservation legislation and conservation agreements among owners of larger oil pools where the government also held land.

In time, California, Wyoming, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Kansas set up conservation controls. Texas alone would not, and I pointedly called attention to the great wastes in oil going on in that state. The governor of Texas blew off much steam, but ultimately, after I left the White House, the state acted.

It is of interest to note that the federal oil control wanted by the oil companies was adopted by the New Deal as part of the NRA and lasted 18 months—until the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. After this taste of collectivism, the same men who had led the opposition to my Colorado Springs proposal themselves advanced the "Hoover principle" (by name), and it was almost unanimously supported by the industry—sitting in sackcloth and ashes. This principle was adopted by the states and has served the nation well.

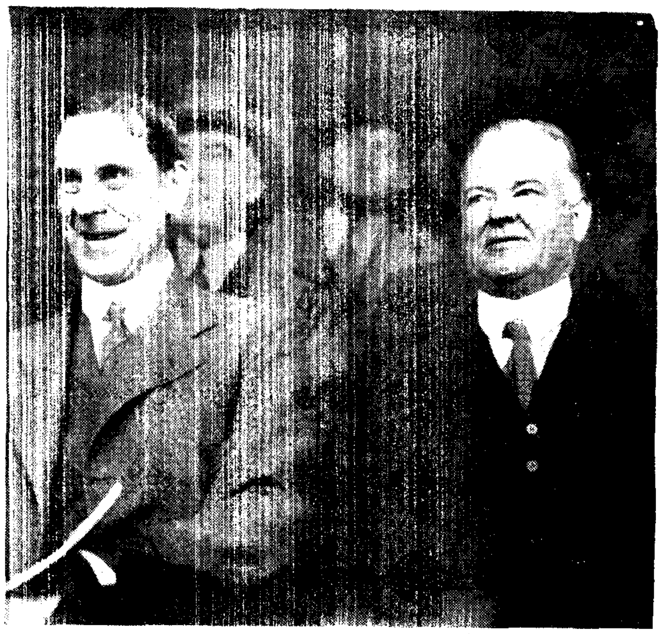
The development of commercial aviation was another uncompleted task I brought from the Cabinet to the White House. Because of the nature of the mail contracts made by the preceding Postmaster General—at a time when the industry was still in an experimental stage—air transport was nearing chaos. In 1929, I recommended to Congress revisions of both mail contracts and aviation laws.

The early postal rates had proved excessive. Some early mail contracts provided for the government's paying as high as $3 per mile for mail carried by plane. Exorbitant profits had been made, and great speculation in aviation-company securities had taken place in the expectation that such bonanza rates would continue. Some 30 companies had engaged in air traffic; in consequence, long routes were served by a series of discontinuous flights. We were confronted with a chaotic situation such as had grown up in the railways because of a lack of direction in a parallel period.

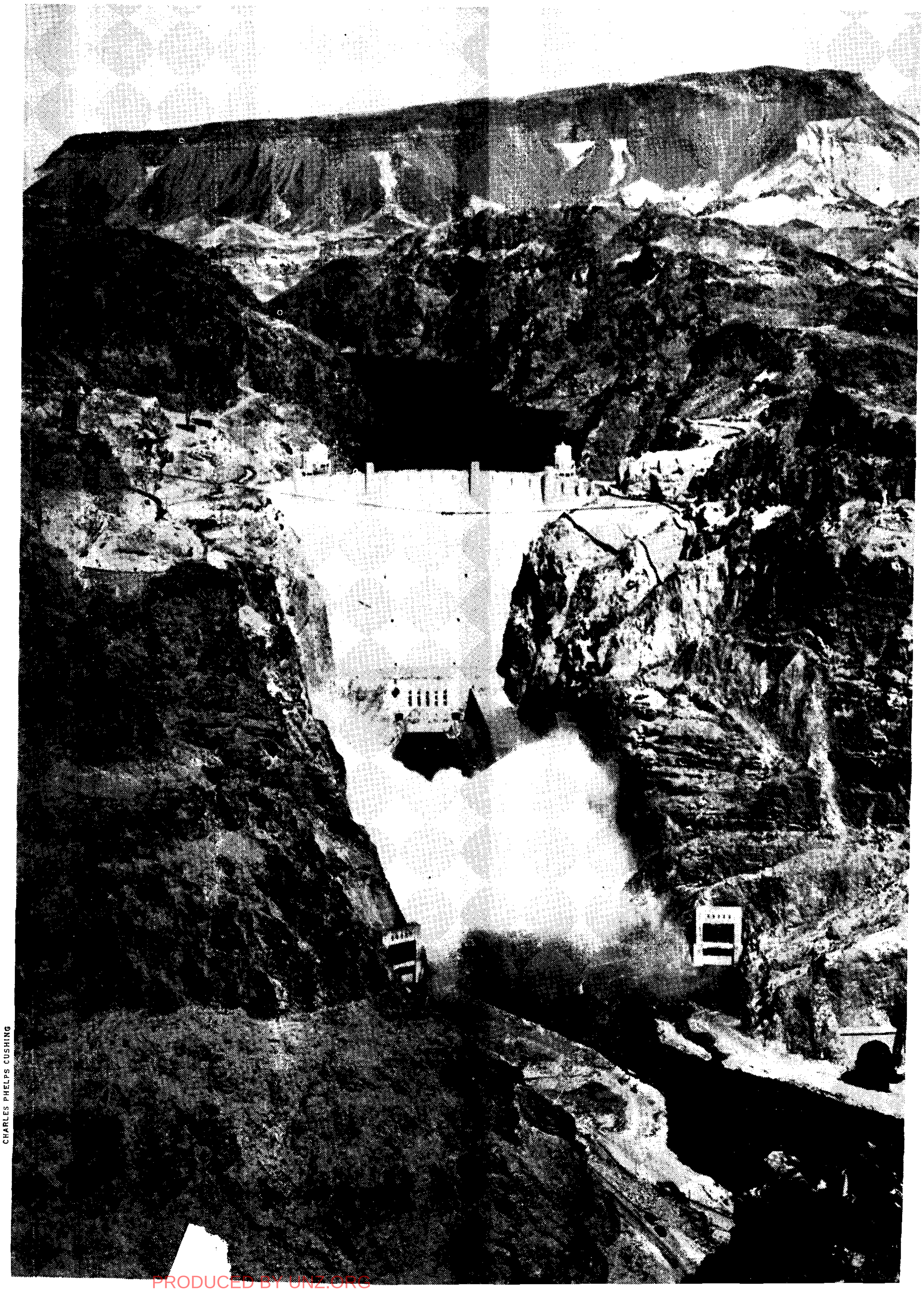
The air contracts, (*Continued on page* 60)

ACME

Hoover with his wife, the former Lou Henry, who died in 1944. She was active in the Girl Scouts movement



Hoover and Interior Secretary R. L. Wilbur (left, front) sponsored great dam projects



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Hoover Dam, on the Colorado, was started by him but completed after he left office. He hinted publicly that he would like to attend dedication, but was not given an invitation

CRAGAR'S GIRL

By TOM W. BLACKBURN

He'd given the girl shelter under his roof, and he'd sworn to himself to protect her—even though he knew bucking the Triangle could mean death

ASIDE from the heavy woolen clothing the men in the room wore and the winter gear hanging from wall pegs and the pale light from the high windows, there was nothing in Steve McFarland's cabin to indicate that the snow was piled six feet high outside. Nor was there any sign in the room of Ellen Cragar's presence under McFarland's roof. But the three men who sat in McFarland's chairs exchanged sly and knowing glances, betraying with relish their knowledge that the girl was there.

McFarland was not pleased. The snow and the tight, pre-thaw weather were essential to his plans, as was his carefully acquired knowledge of the men with whom he dealt, but he would have been happier if the matter of Ellen's whereabouts had not entered the situation. It put him at a disadvantage and he felt it, although he could not avoid an involuntary warming to the unabashed envy in which these mountain men held him. Ellen Cragar was the most beautiful thing between the Pass and distant Denver, and a man could do no better.

Heat from the clicking sheet-iron stove filled the main room of the cabin, making it comfortable, a little stuffy, and, in combination with the whisky McFarland had poured, conducive to complacency. This, at least, had been McFarland's intent. Dave Manning and Forsythe, both older men, were taking full advantage of McFarland's hospitality, just as they were also making the most of the closed bedroom door. But not Gus Thibault. He toyed with the mug set before him, and it seemed likely that his interest in the door across the room was mere habit. McFarland doubted whether even good whisky or thinking about a woman like Ellen could thaw the essentially cold practicality of Thibault's nature. The man lived to make money; his satisfactions were rooted in this alone.

Thibault lifted his mug and turned it in his hands, not to taste it but to give his fingers something to do. He glanced at Manning, saw that his partner was again watching the door across the room, and shrugged with faint irritation. "A distress sale is a distress sale, McFarland," he said stubbornly. "When a property goes on the block because its owner needs money, the buyer sets the price and the seller takes what he can get. A thousand dollars is the best we can do."

Thibault's voice rose a little, perhaps for emphasis, but certainly audible in the other room of the cabin. McFarland, consciously using a trader's tactic, looked steadily at Thibault without answering, deliberately trying to outwait the man's partners.

Dave Manning stirred first, lowering his mug and brushing his tongue appreciatively along his lips. The whisky was good; McFarland had seen to that. Manning gestured loosely with his free hand. "It ain't only the claim McFarland's offering us, Gus. There's some tools and working gear. A cabin of sorts and a fair start at a development tunnel." Manning paused. His square, ruddy, handsome face broke into a sudden, self-conscious grin. "And there's Cragar's girl," he added. "We got to think about her don't we?"

"You ever make a profit on a woman, Dave?" Thibault asked bluntly. "Leave that to McFarland. Stick to what the claim's worth to us. It ain't our fault Cragar's dead."

"He was on your payroll," McFarland pointed out. "He was working one of your properties."

Thibault shrugged. "He and the girl would have starved without our pay."

"You wouldn't let *him* shore the tunnel the way he wanted," McFarland persisted. "With good shoring, there shouldn't have been a cave-in."

Old Forsythe stirred. "Mining is a dangerous business," he said sententiously.

Thibault shrugged. "So is a shakedown, McFarland."

McFarland bridled involuntarily at Thibault's tone. "I'm not trying to shake anybody down," he snapped. "I'm just trying to get Ellen Cragar a fair price for her property."

Thibault returned McFarland's earlier tactic of a level look and no answer.

Dave Manning showed his first sign of impatience. "We should rob ourselves to feather *your* nest!"

"Suppose you name your fair price," Amos Forsythe suggested.

"I promised Ellen five thousand dollars from the three of you, or I'd find her another buyer."

"She's a pretty girl, McFarland," Thibault said, "but you ought to know better than to make rash promises to a woman."

"When I do, I keep them," McFarland growled.

MANNING leaned back, his voice taking on a mockingly gentle, paternal note. "You've made yourself a little stake up here, Steve, brokering ores into our mill and horse-trading undeveloped claims in the district. There's a place in these mountains for a man like you. But you got to face facts and not go mixing pleasure with your business. Nobody's going to overbid us for the Cragar claim."

"We run this district," Amos Forsythe added. He smiled with satisfaction at the statement. "We run it—lock, stock and barrel."

"And we'll *own* it before a spring rush starts in here with the thaws," Thibault said. "I tell you what, McFarland, you just go ahead and sell Cragar's claim for five thousand dollars—to another buyer."

McFarland shrugged, careful to show reluctance and not satisfaction. "Don't hold it against me."

"We had our chance," Manning agreed, making no attempt to conceal his amusement.

"That brings us to something else, then," McFarland said casually. "My records show I've got a couple of hundred dollars over five thousand in brokerages and commissions accumulated to my account at your mill. I'd like to draw it down."

Amos Forsythe straightened up, his tired, sagging features taking on a sudden sharpness. When the Triangle Milling Company dealt in cash, Forsythe superseded his partners, for he had a banker's loving care with currency. "That money's earning you good interest where it is!"

"Sure—interest. But I trade and I'm interested in profit, not a slim six per cent. I've got a better place to put it."

"Cragar's claim?" Thibault asked.

"I told you I keep my promises."

Thibault let his eyes go pointedly to the bedroom door. "Only a fool would put out good money to buy something he already has!"

"Then I guess I'm a fool. I hope you've got enough cash on you to pay off my credit now. I don't want to cross the Pass to town in this weather unless I have to."

The partners of the Triangle exchanged glances. Men who worked long and shrewdly together did not need to do more than this to understand one another.

Thibault stood up. "We want Cragar's claim, or we wouldn't be here. With the new strike uncovered last fall, there's going to be a big rush as soon as the thaws open up the trails. Good claims are going to be valuable, but only as valuable as their owners' relationship with our mill. The best ore on the mountain is worthless without concentration. We've offered you a thousand dollars for the Cragar claim, McFarland. Will you take it?"

"No."

Thibault shrugged and turned to Forsythe with no apparent regret. "Pay him his credits, Amos."

Forsythe heaved himself to his feet and pulled a huge wad of money from his pocket. He peeled off bills with the casual air of a gambler dealing cards. McFarland picked the money up without a recount. He had found out what he wanted to know. The Triangle partners had come prepared, as a last resort, to pay his asking price for the Cragar claim. Otherwise not even Amos Forsythe would have so much cash in his pockets. The fact that they hadn't overridden his bid or increased their own was proof that they saw a way of acquiring the property cheaper. He knew the odds against him now, but he had anticipated this and he was pleased at the vindication of his judgment as a trader.

There would be danger now, danger to himself and perhaps to Ellen. But danger was a familiar thing in the mountains. "Thanks," he said, sincerely enough. "This is real obliging. Saves me a cold climb tomorrow."

Dave Manning, who had drunk more of McFarland's whisky than the others, shrugged into his thick mackinaw and crossed to the door without any pretense at leave-taking. Thibault paused to put a finger against McFarland's chest.

"Since that new ore body was discovered, we've known that somebody was going to get an idea they could buck us. Too bad it had to be you, McFarland."

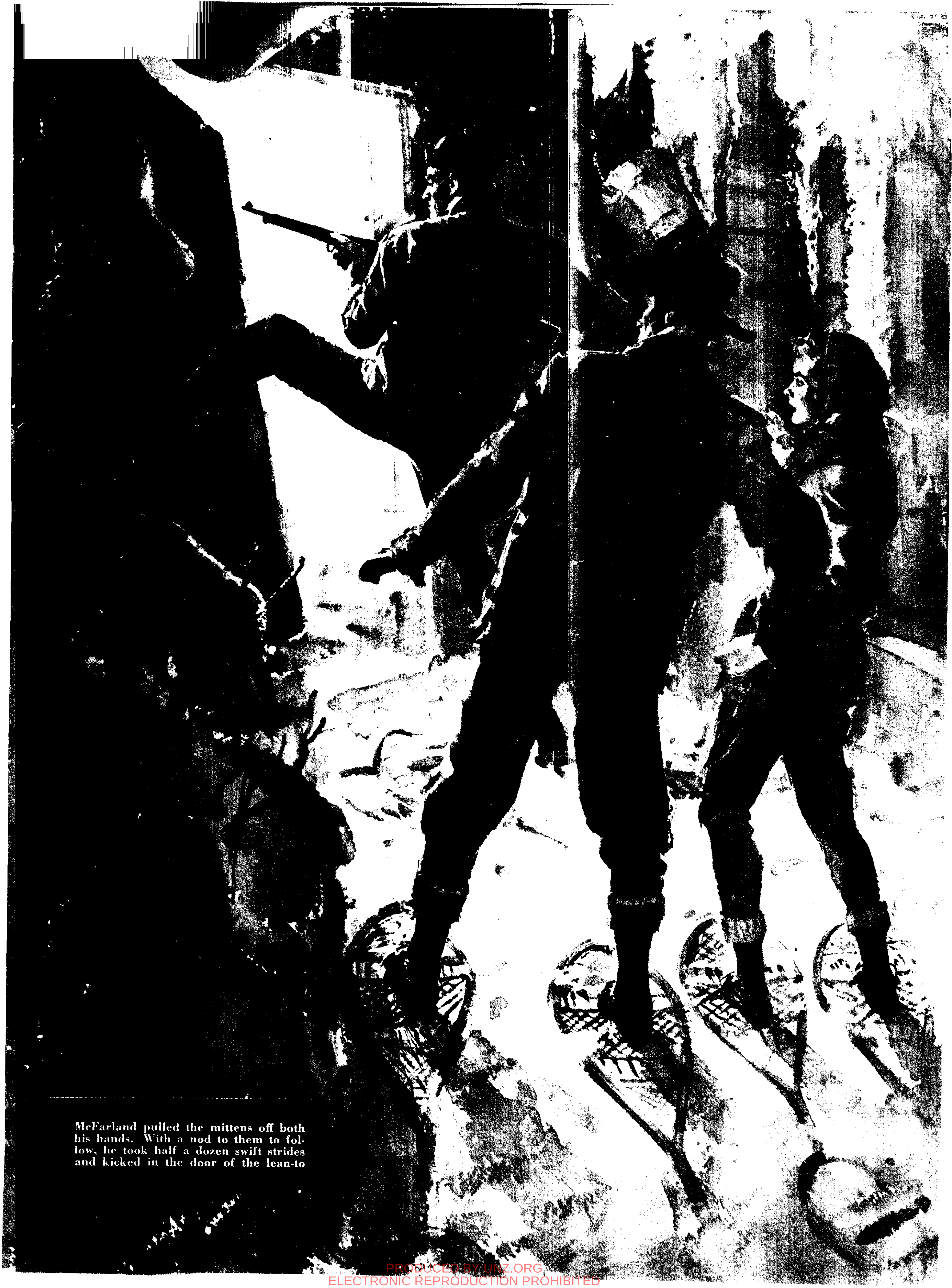
AMOS FORSYTHE pulled a fur cap down over his ears and shook his head sadly. "It is better to be friends," he said.

McFarland stood in the doorway and watched the partners cross the partially cleared dooryard. Their horses stood waiting, shag-coated with winter hair, their heads down and their rumps to the strong, chill wind coming down from the Pass, beyond which lay the Triangle mill and the beginnings of a town. McFarland shivered in the wind and closed the door. He did not envy his guests their return ride. And pretty soon he would have to face the weather himself—because of them.

Crossing to the table, he poured himself a little of the whisky he hadn't touched all afternoon. As he set down the mug, Ellen Cragar came out of the bedroom. Her manner was perfectly natural, as though this were her house as well as his. In the long winter weeks since her father's death, this had been the most disturbing element in Ellen's presence here. She had laughed at and ignored McFarland's division of the cabin into two sections, and though she

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



McFarland pulled the mittens off both his hands. With a nod to them to follow, he took half a dozen swift strides and kicked in the door of the lean-to

Truly a TROUPER

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

A performer for more than 25 of his 26 years, Donald O'Connor is a "sweet guy" to the trade and a throwback to the great song-and-dance men of vaudeville days

I AM five feet eight and one half inches tall," says Donald O'Connor. "I weigh 138¼ pounds and I lose 16 of them when I work. I am twenty-six years old and I have blue eyes and golden-brown hair which stands up on end. I wear eight-and-one-half-size shoes and I have to warm up my ankles before I dance."

He meditates. "I do not think I am as good," he adds thoughtfully, "as some people think I am."

Four major motion-picture studios have taken the liberty of contradicting him. In the next seven years, young O'Connor, in his quadruple role of dancer-singer-comedian-mime, can look forward to starring roles in nine movies, about all a mortal man can stand. For this he will get a yearly take of between $100,000 and $250,000, for a grand total, over the seven-year period, of a little more than a million dollars.

In addition, Donald has just completed a season on one of the biggest comedy shows in television, for NBC. It paid him between 10 and 15 per cent of a weekly $100,000 budget. In monthly competition with such experienced punchinellos as Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Danny Thomas, and Eddie Cantor, Donald "more than held his own," to quote the mildest review.

As one competitor puts it, "the kid is so hot his hair tonic goes up in steam." Take his latest motion picture, Singin' in the Rain, for M-G-M. O'Connor does a spot solo dance, called Make 'Em Laugh. It is, perhaps, one of the most hilarious hits of slapstick choreography since the early Chaplin. In sheer dancing virtuosity, Donald is in a class with Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire.

Donald's character forte as an actor is that of the well-meaning fellow who is doing his darnedest and never quite makes the grade. The audience both sympathizes with and laughs at the essential good nature of the portrayal, thus proving again the virtue of a comedy technique used with notable success by Harold Lloyd.

O'Connor's dancing gives the impression of having been made up on the spot. His comedy seems to surprise the kid himself. His acting has an earnest diffidence which steals scenes at the most unexpected moments. Yet, despite this evidence of the offhand approach, O'Connor works as hard and long at his routines as any other trouper in the business. And he has completed nearly 50 pictures.

For his casual, informal air conceals a vigor which the Atomic Energy Commission would do well to look into. When Donald is not rehearsing, he is boxing, doing splits, fiddling with props, moving furniture, or standing on his head to invigorate his scalp. But even in the midst of the chaos of TV or in shooting a motion picture, Donald is mild and equable. He usually has his mind on something else; he forgets times and dates and is always worrying quietly about something he had done or might do.

He does not have to. His future is glittering. He is going to appear in I Love Melvin for M-G-M, and Look Ma, I'm Dancin' for Paramount, as well as with Ethel Merman in 20th Century-Fox's Call Me Madam. He will probably play one bouncing bewildered role after another in pictures similar to these.

Furthermore, his success on television this season bodes well for the seasons to come. He plans to go right on clowning over the kilocycles next fall, and there's no reason why it should end there, judging by the critical acclaim he has received thus far.

Donald's TV shows, like everything else he does, reflect his own character: easygoing and informal on the surface, but actually the product of intensive rehearsal. It's straight revue. "I'm going to do situation comedy eventually," he says, "but right now vaudeville is what I know best."

Four days after one show goes off, Donald starts putting another together. His writers, Sid Miller, an old vaudeville friend, and Sid Kuller, an Army friend, begin muttering about skits; meanwhile O'Connor and his dance arranger for that show (either Louis Darron or Hal Belfer and Willetta Smith) work out a few steps. Four entirely new songs, words and music, are written for each program. Two weeks before the show, everything is rehearsed in rough; a week before the big day, the whole cast—usually including a trio of guest stars —gets down to sweat and blood in a rehearsal hall.

The humor is fast, breezy and fairly standard. Sample: "Mr. Mammoth, I've been trying to see you for a week." Mammoth: "I'm a busy man; I can't give you a week." But it has Donald's guilelessness, as open-faced as a cheese sandwich; it has Donald in a change of hats, coats, dialects and props.

The one old reliable skit which is always used is the Frustrated Song Writers, in which Sid Miller appears with Donald. The gags in this occasionally rise somewhat above the vaudeville level, as when O'Connor suggested, "How about a title like When We Eat Chicken, We Always Save the Bones for Mother?" and Miller turned it down: "Too sincere."

"All new stuff," said Donald after his last show. "I used up every old bit I knew two shows ago." In fact, enough material is cut out of each finished program to supply a whole new one.

Donald likes TV better than any other medium. "I like coming into an entertainment field when it's young—and I like the people I work with," he says. This is important to him.

(Continued on page 75)

O'Connor the dancer demonstrates hoofing skill with Debbie Reynolds, Gene Kelly in scene from his latest movie, M-G-M's Singin' in the Rain

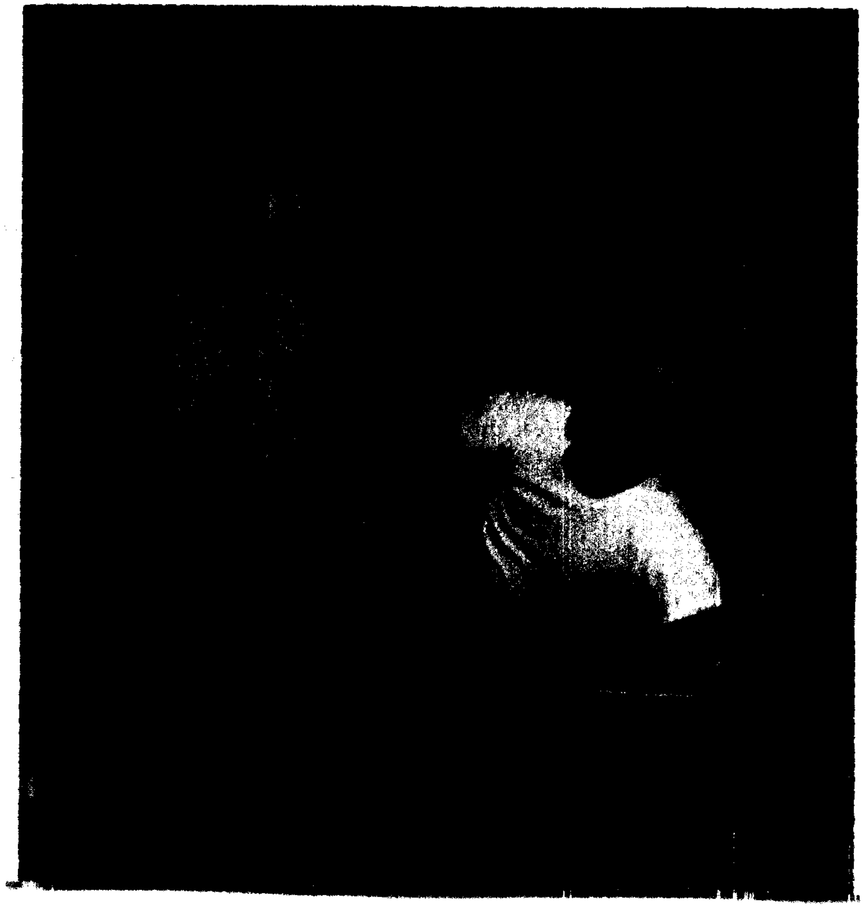
O'Connor the comedian whips up a meal for his talking mule co-star in Francis Covers the Big Town, produced by Universal-International

ELMER W. HOLLOWAY

A star in every entertainment medium, versatile Donald O'Connor uses decorative props like Jean Mahoney (l.) and Jan Hollar on his TV show

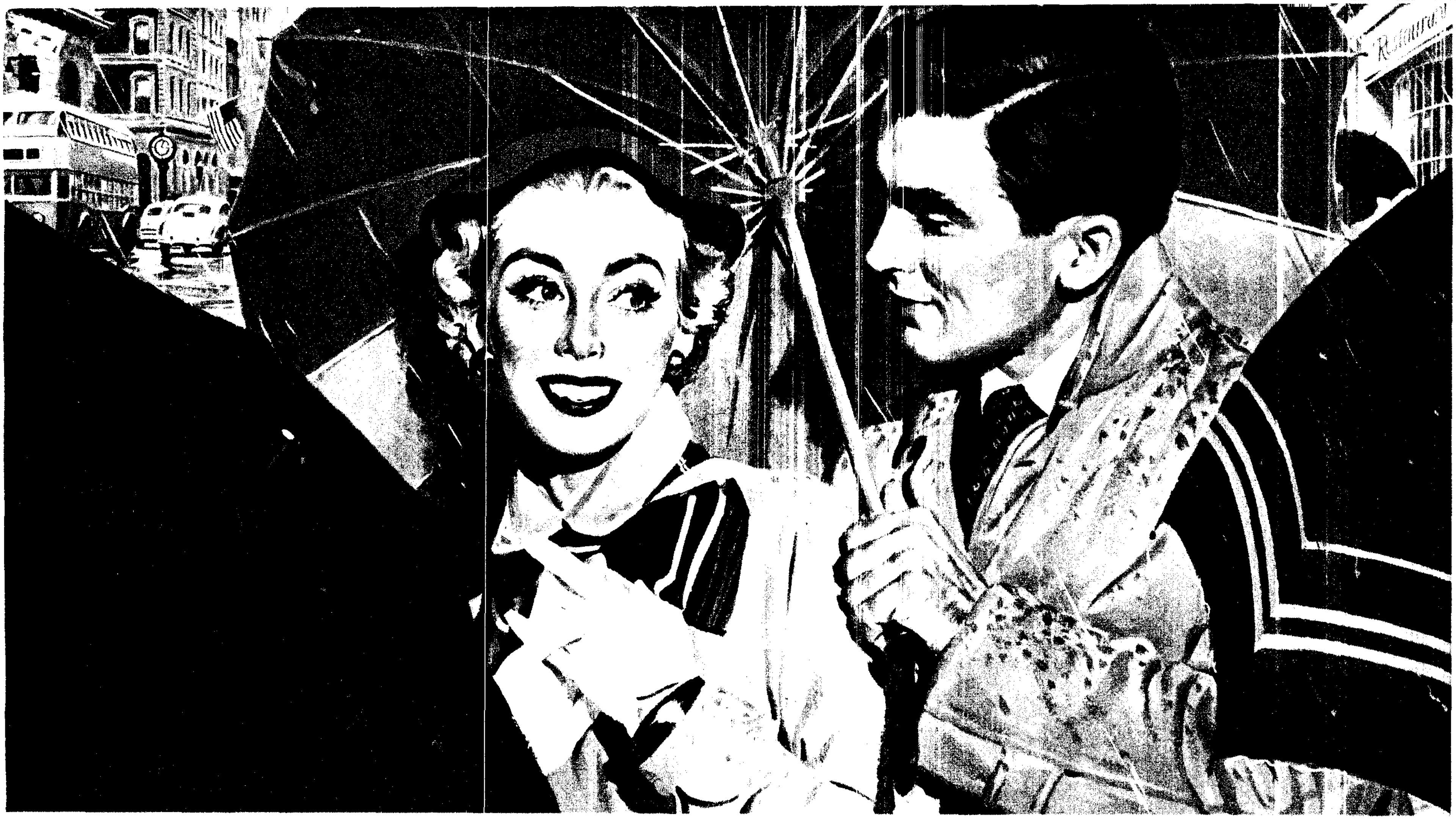
O'Connor the dog lover frolics with The O'Flynn, his gigantic Irish wolfhound. Playful The O'Flynn dines on 7½-pounds of horse meat daily

BOB LANDRY



O'Connor the father improvises a dance routine with his five-year-old daughter, Donna Gwen. They practice in kitchen of California home

BOB LANDRY



PAUL C. BURNS

He opened the pink umbrella, and his smile was warm and friendly. "Oh, yes. My name is Morgan, Tom Morgan, and I . . ."

The Pink Umbrella

By WILLIAM HOLDER

THE restaurant was not crowded, and Jane Holcomb had ample time to observe, over her book, the young man at the distant table—just as he, she noticed, was observing her over his newspaper. She was on her fourth cup of coffee, and was beginning to wonder if anyone had ever drowned drinking the stuff. He paced himself better, she noticed. He was starting his third cup.

The young man was handsome and seemed to be twenty-five or twenty-six, several years older than she was. His hair was black; his features were sensitive but firm. She could not tell the color of his eyes, and she wondered idly how tall he was.

If he would only *do* something, she thought. *Say* something. But he didn't seem, unfortunately, to be the sort of young man who would be forward or rash. And, after all, what *could* he do? Perhaps if she winked at him, dropped her purse, threw a glass of water at the waiter . . .

She knew she looked well. The new spring suit was lovely, the hat neat and smart. Her face and figure were good, and this lonely Sunday in New York was a matter of accident and an unusual circumstance.

But she couldn't sit here any longer without being too obvious, and the thought of more coffee was abhorrent to her. Could she simply walk over to his table and say, "Young man, you are very pleasing to my eyes, and there seems to be a possibility that you might say something interesting if you were to speak. Shall we walk through this spring afternoon and discover each other? What have we to lose?" No, she decided, she could not.

So she put down the money for her check and a tip and started for the restaurant entrance—regretfully, for young men such as this young man seemed to be were not a dime a dozen. And when she reached the door, she found that the gentle, uncertain afternoon had decided to rain. She stood in the doorway, thinking of the new suit, the new hat, wondering just what she had done with—

And then the young man was beside her with the umbrella, and she noticed that he was just the right height. And when he spoke, his voice was soft and deep. He said simply, "You forgot your umbrella," and when he smiled, his teeth were white and even. And now she could see that his eyes were brown.

She took the umbrella, the ridiculous pink umbrella with the black handle, and she smiled at him. "It was stupid of me. I don't know how to thank you."

"Well, perhaps if you let me open this and walk a few blocks with you . . ."

He opened the pink umbrella, and his smile was warm and friendly. "Oh, yes. My name is Morgan, Tom Morgan, and I . . ."

She took his arm and they walked down the street.

JANE MORGAN looked from the window at the first snowfall of the year. The newly furnished apartment was a cheerful refuge against the weather. She admired for the thousandth time the two rings on her finger, then looked across the room at her husband.

Tom was sprawled in a big chair, his long legs stretched out in front of him, a book open in his lap. This, she reflected, was an even nicer young man than she had originally suspected. She said, "Tom."

"Uh?"

"You know, that first day we met? I knew you were looking at me."

"Uh-huh."

She rubbed the diamond on the sleeve of her dress. "Could you tell that I was interested in you?"

He looked up. "It was either that or you had an impossible capacity for coffee. I think half my interest was in what you looked like and the other half in just how soon you would burst."

She grinned at him. "Why didn't you smile at me—nod, or something?"

He gave it a little thought. "I guess I had it figured pretty well. You probably would have been scared off. I knew I needed a reasonable excuse to talk to you."

She nodded. "Smart." She walked over and sat on his lap, and the book fell to the floor. She put her head on his shoulder. "You know, I've got something to confess—something I've never told you before."

He turned her face to his. "If it's about the time you robbed the bank, I don't want to hear it. If you intend to tell me again about your career in Buenos Aires, or when you—"

She put her hand on his mouth.

"It's about that umbrella, the pink umbrella. It wasn't mine at all."

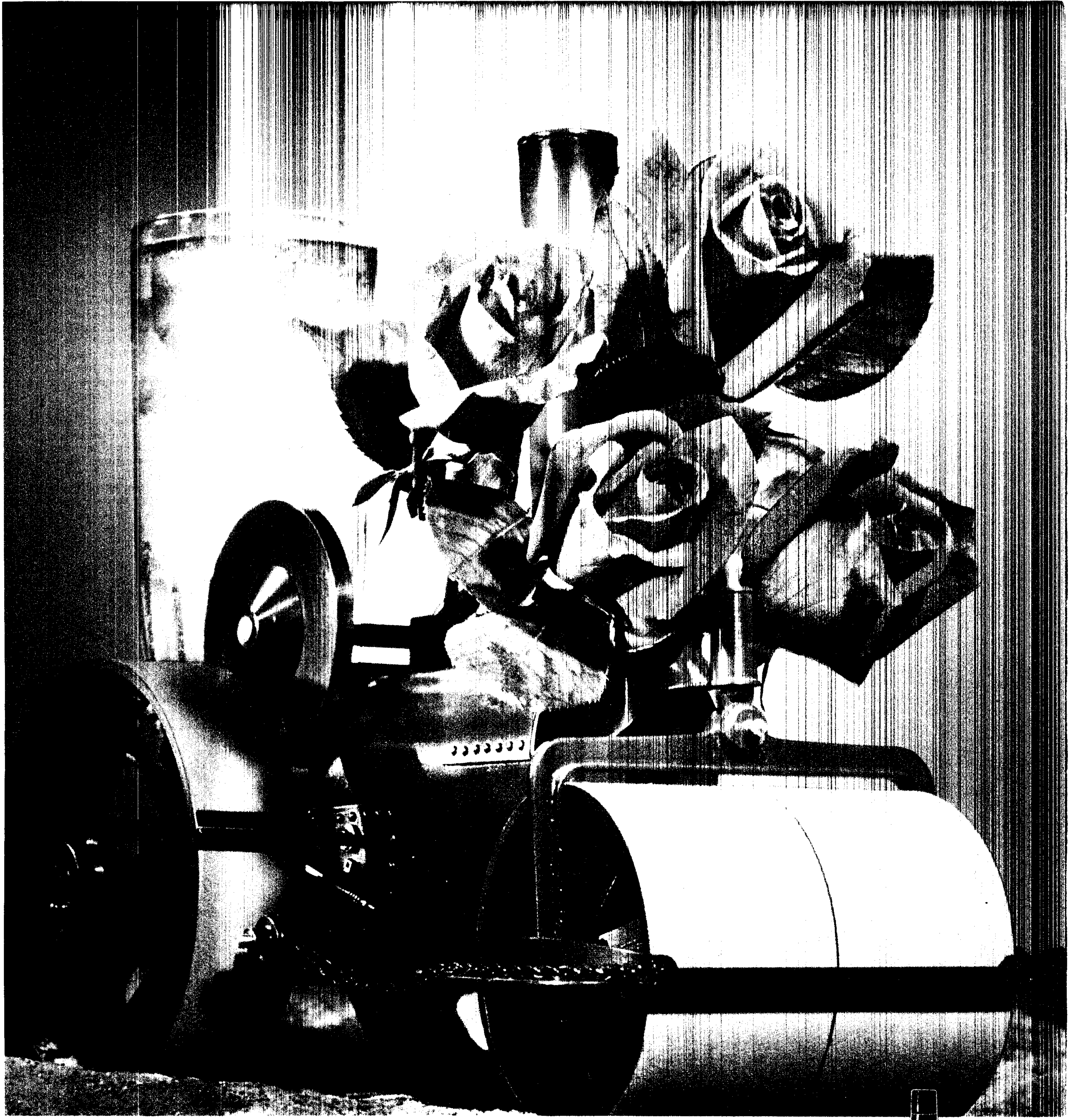
She waited for his answer and was astonished to feel the laughter start deep within him. She sat erect and stared at him, wondering if this were some heretofore undiscovered lunatic phase of the man.

He controlled the laughter, finally, and each word pierced her like a sword.

"I knew it wasn't yours. The woman beside me was reading and never noticed when I took it. First time I've ever stolen anything in my life. And that color!"

She knew she would have killed him if he hadn't been holding her so close. ▲▲▲

Collier's SHORT SHORT



Want something smoother? Then may we suggest that a drink made with Four Roses is just about the smoothest, mellowest drink you ever raised to your lips. So many people have found this out that the public today buys more Four Roses than any other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—more than most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you
rather drink
Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

A Student of Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

matter which cold cream she used: it worked.

Here, said specialized knowledge, was opportunity, and when Stet Richards talked to himself he always listened. This girl was not only attractive, but a sound type, he could tell. Not likely to explode or, what was worse, turn barnacle. If there was a better way to spend a declining afternoon than in getting to know her, he didn't want to hear about it.

Furthermore, wasn't it his duty as BFN&H's leading student of the feminine mind to study this problem of the country girl unhappy with the city? City girls in the city—both happy and sad with their lot—he knew in abundance. That summer that he had been a counselor in the Berkshires he had become fairly well acquainted with a country girl in the country, and he still had the scars to prove it.

This was different. A double-barreled chance at light romance while he gathered invaluable data was not to be by-passed. He said, "I wish I could offer the paper to you, Miss—eh—but unfortunately it's important to me, too."

"I understand."

"I'm Stet Richards." He managed to look as though he'd just had an inspiration. "Couldn't we read it together?" he asked enthusiastically.

Her hungry gaze was on the coveted last copy. "Richards? Of course, that's why you'd want the Marysville paper too. You used to live out on Windbreak Road. Or was that Pritchards?"

"Windbreak Road," he said with evasive reverence. "Gosh, it's been so long."

"It isn't as if we were complete strangers," she reasoned. "After all, if you're from Marysville, too— Imagine meeting somebody from home like this. I'd like for us to read it together."

"A taxi will get us to my place in three minutes, Miss—ah—"

"My name is Perry Harper," she said. "The park is nice."

BRYANT PARK, in back of the Public Library, was a cool, green oasis in a concrete Sahara. A walk of half a block brought them there, and then they were under the budding trees.

A man who wore a battered hat and a long overcoat was taking something out of a paper bag and tossing it to dozens of pigeons which bobbed industriously about him. They strutted and cooed, pushing recklessly to get the handout.

"Never underestimate the power of a peanut," Stet said. "It can make a homing pigeon forget to go home. These don't look sick about it, though."

"Maybe they don't like it there," she said judiciously. "Maybe there are tensions."

"A cruel stepfather pigeon."

"Sister pigeons who won't hang up their things and who try to get out of helping with the dishes. Monopolize the phone."

He looked down at her. "Marysville wasn't like that?"

"It was perfect," she said. "I guess that's why I didn't dare read the Call."

"Until now."

"Until now. Let's sit down here."

He unfolded the newspaper and held it so that she could take one side. Her shoulder was against his arm. It seemed to him he could almost feel with her the surge of nostalgia at sight of the familiar page.

"Fair and warmer," she said after a long silence. "Wouldn't you know?"

"Easterly winds," Stet said. "Of course that was last Thursday."

"Maximum temperature seventy-two. It should always be seventy-two."

"There ought to be a law. Maybe if everybody wrote his congressman—"

"Marysville would never take dictation from Washington," she said, turning suddenly so that their faces were close together. Her eyes were merry. "Especially about the weather. Do you remember all the fuss just over egg supports?"

"The hens were up in arms," Stet said. "Truman was scrambled in effigy."

"I mean the meetings at the schoolhouse." He knew he was looking blank. "Or was that after your time?"

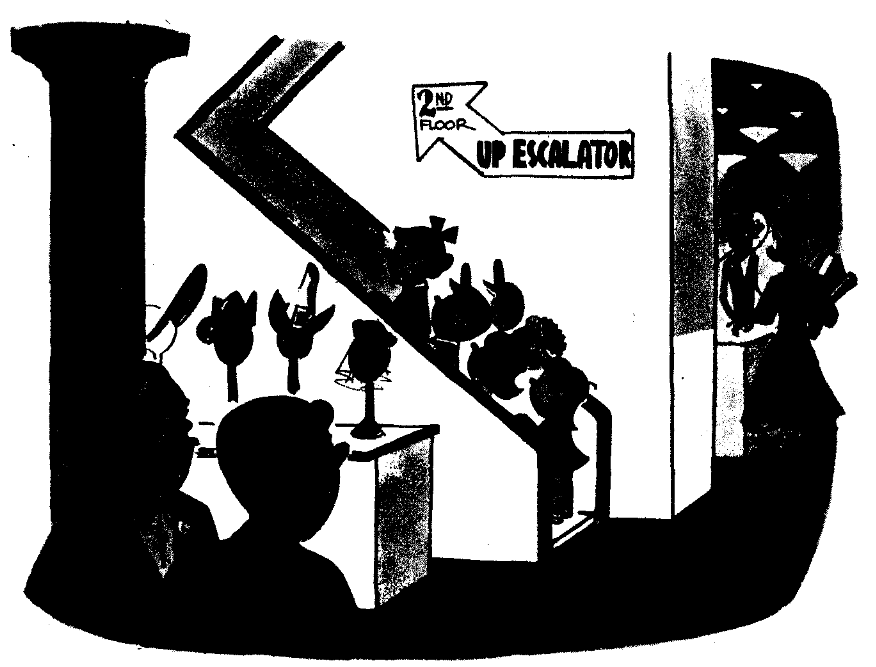
"After my time," he agreed quickly, and sank a foot deeper into the pit of prevarication. "I left just as they were starting to plow under all the cows."

"Pigs."

"Or, rather, pigs. It was what decided me."

She had turned back to the Marysville Call and did not seem to notice his confusion. He was patiently quiet as she read, helping to turn the pages past the Tri-county News, the Homemaker's Page, the Social Notes. Once she said, "Ella Parkins is getting married," and it seemed a good place for him to exclaim, "Not little Ella!"

SISTER



"Call McGuire on the 13th floor and tell him to herd 'em into a down elevator"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Perry said, "She's five nine."

When she had finished, she sat with her hands folded across the last page. Then she sighed.

"Going back?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. I suppose it would be the sensible thing. This just didn't work out."

"I know," Stet said. "Country girl comes to big city determined to become a glamorous waitress and winds up a disillusioned model."

Perry Harper gave close attention to the stitching of her gloves and said it was not so romantic as that. Believe it or not, she had come to New York to design wallpaper. She was designing wallpaper. Already some of it was hanging on rather well-thought-of walls. She liked New York. It was enchanting, from the sun-kissed coast of Staten Island to the rock-bound boundaries of the Bronx. Only—well—things hadn't worked out. Unaccountably, Marysville looked better at a distance than it ever had at firsthand. And that all-gone feeling had been growing.

"I imagine you got over it quickly," she said. "You look as though you'd always belonged here. I don't feel that way. I don't even dare tell New Yorkers my real name."

"You can tell me."

"Periwinkle," she said gloomily. "A ground cover."

He thought it over. "It could be worse," he decided. "They might have called you 'Creeping Myrtle.' Same family."

"They didn't think of it," she said, handing him the newspaper. She leaned forward as if she were about to get up. "I'm really obliged. You've been nice."

"No, wait." He touched her arm. True, it had begun as only a pleasant interlude with educational overtones. Now, oddly, it seemed unfair that she should walk out of his life as abruptly as she had walked in. He cast about for an excuse to keep her there. "Maybe you and New York would like each other better if you were properly introduced." That sounded unfortunate under the circumstances, and he rushed on. "You can help me, too. You owe me a favor."

"So," she said, "the woman pays. How?"

"Well—in lots of ways." He brightened in happy thought and told her about his labors at Burton, Fassett, Newcomb & Hassel. "Why, do you realize, that statistically you're the perfect American girl? I kill myself trying to write copy that appeals to her, but I don't always know what she really wants. You can tell me."

He warmed to the idea. The American girl, he explained, was proved by statistics to be five feet three inches tall. She weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds, had auburn hair, and smoked ten and a half cigarettes a day. Also, she bought twelve pairs of stockings a year, two girdles, and used clear nail polish five days a week.

"The statistically perfect girl," Stet said, "has spent part of her life in the country and part in the city. She's— How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Amazing. Twenty-two years and ten months old, and she likes flowers, salads and convertibles."

"And does she like water cress?" Perry asked.

He looked at her warily. "No."

"Go on."

"There's only one stumbling block," he explained, "and that's the fault of the statistics, not you. She has one brown eye and one blue eye. You, I notice, have two brown eyes and they're a lovely color, I must say."

"Thank you," she said. She laid a finger against the side of her mouth and studied him with the two brown eyes. "In six months here I thought I had heard everything. Now I know I have."

"Kismet. Perfect girl meets man who needs her counsel desperately. Anyway, you shouldn't run away and leave me with that wallpaper."

"What wallpaper?"

"In my room." He pressed his temple in pain. "If I have to look at that silly Dutch girl carrying those buckets another step, I won't be responsible. You could design something to suit my personality."

Perry Harper laughed and stood up. "But could we get it past the censors?"

A girl's voice said, "Not if it's connected with Stet Richards. He's been personally banned in Boston." And a man added, "But right now we need someone to carry the lemons. Here, under my arm."

THEY had not seen the couple coming toward them in the lengthening shadows. The girl was blonde and slim, and the man's chubby good-natured face was made incredibly rakish by a small mustache and a Homburg hat. Stet introduced Jean and Mike Hanley, who swore to take eternal offense unless they were immediately accompanied three miserable blocks to their apartment where a party was starting.

"Hanley's Sunday Afternoon Poetry and Moral Fiber Club is in session," Mike said with Machiavellian glee. "We have a particularly distinguished group today, which is why we ran out of soda and lemons."

"You'd think they'd keep more stores open for the necessities of life," the blonde said. She took Perry's arm. "But it was worth the walk to find Stetson in nice company. Let's go."

Stet took Perry's other arm and tried to keep the alarm out of his voice. Of all the Hanley parties he had gone to, this was the one he most wanted to miss. Hanley parties were too unpredictable for the delicate negotiations he'd begun. "Mr. Hanley," he explained, "is one of our artists, and his work is above reproach. But he knows nothing of poetry and less of moral fiber." He stared at the newcomers coldly. "We thank you for the invitation, but we have an engagement with the Statue of Liberty."

"Let 'er wait," Hanley said briskly. "She's good at it. Hasn't moved a foot in sixty-five years." He turned to Perry. "You have the face of a poetess."

"Oh, I'm the perfect girl," Perry said, "and I've been to the Statue of Liberty. I think I would like to hear the Poetry and Moral Fiber Club in session."

Stet groaned. "Lead on," he said.

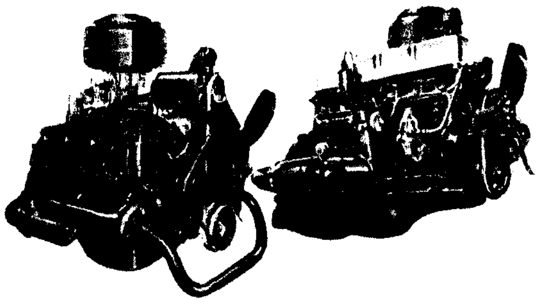
On Forty-fifth Street, they turned into an entrance between two closed shops and found themselves in a dark, mysterious corridor. "Don't go near that elevator," Mike warned. "It always gets stuck between second and third. We lose more guests that way. Up the stairs."

Their footsteps echoed eerily in the building, which seemed to be half office and half residential. A sign on a second-floor door proclaimed it to be the meeting place of a Shakespearean society. "See," Mike said, "cultural surroundings. Up one more. Here we are."

They heard voices before Mike pushed back the door, and then they were in a warm, pleasant room, A young man with a startling black goatee was mixing drinks behind a small curved bar in the corner, and a girl was watching him with open admiration.

"You had to go to Florida for the lemons?" the goatee said reproachfully. "Leave me here with this tigress?" He looked at the girl fondly. "She's pure animal today. Pure animal."

Pure Animal smiled at him devotedly. Stet ran Perry Harper through introductions to some couples who were sitting on the floor next to an empty studio couch. The warm room was relaxing after the spring



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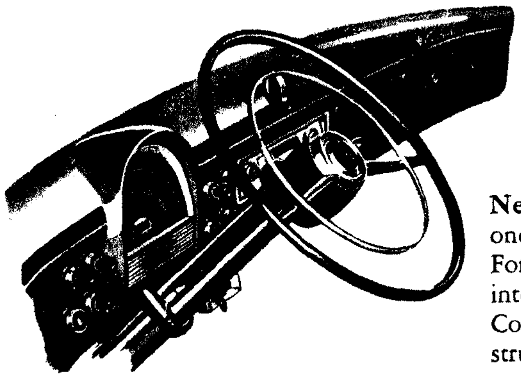

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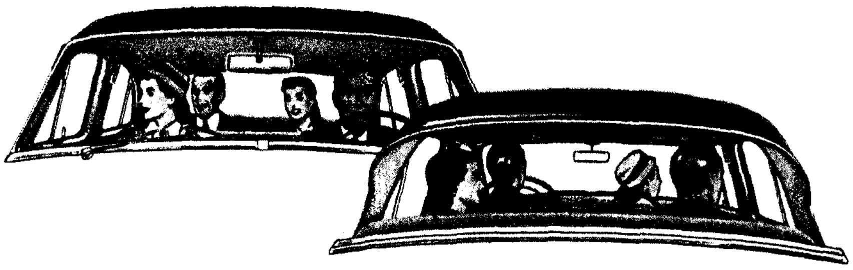

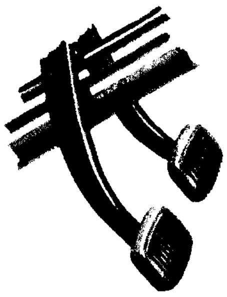

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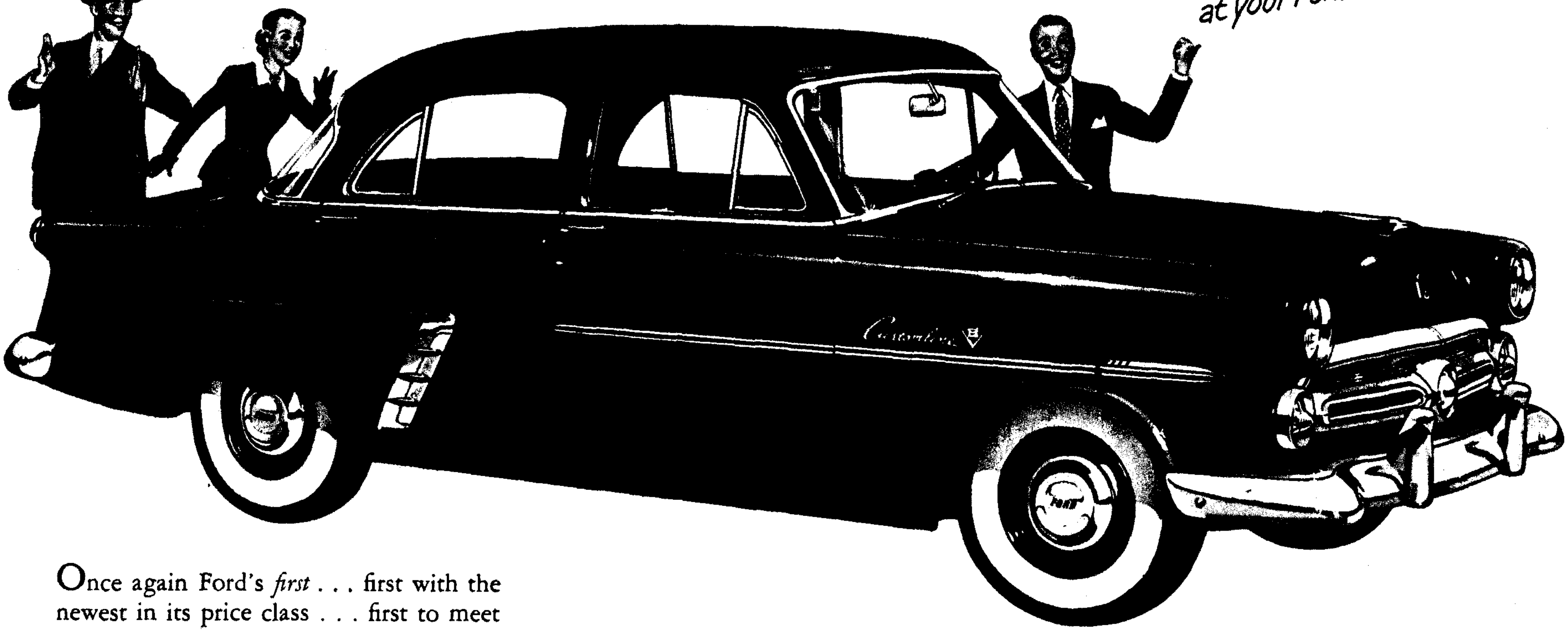
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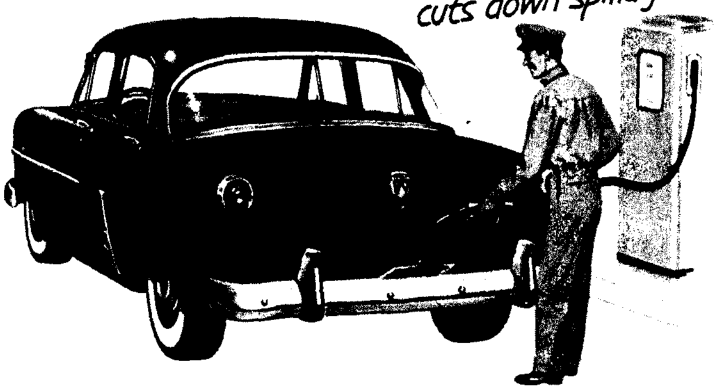
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chill of the park. Stet got two Martinis, while Perry looked around approvingly.

Stet apologized, "This isn't exactly what I had in mind. I was thinking about a walk across Brooklyn Bridge. You've got to start New York, the Wonder City, with that."

"I like this," Perry said, "and I've walked across the Brooklyn Bridge."

The goatee had left the bar and was beginning to chord San on the tiny upright piano. Pure Animal leaned against it and watched him in fascination. A couple abandoned their corner on the floor, and the man miraculously produced a mandolin on which he began energetically to pick out Neapolitan Nights. The goatee ignored him and stuck to San.

"Some musicians never play the same song twice in an evening," Stet explained. "These fugitives from Petrillo never play the same song once. Still, maybe it's better this way."

PERRY HARPER tilted her head appreciatively. "I think I'll have my third cigarette," she said. "Didn't you say I'm entitled to ten and a half a day?"

He gave her a cigarette and held a light. "For the girl who cares," he said. "These satisfy, they're kind to your throat and make a whale of a difference. Blow some my way."

"Don't you ever think of anything but advertising?"

"Of course. Sometimes I think of not advertising and the economic ruin that faces the shortsighted tycoon who neglects it." He motioned her to the studio couch. "But let's talk about wallpaper. How about designing one for me with hundreds of little billboards along a country road?"

They talked about wallpaper, with and without little billboards. They told Mike Hanley that they were very comfortable, and that there was nothing they wanted except possibly to have the mandolin play San and have the piano switch to Neapolitan Nights. Mike promised to see what he could do. Instead, he made a short speech at the bar about the ancestry of people who drop cigarettes into highball glasses.

They told Jean Hanley that they were very comfortable and didn't want anything but to sit and admire her place. She told them not to overdo it.

Stet put their empty glasses on the floor and told Perry Harper that the reason she was unhappy in New York was because she lacked insight.

"You've accepted the Hollywood musical-comedy version of Manhattan," he said. "You think of five million acres of glamor loaded with dazzling personalities instead of just another town full of human beings. No matter what you left behind in Marysville, New York has it, too."

"I admitted I was just homesick."

"Home is where you hang your heart."

Her brown eyes were a deeper brown in the flickering light. "Is that another of your advertising slogans?"

"I guess it is," he admitted. "Or it will be if I ever get an account I can use it on. We get so that we talk that way."

She closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the wall so that her throat was a graceful white line. Some of the others had begun to sing about a couple who wouldn't believe they were too young. The song and the firelight filled the room. Stet leaned over and kissed her on the lips, gently. He waited to see what would happen.

After a moment, she looked at him. "The perfect American girl likes to be kissed," she said. "Should you make a note of that?"

"I'll remember it."

"I'm not sure how often, though. I imagine that requires research."

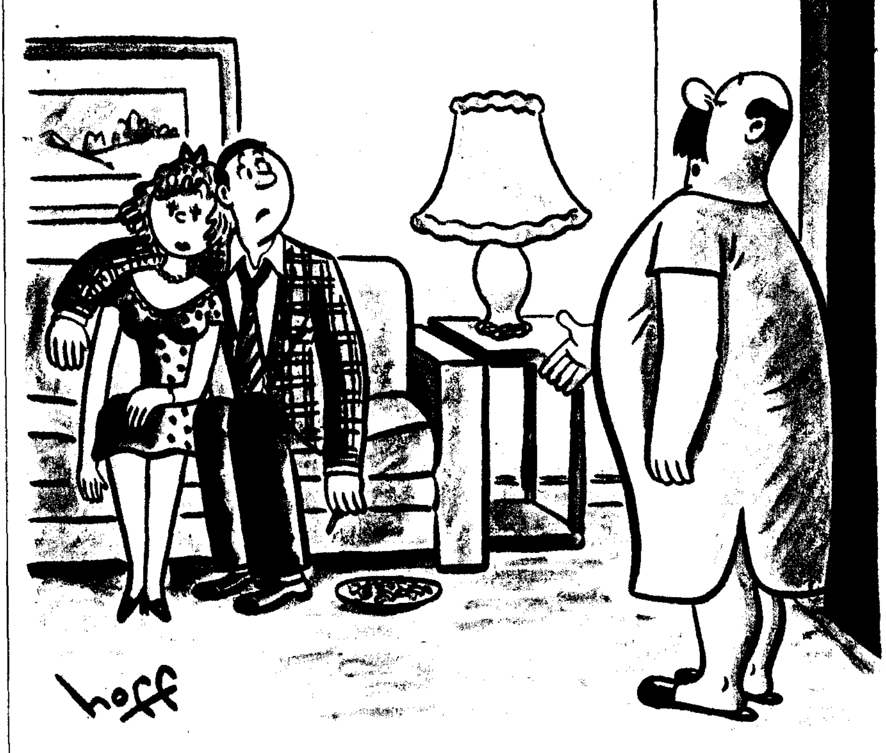
"Now you've got the idea. Shall we begin compiling statistics?"

She held him off with light fingers against his mouth. The song had changed to one advising young lovers not to cry. She looked about the room with the fondness one might bestow on a favorite place in farewell. "This is what I mean by feeling that you belong," she said. "I can feel it now, even if I've only borrowed the right to be here.

"I think it must be the same anywhere in the world," she went on. "You could feel at home in the Taj Mahal if you knew a little corner of it intimately; if you could associate it with kindness and warmth, and even one stone was familiar."

"You have to stay long enough to get to know that corner," Stet protested. "You can't go looping off just when the Taj Mahal gateman is getting to know you."

She pressed her palms together and seemed to give the idea solemn consideration. "Just the same, there's a difference between crashing the party and being really invited. I mean, you can love the fun, but



COLLIER'S "Now that you've seen how she looks early in the morning, why don't you go home?" SIDNEY HOFF don't stay too long, and don't think it's yours by rights."

"Or confuse yourself with the guests?" She stood up. "Ask me to dance."

"Shall we dance?"

"I'd love to."

She was weightless, and her hand was cool. They made little circles in the corner of the room. She said against his chest, "You know I know you're a liar."

"I had my suspicions."

"There never were any Richardses or Pritchardses in Marysville. There isn't even any Windbreak Road. But I did want to see that paper."

"I'm taking out a subscription."

"There was something else, too. I wanted to see what it felt like to be picked up. Nobody ever seriously tried to pick me up."

"It takes a little encouragement. Men are shyer than most women think."

The music stopped, and he released her. "It's my turn to perform chemical miracles at the bar," he said. "I'd better get to work before something pointed is said. This club likes its poetry in motion."

She smiled at him, and he knew it was one of those fleeting pictures you remember forever, with firelight on red-brown hair and a slim figure before the deeper shadows. "I'll miss you," she said.

It was when he tried to handle the glasses that he realized his hands were unsure, as though they rebelled against the unreasoning need for haste that swept him. There were several horrible moments behind the bar when the ice would not come out of the freezer, and he was still trying to catch up when Jean Hanley perched on the stool in front of him.

"You're hopeless," she said.

"Look, lady," he told her. "I'm in a hurry. Constructive criticism only, please."

"You wouldn't know what to do with it." Her tone was that of a fond teacher reproving an exasperating child. "Stet, why, when you get a nice girl, don't you *do* something about it? I think you encourage a misunderstanding so you won't have to."

"I never felt more understanding in my life. I'm the happiest little researcher you ever saw."

"She's gone."

HIS heart was like the ice cube in his hand, and he knew why he had felt that need for haste. But no amount of haste would have done any good. It took only a glance around the room to confirm what Jean had said.

"She thanked me. Then she said something about how prolonging things could only mean a misunderstanding that would spoil it, and she left."

He walked out into the empty hall and down the stairs into the street but there was no sign of her. Back in the apartment, the party was bowling merrily along, and only a crumpled newspaper on the studio couch proved that it ever had happened.

Jean Hanley seemed to know by the expression on his face that this was different. He told her everything. "I don't even know where she lives."

"Maybe it's just as well," she said. "She didn't look like she'd ever join your girl-of-the-month club."

"Oh, I can find her. Check a few hundred wallpaper firms."

"Do you want to?"

That was the real question. There wouldn't be any point in looking unless he was very sure what he would say if he found her. He had liked things the way they were. Why did women always want to make life so complicated?

"I guess you're right," he said. "What I need is the cool night air."

There was no sound reason to go back to Times Square, where the great flashing signs had become distant and meaningless. Of course she wasn't at the newsstand. Why should she be? There were a lot of other people there, though, asking for reminders of faraway places.

He walked slowly east again on Forty-second, and twice he looked back. Bryant Park was dark with loneliness, and he found the same bench and lighted a cigarette to drive the loneliness away. Kindness and warmth and familiarity, she had said, gave you that feeling that you belonged.

He had never even stopped to wonder before. It had always just been. Now he knew that it was even more than that. You had to have what was more, or you were merely camping out. That was all right so long as you didn't know better. But if you once got it and lost it, you had to get it back.

THE moon was a chill sliver in the east, and he tried to con himself out of it. Moonlight is three ways cheaper, he thought. Love should always be taken in the large economy size. Try our get-acquainted offer. If not thoroughly satisfied, let this be a lesson to you.

Suppose he found her and said, "I was doing a lot of gagging around, but I think we hit it off pretty well, and I never did like that ships-that-pass-in-the-night routine"? Suppose he said, "I think we ought to give this thing—us—a better chance and see if we can't find a corner of the Taj Mahal that's mutually acceptable"?

Perry Harper wasn't the kind of girl who would say, "I must have time to think." If he knew women, she would probably come right out and say yes. A man had to consider that terrifying possibility when he made serious offers. Only now it didn't frighten him so much as the possibility that he never would find her or that she would say, "I'm truly sorry, but aren't you reading a lot into that paper that was never there?"

Then he remembered how she had stood with the firelight on her hair and said, "I'll miss you."

Suddenly, he knew what to do. He covered the three blocks to Grand Central Terminal swiftly, and the cross-examination he gave the information clerk would have done credit to Mr. District Attorney. When they were finished, the clerk went for a drink of water, and Stet went home to smoke for four hours and lie half-awake for six more.

He only cut himself once shaving the next morning. Just a flesh wound, he told himself, which was very good under the circumstances; and when he dropped the soap in the shower he hardly noticed the smart crack he got from the faucets as he stooped to pick it up.

He was at the gate in Grand Central she would have to use to get No. 101 (Stops at Marysville to discharge passengers only) thirty minutes before it was due to open. The crowds grew larger and moved faster, the gate rolled open, and they began to shuffle through; and then he saw her coming quickly across the high-vaulted room.

When she was so close that there was no chance for her to turn and vanish into the crowd, he stepped forward. "If you go away," he said, "I won't belong any more."

She stood stock-still, the brown eyes wide, as if she had thought about something too hard and had made it come true. He took her bag and held her hand tightly, drawing her out of the stream of traffic.

"I always thought before that I did," he said. "Now I know better. It's nobody's fault, but the damage is done."

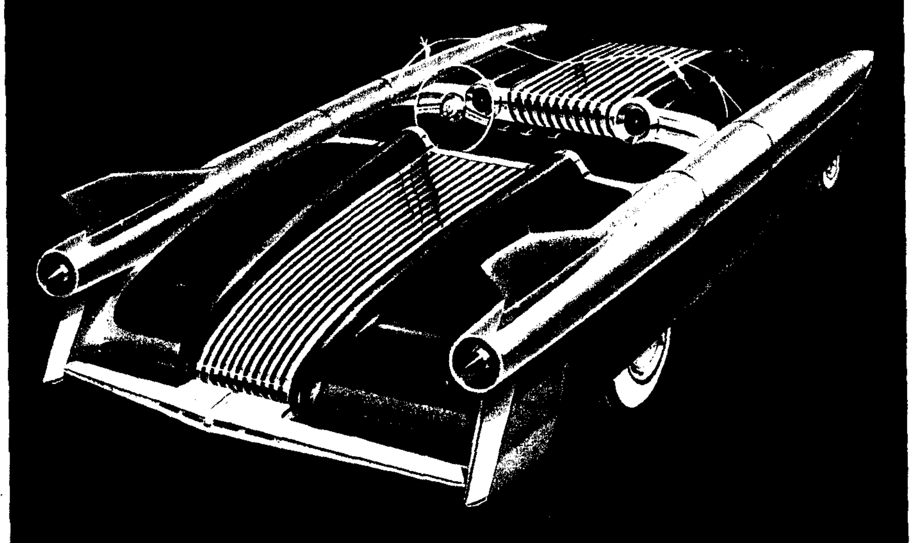
Her chin quivered. "There's one thing," she said. "Is this some ghastly accident, or were you here on purpose?"

It was good to shed the last of his defenses. He told her about the session with the information clerk. "I knew last night what you were going to do. The clerk agreed that flight was the most logical thing to expect and that this was the first train you could use."

She looked respectfully at the circular desk in the middle of the room. "They know things like that, too?"

"Practically everything. They even point out that this is a wonderful place to propose, because people don't know whether you're saying hello or good-by or kissing for important reasons."

She lifted her mouth. "I feel at home already," she said. THE END



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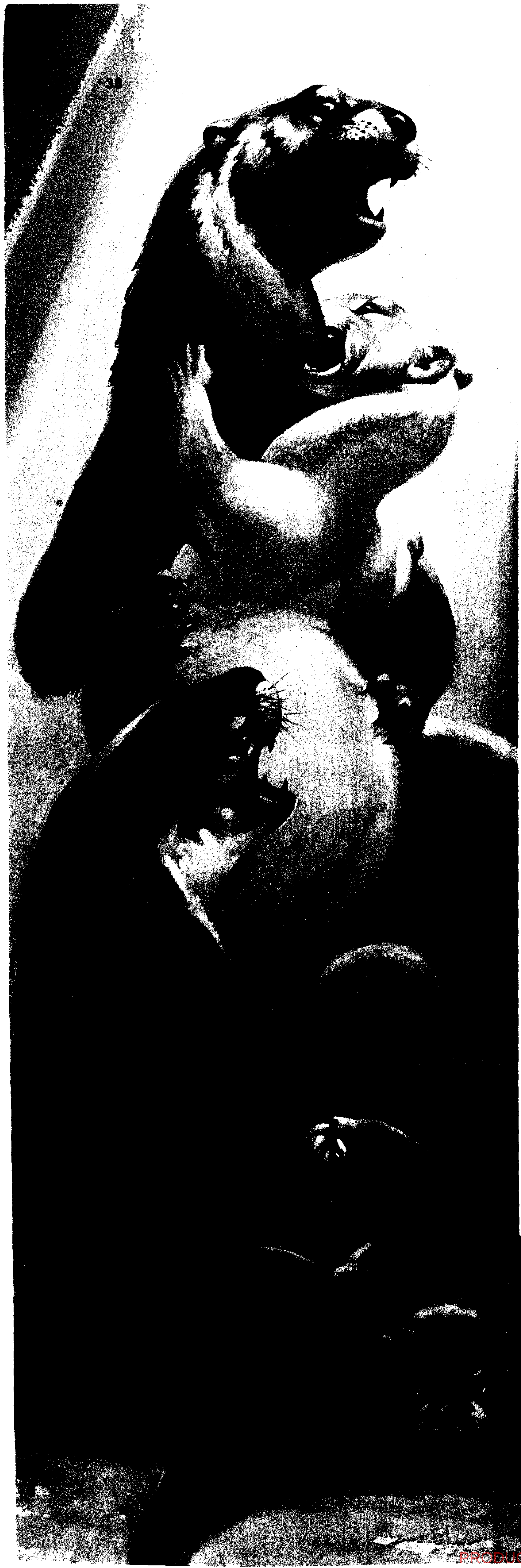


NOMAD *of the Dusk*

By ROBERT W. KREPPS

Durgi, the great dog otter, was a jester—but a fierce jester who would kill to live

THAT year the winter died slowly and hard. Northern New York lay as silent and white as an arctic ice field; and long after the streams should have smashed their thick, frozen coatings to go rushing triumphantly down in thaw, they remained hushed and dormant, with only the muted gurgle of the water beneath the ice to promise the wild creatures that one day this uneasy peace would surely be overthrown by the splendid mutiny of the spring.

Under the bank of one of these streams there was a den. It was long and low, its ceiling a jumble of tree roots and frozen earth, its only entrance below the water level. A small amount of fresh air found its way down through cracks made by the roots, but the atmosphere of the den was quite stuffy and heavily laden with the smell of fish and with a not-unpleasant doggy odor. The sinking of the stream through the winter had left a number of air spaces along the bank, and one of these, a semicircle in the ice, lay directly above the mouth of the den.

Late one afternoon, the gently moving surface of this patch of free water was broken by the upthrust head of an occupant of the den. It was a broad head, flat and with a blunt muzzle, the upper lip puffy with muscle and studded with thick, stiff whiskers; the ears and the dark, sharp eyes very small; the jaw short and strong. The dense fur of the beast was a rich and glistening brown, the smooth sheen of the color broken only by an irregular patch of lighter fur on the throat. As it looked about, flicking its gaze over the snowy banks and the ice of the stream, it wore an expression of inquisitive and waggish amiability; a human spectator might have thought that here was an animal with a great reserve of high spirits—perhaps even with a sense of humor. He would have been right, for this was Durgi, the big dog otter.

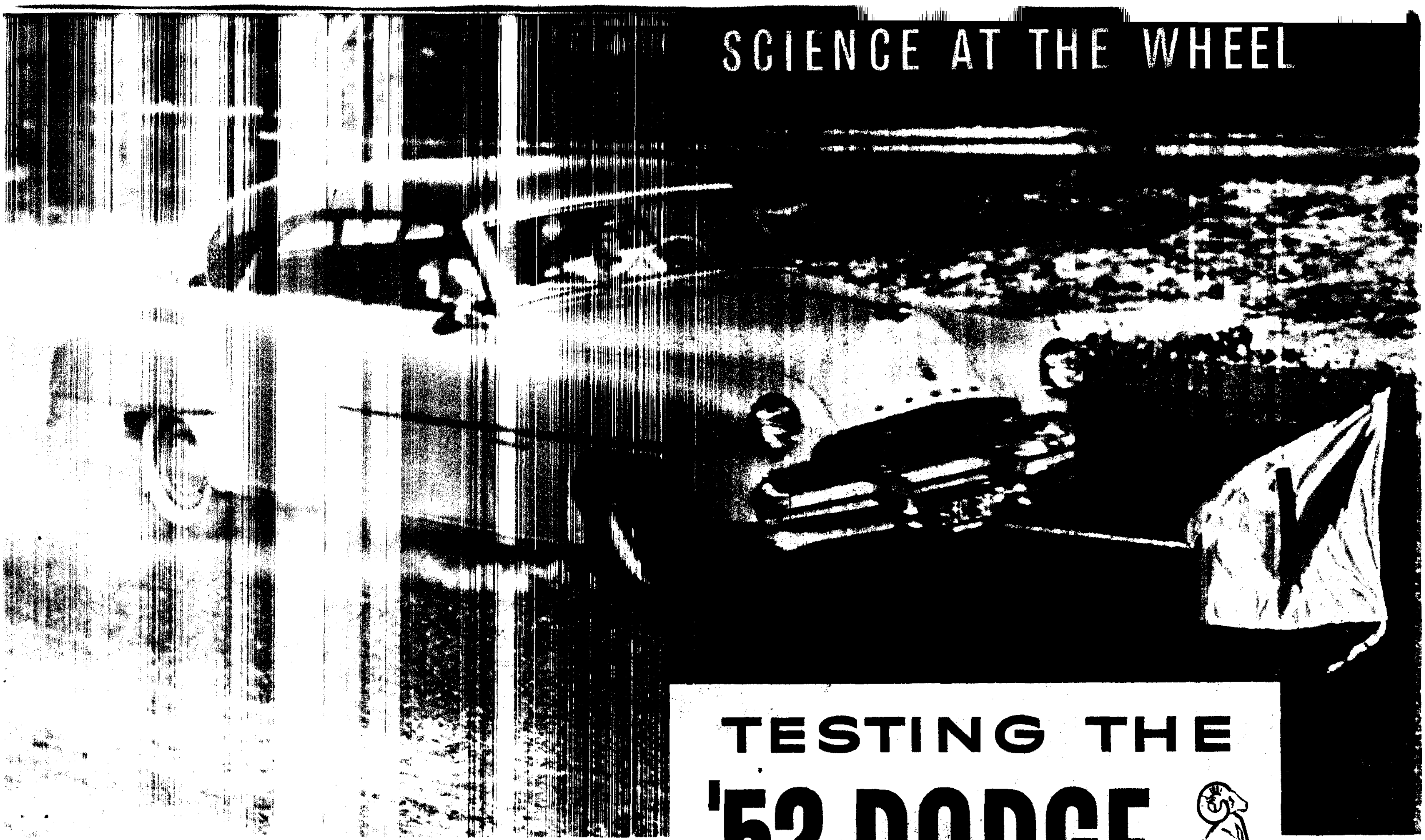
Durgi put his forepaws on the rim of the ice and, with a little boost, got his long body out of the water. Ambling across to shore, he proceeded upstream for a quarter of a mile, pausing occasionally to sniff at familiar places along the bank: here he had once eaten a particularly fine bass; here under an oak was an old lair, discarded as less safe than the present den. He had a perfect memory for terrain; in fact, he could recall many of the holts and couches in which he had slept as a cub, four years and two hundred miles away.

Now he came to the rapids, where the throttling ice had found no purchase and the water had tumbled unrestrained all through the winter. Durgi stood on an icy rock a foot from shore and scanned the waters anxiously. His powerful body, built like a weasel's and just an inch or two under four feet long, needed plenty of food to keep its resilience and its normal weight of twenty-four pounds. This had been a difficult winter for Durgi and his mate. He yearned for the spring. Even more, at the moment, he yearned for a fish.

At last, he slid into the stream. Closing his nostrils and ears, he

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER

Durgi was now as insane with rage as the ferret. Throwing all his muscles into one swift motion, he clawed the ferret off him



TESTING THE '52 DODGE

by Julian P. Leggett, Automotive Editor
Science and Mechanics Magazine

When it comes to safety in performance, certainly a vitally important feature in a family automobile, the '52 Dodge is a standout. Motor Vehicle Research—a fully equipped, independent automotive testing organization—put this car through exhaustive tests at their "automotive torture chambers" at Epping, New Hampshire. Those engineers are completely unbiased, independent, and tough. Yet, they were amazed at many of the scores rung up by this handsome '52 Dodge.

Some of the most impressive points are vividly shown in these pictures—and the quotes with them are directly from A. J. "Andy" White, the director of Motor Vehicle Research. Those statements speak for themselves. I've noticed several times in Dodge advertising and promotion the line, "Where others give you 'sell,' we give you proof." Well, here's scientific proof of some outstanding performance standards set by the '52 Dodge . . . which certainly seems the most convincing "sell" of all.

"**Best brakes we e**[illegible]d. In our 'full panic [illegible]op' test, we locked the four whe[illegible] Dodge Coronet at [illegible] m.p.h. and made a perfect, stra[illegible] stop. Brakes checked out at 94% efficiency, more tha[illegible] the safety standards [illegible] nearly all 48 states. These are [illegible]est brakes we have te[illegible]d to-date."

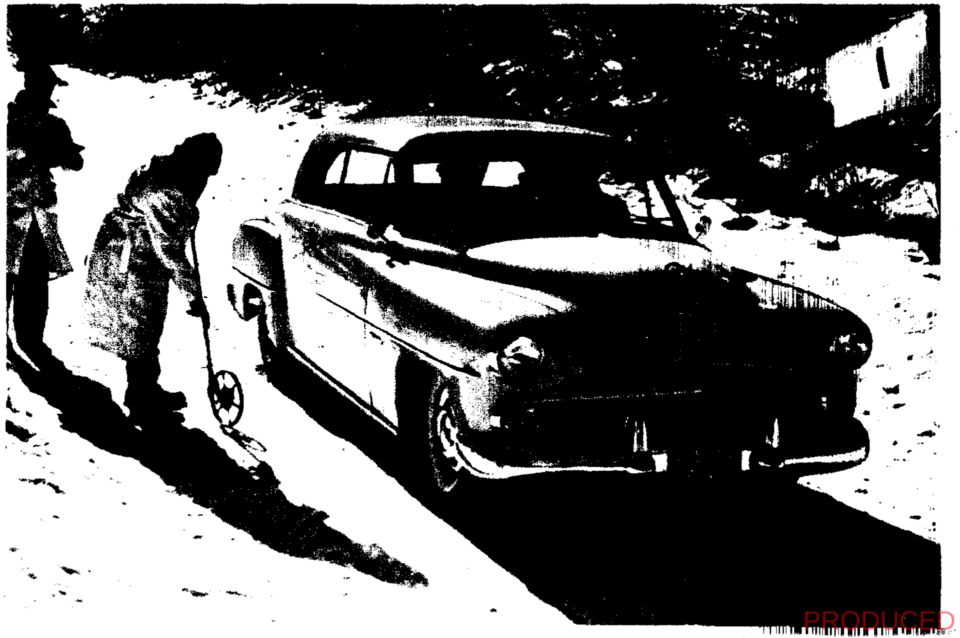
MOTOR VEHICLE RESEARCH herewith certifies that these are the true and accurate findings in tests conducted on the automobile named under the conditions specified.

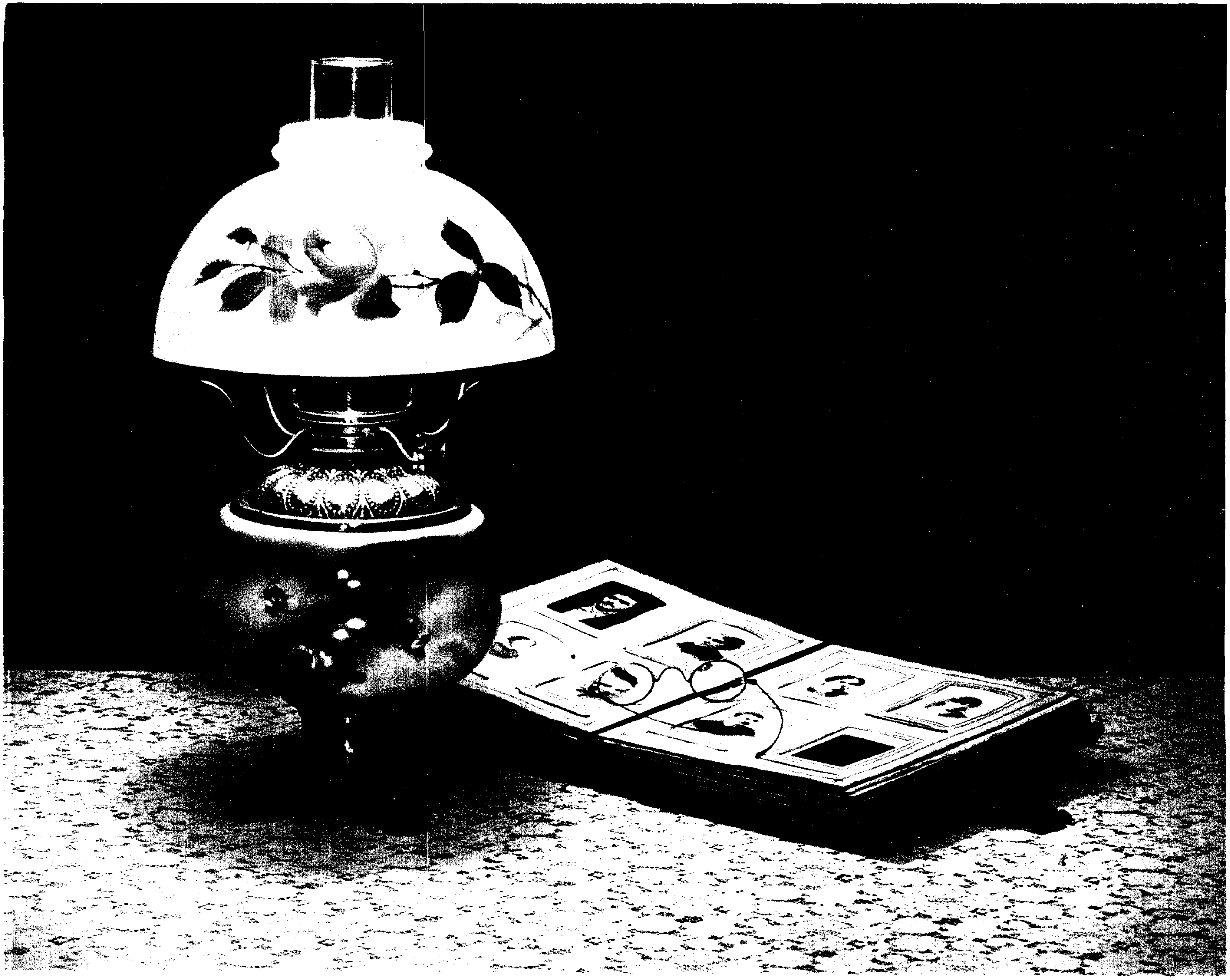
A. J. White,
Motor Vehicle Research,
Gale-Hall Engineering, Inc.

"**No-shift driving with extra safety.** Dodge Gyro-Matic gives effortless driving of an automatic transmission, plus important safety factors. It's virtually impossible to shift into reverse accidentally. Downhill engine braking is excellent . . . even on the 30% 'glassy ice' grade shown."

"**Dodge Oriflow smooths bumps that stop other cars.** Over these solidly frozen ruts, some 9 inches deep, Dodge gave the test drivers excellent ride and handling qualities at high speeds. Several other cars tested under the same exacting conditions forced test drivers to slow down or lose control."

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri





To the men who have gone before...

We pause a moment here on these pages, foregoing our usual advertising message, because The Texas Company is 50 years old this month. We pause to pay tribute to the men who have gone before us who with their hands, their hearts and their minds built this great American company which is now in our trust.

We pay tribute to the adventurous spirit of the men who sought and found the stores of oil hidden so deeply and so long from mankind. We pay tribute to the careful men of science and precision who invented the intricate techniques of splitting petroleum into so many useful things – from asphalt to medicine.

We pay tribute to the men of vision who built the vast refineries and sent the oil out to the street corners of the world. We pay tribute to the men of labor who gave their years in the shop, in the sun and on the sea to make this company one of the sinews of strength of our country.

To these men we are grateful.

To the men who are yet to come...

We look ahead. We see The Texas Company of the future in the hands of those who today are busy with playthings. Some will, perhaps, be your own sons and grandsons. They will learn much at schools and colleges — much more than we did — because there is more to learn.

To them we will turn over our oil fields, refineries, tankers — and our knowledge — all we have, gathered slowly over the 50 years. They will add to it greatly. They will give you services that we do not now know. They will give you finer products for a finer standard of living, and, we trust, in a less troubled world.

Our greatest responsibility is to select as best we can from these young men and young women of the future those most fitted for these various tasks — those best able to serve America through this company.

We pledge ourselves to this duty.

TEXACO
REG. T.M.

50th. ANNIVERSARY
1902 — 1952

THE TEXAS COMPANY *Faithfully Yours for Fifty Years* dived to the bottom and turned over a couple of rocks, searching for anything—an old frog, a quiescent fish, anything. There was nothing but freezing muck. He popped to the surface, breathed once in a swift gulp, and went down again for a longer space of time, during which he investigated half the stones below the rapids, flipping some of them over and pushing his face tight underneath those too large to move easily. The long, stiff whiskers, moved freely and delicately by the marvelous muscles of his upper lip, waved and pried like tentacles beneath the rocks. He found no prey; he had long ago cleared this part of the river bed of its smaller fry. Finally he came to the top and floated on his back, thinking.

When the spring came, thought Durgi in his levelheaded fashion, he would take his mate and seek a new countryside. They had been on this stream, far up and far down but always near it, since the previous autumn. Durgi was a nomad. He grew tired of seeing the same trees and hills and river bed. He longed for travel and the thrill of fresh hunting grounds.

True, it was safe here, with no human beings to harry them; and there would be great need of safety in the coming months. But the yearning of the otter for unfamiliar country was more than an idle whim. It was a burning hunger in his breast, a passion as strong in its way as the frenzy of the rut. Without strange places to explore, Durgi would grow mopish and dull. Journeying was the breath of his lungs and the beat of his heart. When the cubs came, in April, they must have a snug, unassailable den for a few months; but far away, far away. North, east, west—it mattered little, so long as the place was new, virgin to him.

Thus the great dog otter Durgi, floating down toward the ice pack, lying on his back, his forepaws crossed on his chest.

JUST before he came to the ice, he twisted and dived, working his way upstream again, the paddling of his paws aided by sideways lashings of his big, tapering tail, his lithe body curving elegantly through the water. The water was raw and piercing, but Durgi's tough hide covered a layer of fat which let through very little of the chill. He swam just under the surface and level with it, enjoying the rough current that made him battle against its force. He came to the fastest rapids and hurled himself at them, feeling the muscles strain throughout his frame. If Durgi could have laughed aloud, he would have. He was happy. Let the food come when it would.

He went under the ice above the rapids and did a long corkscrew roll, ending with a bump as his short nose hit a root projecting from the bank. He gyrated off downcurrent, reveling in the pure motion.

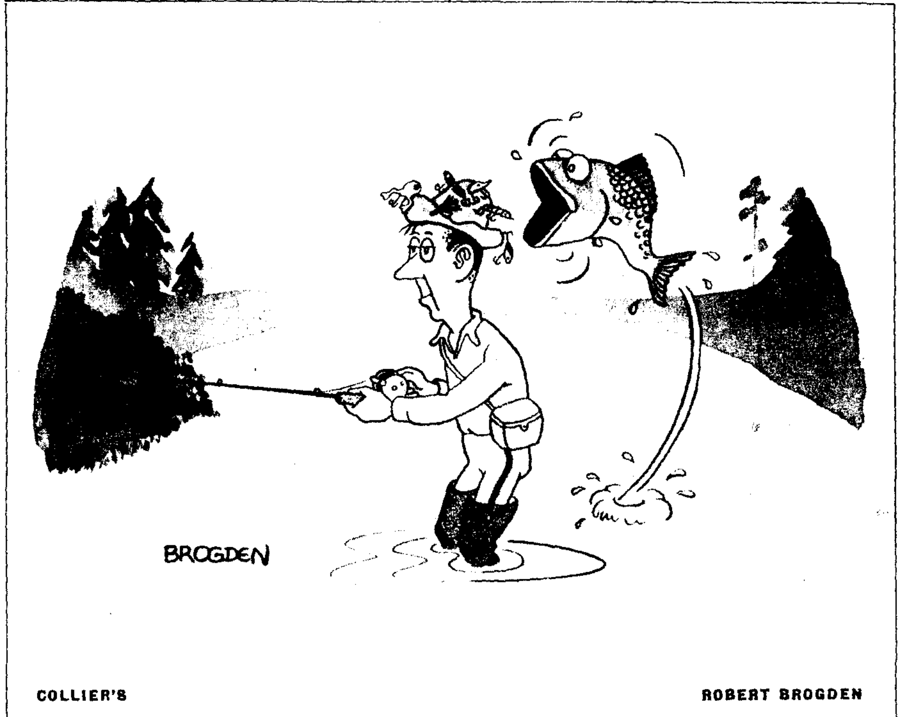
Then at last the quick, dark eyes caught a glimpse of movement beneath him. Instantly he whirled and dived at it. It was a big trout, the first he had seen in a long time. It moved sluggishly against the flow; Durgi was almost on it before it saw him and flashed away with the swift, terrible fear of its kind for the otter.

Cat and mouse, otter and trout—there is little difference in the games save that they are played in different elements. The prey darts here and there, frantically seeking an escape; the killer pursues, bigger and slower but holding the advantage because of the panic that grips its victims. In time the poor harried thing loses its wits entirely, is cornered, is captured. It is all over in the time a pair of dreadful jaws takes to snap shut.

Carrying the trout in his mouth, Durgi went to the bank and climbed out. He waddled a few yards to a wind-cleared hillock and sat down. Holding the fish between the furry soles of his webbed forepaws, he began to eat the head, his eyes half closed with pleasure.

When he had finished the head and a portion of the shoulder, he remembered his hungry mate, who had been sleeping when he left the den. Reluctantly, he picked up the trout and traveled downstream to the semicircle of free water that marked his lair. He carried the big fish in to his mate, watched her begin to eat, and then, on an obscure impulse, dived through the water and poked his head into the air once more.

There was something in that air. It was dusk; there was no wind; Durgi's breath hung before his face in a little puff of cloud. He sniffed loudly. He could not place the elusive thing for a long while. Then it occurred to him what it was. Far off, no more than a whisper in the still cold atmosphere, it came to him through his ears and nose and perhaps even more strongly through other, nameless senses. He shook his blunt head and gave a chirrup of happiness. It was the spring.



COLLIER'S ROBERT BROGDEN

THERE was still some not-quite-melted ice in the stream when Durgi and his mate started off on their journeying a week later. The dog otter was in an exultant mood. It was early morning, for although he was essentially a creature of the night, Durgi liked to canvass new territory in the full blaze of day. The bitch, too, was glad to be leaving the overfamiliar den, though she seemed rather more preoccupied than Durgi, and would stop now and again to stare at nothing, with her head cocked on one side, till the big dog otter impatiently called her onward.

They went over the saddle of a mountain range and down onto the white-blanketed fields of the country beyond. About midday they stopped at a farm and boldly ate three nearly hatched eggs, having thereafter to run for a creek and do some canny dodging to escape the farm hound. This discouraged Durgi from searching the immediate vicinity for a lair, even though he liked the look of the place; dogs were old enemies.

Much of the land he had lived in was more or less civilized, dotted with towns and farms full of men who had sought him with dogs and guns for the damage he might do to their poultry runs or to their fish hatcheries.

Now a wandering dog otter, in the ordinary way of things, likes to change his lair every few days, utilizing both new places and those which have done duty for many generations of the tribe; so that this ever-present danger had not worried big Durgi unduly. He counted it fun to den up under the nose of an irate farmer for a week, living a-tiptoe, as it were, ready to run for his life at a second's notice. If undiscovered—and often, because of his cleverness and nocturnal habits, he could keep his presence perfectly secret—he would eventually move on of his own accord, driven by the insatiable hankering after change.

But when the bitch is ready to cub, a pair of otters must have themselves a single well-placed hideaway. Durgi's mate was no more than three weeks from her time, and in the back of Durgi's faithful brain there lay the knowledge that he must find a good safe den for the cubbing. So when they had eluded the hound, Durgi followed his nose, turned northward and went jumping through the deep snow of a gloomy tract of hemlock and spruce woods.

When twilight came, the pair bedded down in a cleft between rocks. In the middle of the night, the bitch woke up hungry. As Durgi stretched himself and got up, toward dawn, he found her asleep with her nose on a half-devoured rabbit. He hauled it away and finished it off, chewing up the bones thoroughly and discarding only the fur. When the sun came, they set off again. They traveled for several days. . . .

From a crest, they looked out across a fine land. There were rolling hills and distant craggy mountains for a backdrop, and between the hills were meadows, full, so Durgi's nose told him, of rabbit and other small rations; and from beyond these the wind bore the whiff of a river, undoubtedly crammed with such glorious fish as an otter had seldom seen. He galloped off down the hill, his mate following close behind. They crossed some of the meadows, going at the steady, lolloping pace of an otter ashore that can only be called a toddle; next they came to a thin belt of trees, and beyond lay the river.

It was a splendid river. Broad as seven barns, it rushed and gurgled between banks that overhung just the right amount, in the sides of which there must be many prospective otter lairs. There was a school of little fish flickering by, not three feet from the twitching nose of big Durgi; he could have leapt in and wolfed a dozen before they could scatter. He turned and touched his muzzle to that of his mate. The thick whiskers brushed across one another. She squealed, and Durgi squealed in reply. They were both pleased with the river.

Slipping into the wind-roiled waters, they splashed and cavorted like children, flinging the spray high with their powerful tails, striking it left and right with their round, short-clawed feet, diving deep until they nearly touched bottom and then shooting upward to break the surface, like big brown rockets touched off in the depths of the river. The sheer fun of existence gripped them both. They swam upstream and wreaked havoc among the astonished trout, working as a team against the quick fish.

By late afternoon, they had cast up and down the banks until they had found the home they wanted. It was a den much like the one they had left, with one entrance below the water and another hidden between the big gnarled roots of the huge tree that shaded the bank for yards around. There had been otters here before, who had enlarged the place and made it tidy and comfortable; in corners there still clung the scent of long-gone fish and the two odors of the otter, the pleasant smell of fur and the faintly fetid savor of the gland secretion. Durgi went sniffing about to discover if he knew the former tenants, but they were strangers to him.

That night, he made an excursion overland to spy out the new countryside. There was a farm not more than a mile away; Durgi inspected it from a distance, noted that there were at least two dogs living there, and, padding in close from downwind, saw several big chicken runs between the house and barns. These did not excite him, for only when fish and frogs were scarce would Durgi take fowl; but he had learned that men who kept poultry were the fiercest otter hunters of all. It was not his nature to worry, yet it occurred to him that perhaps he should push on into wilder territory. When he arrived at the den, however, and saw the moon silvering that glorious river, he forgot the farm, and did not think of it for many days thereafter.

Together he and his mate made a slide on a claybank—the weather had turned quite warm by now—and it was a long, steep slope with just the proper cant to it, ending above the river, so that when they went careening down they would shoot off into space and plop into the water with a fine splashing. This is the otter's favorite sport, a pastime which has obsessed the tribe of Durgi for longer than there have been men to record it: in turn, they lie down at the head of the rise, tuck their short, loose-jointed forelegs under their breasts, give themselves a shove with the hind feet, and go shooting down like gleeful brown toboggans. Again and again they scramble back and rocket down the slide. There is no happier beast in the world than an otter on his slide. He is as jolly as a child on a carrousel.

So there was spring on the land, there were fish to spare in the river, there was exhilaration on the coasting bank, and soon there would be cubs to dote upon in the den. Durgi was content. No human being had come near his home yet.

THE cubs were laid down before he knew it, three insignificant, blind little scraps of life that mewed and waggled their heads under the sheltering breast. Durgi brought in a trout, with no more than four small bites taken out of the belly, and his mate snapped at him in quick petulance. He sat down in a corner and watched the cubs proudly. It would be about five weeks before their eyes opened; during this time the bitch would be as loving and jealous as any new mother, and Durgi would romp and fish alone.

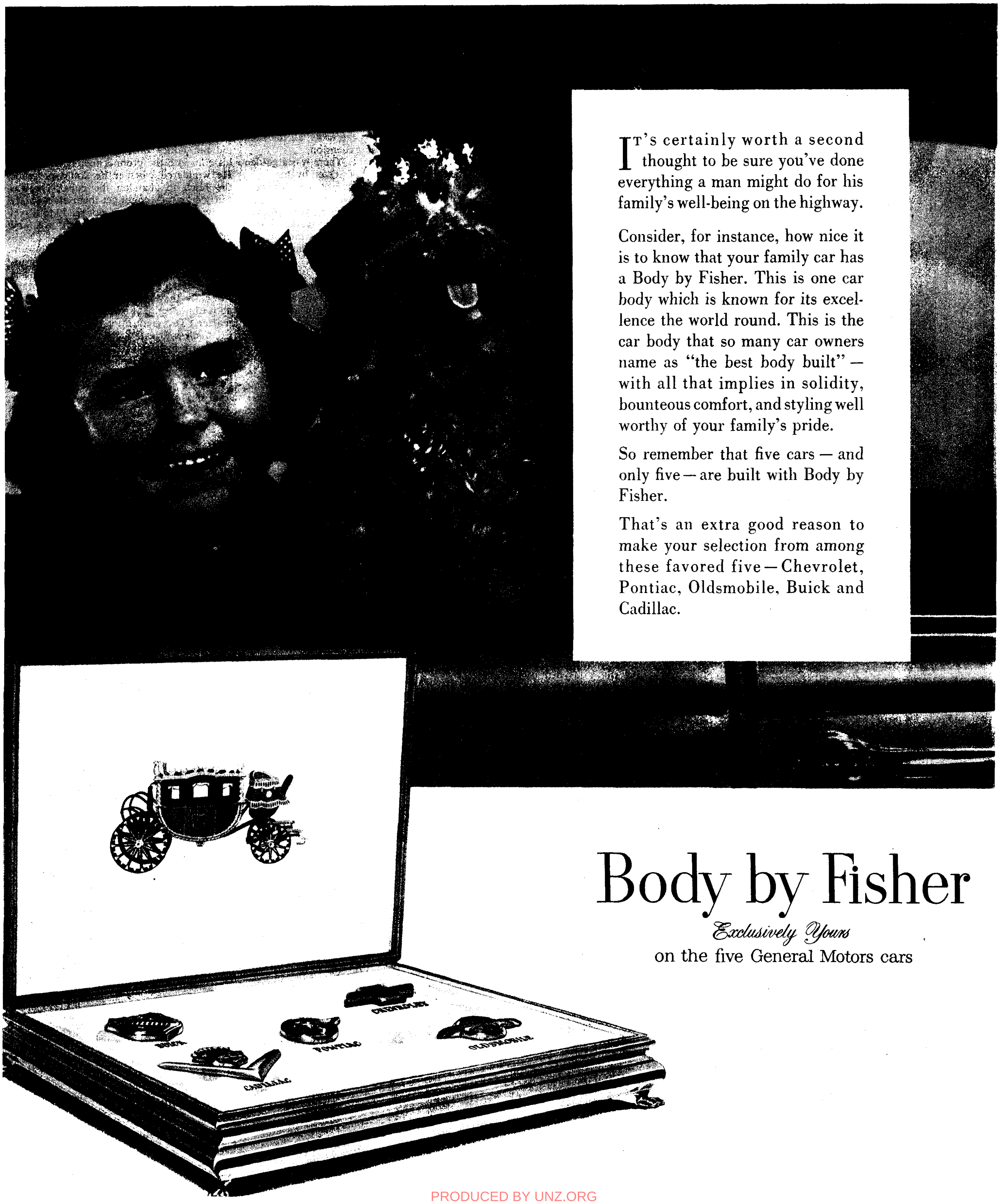
His inquisitive wanderings grew shorter, for with the cubs a sense of danger had come to him again. His mate was chained to her young, and he was shackled to the bitch by ties of affection and duty. Any threat was now far more intense. It was as though someone had put up a fence around him, over which he could not climb. But he lost none of his zest for fun, and went twirling along the depths of the river as gaily as ever, his web-toed feet paddling and his great tail beating soundlessly through the flow. At night, too, he had his flings, pursuing hares and startling pheasants and once even waking a bear in the heart of the wood and irritating it until it raised echoes with its anger; for always and incurably Durgi the otter was a jester, and romping was the breath of life to him.

Nevertheless, on his way home that night, he detoured to circle the farm and peer intently at the buildings, to make sure no man was prowling about for otters. Satisfied at the silence, he made for the river.

Some time later, a fox got into one of the chicken houses and carried away a hen.

The farmer, casting about the next morning, found Durgi's sign and stood over it, muttering angrily to himself. "More otters! More thieving, sneaking otters!" He glared

When a man thinks twice



It's certainly worth a second thought to be sure you've done everything a man might do for his family's well-being on the highway.

Consider, for instance, how nice it is to know that your family car has a Body by Fisher. This is one car body which is known for its excellence the world round. This is the car body that so many car owners name as "the best body built" — with all that implies in solidity, bounteous comfort, and styling well worthy of your family's pride.

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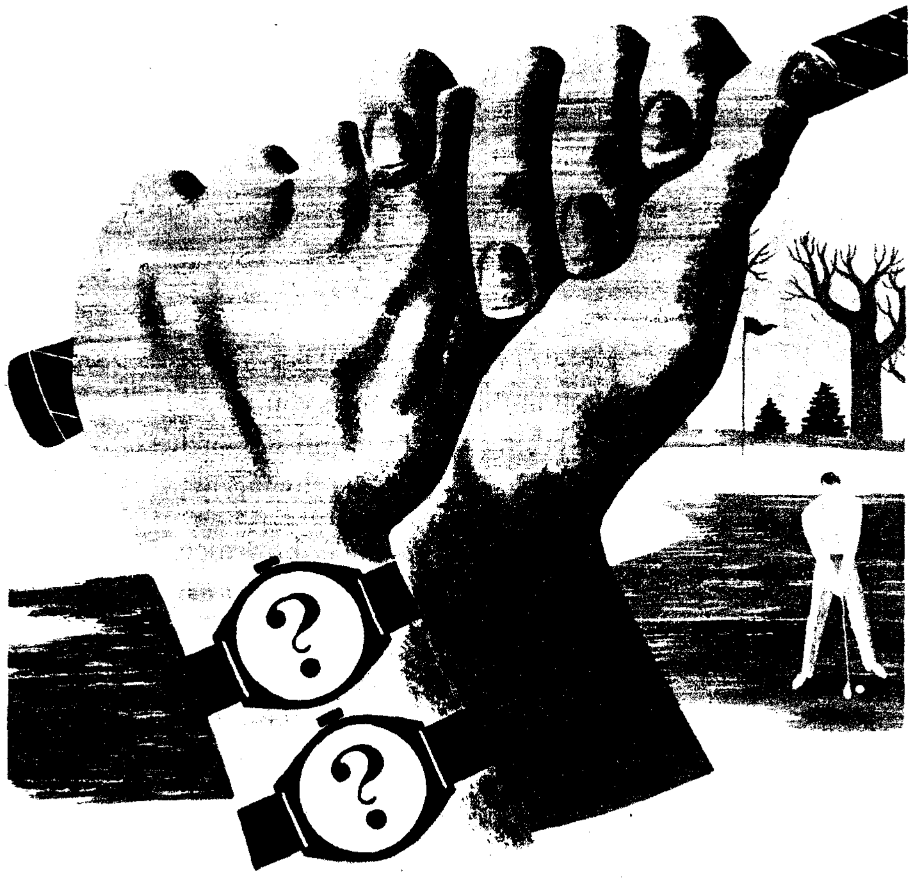

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A recent national survey among jewelers shows that INCABLOC is the preferred shock absorber—ten to one.

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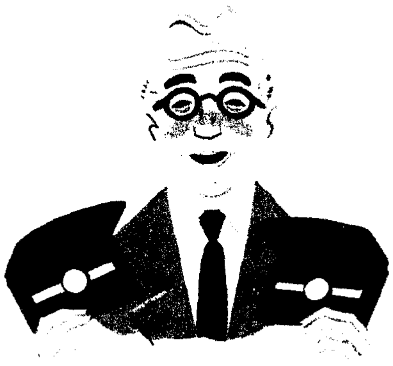


in the direction of the river, and his face was black and cold. "Watch yourself," he said. "One o' these days!"...

IT WAS a fine, fresh-smelling morning when the cubs' eyes opened. They were lighter in color than those of Durgi, and peered at him shortsightedly when he came in dragging a young muskellunge. This sign of their progress he greeted with a happy squeal; soon they would be old enough to learn to swim, and the family could press on to other regions.

They were all sleeping when the bitch was wakened by an alien sound somewhere above them. She clicked her teeth at Durgi and he bounced up and stared around the den, blinking curiously. Then he crept to the opening between the roots, all his keen senses alert with apprehension.

It was early twilight. There was a golden haze among the trees. Over by his slide, the man from the farm was standing, rubbing his chin and growling.

"So you're around here, you chicken thief," he said. The fox had made another visit to his hencoop, and the farmer, too angry to look for spoor, had blamed it on Durgi. "Watch yourself, otter. I'm bringing Long Willie out here."

Durgi flattened his head on the ground and peered under a curled root at the tall man. He was not particularly afraid, but he was not happy in that moment, either. The helpless cubs fretted him. He had known men and dogs and he had been hunted and he had beaten them at the game; but he had never been threatened by them when he and his mate were burdened with young. When the man had vanished in the direction of the farm, Durgi walked down into the den and brooded, watching the three cubs. In another week or so they could be taken away from this suddenly dangerous place. But Durgi, though he did not know it, did not have a week....

They stayed at home all that night. The musky would last them for a while, and Durgi did not care to wander very far from his family.

The morning broke with a promise of rain. The skies were gray, swollen sheets of lead; the air was heavy and motionless. Durgi fidgeted up and down the den, going occasionally to peer out the root entrance, and at last plunged into the river and swam around the bottom, turning over stones to frighten the frogs and crayfish and see them scoot. Even this minor sport refreshed him, so that presently he drifted to the surface and kicked himself from bank to bank, sucking the listless air in carefree gulps.

He was startled to immobility in midstream by the excited baying of a pair of hounds. He stood up in the water, his long neck stretched straight, and glared around at the bank, working his nose nervously. Then he aimed himself at the den's mouth and flew like an arrow across the current.

His mate was hopping impatiently from foot to foot, touching the cubs with her muzzle and making them whimper with anxiety. Durgi brushed by her and went up to the roots, hugging the earth to make himself inconspicuous. He feared the dogs with their canny noses, but even more he dreaded the man with his shovel and gun. He waited there for five terrible minutes, and the dogs came yelping through the trees.

They cast about his old clay slide, and the man appeared; he was carrying a rifle under one arm, but he had no shovel. Durgi did not notice this, however, and pushed his chin into the ground, feeling mournful. He wondered whether he could persuade the bitch to abandon the cubs. He was fairly sure they could get themselves safely away; but the cubs were not ready to travel any distance. He batted his dark eyes and growled in his throat.

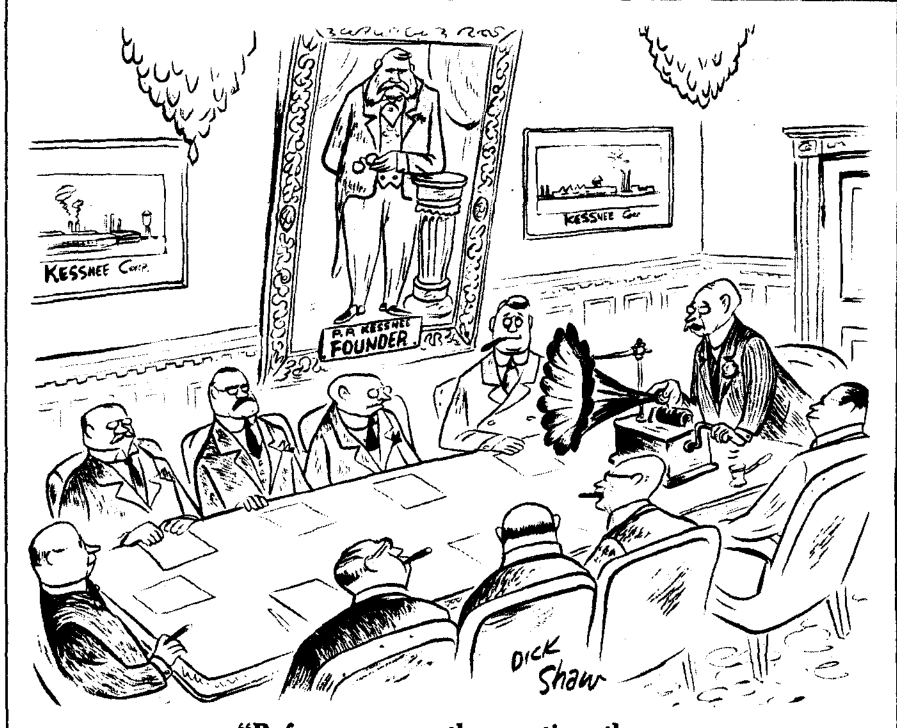
The hounds—big, rangy brutes with somber voices full of honey—were coming toward the den. Durgi snaked backward a couple of feet and lay in deepest shadow. Presently they were standing on the roots above him, scratching and wailing for their master. The great otter bared his teeth in a soundless threat. They thrust their heads down at him frantically, their ears flopping, their brown eyes alight with hunting fever. Durgi looked over his shoulder at his mate, who had gathered the three cubs into a squirming heap and was standing over them. He read in her face that she would die there before she would run.

THE man kicked his hounds off, and knelt above the den. He put a hand into his coat pocket and brought out a little creature that twisted and bit at his fingers. The man spoke to it.

"Long Willie! You're the lad, Long Willie. Fetch 'em out!"

He dropped the little beast into the hole, not twenty inches from Durgi's muzzle. It shook itself all over, stood on its toes, and glared redly at the otter. Durgi had never seen a beast such as this, but instinct told him it was menace incarnate, a threat even to him, who feared almost nothing on land or in the water. In the second or two before it came at him, he analyzed its appearance, its smell, its chittering cry. Truly, this was murder in a small package.

It was white, with red eyes. In build it was much like a miniature otter. It weighed no more than a couple of pounds.


P. A. KESSNEE FOUNDER
KESSNEE Corp.
KESSNEE Co.
Dick Shaw

COLLIER'S "Before we open the meeting, the usual word from our founder!" DICK SHAW

This was an English hob, or male ferret, whose clan could trace its domestication back to ancient Rome and beyond; it was a ittle brute compact of guts and unreasonng fury, a berserker among the beasts, livng only for the thrill of slaying. Though almost unknown to city dwellers, the ferret s widely (and often illegally) used by hunters and farmers. Its purpose is to flush rats and game. Entirely dependent on man for ts sustenance, and wholly ignorant of the wild state, it is yet more feral and bloodthirsty than any untamed animal; man has bred it so.

TO DURGI, the ferret stank of death. He was afraid of it, in the irrational way in which a strong man may be afraid of a small, vicious terrier.

He backed up a step, and it darted at him, a white streak of rage in the gloom of the den. Durgi's jaws snapped together as he bit and missed, and he felt the tiny needle points of the ferret's teeth slip into his underlip and tear out. He patted angrily with one paw and, more by luck than design, bowled the hob over; it righted itself and came in again, chattering its war skirl defiantly.

The man on the ground above was whooping to his agent. "Drive 'em out, Long Willie! Teach 'em to steal hens! Send 'em kiting—we're waiting on you, boy!" He was very proud of his ferret, which had once flushed an old dog fox for him. He was now standing back from the tree, holding the hounds, so that the otter would bolt freely. He could follow the progress of the fight only by the noise.

The ferret, a mite compared with Durgi, could not hope to kill him or even to hurt him seriously. It could only harass him until he fled in desperation to the hounds and the gun. Whether it realized this, none can say. If it did, certainly the knowledge did not diminish its savage wrath. It dashed in under the otter's guard, trying for the throat or the back of the neck, letting itself be slapped by avoiding the deadly jaws with a weasel's agility. Durgi grew furious, pounced at the ferret as if it were a clumsy rabbit, banged his nose on the wall, felt teeth on the tough hide of his neck, and shook himself wildly. The hob, not having a secure grip, flew off like a dislodged bit of snow, ricocheted from the mud wall, and tumbled down into the den proper.

In the time it took Durgi to turn around, the little killer had seen the mother standing above her young ones. He scuttled over, to be halted by the bristling bitch; he looked at her bared teeth and for a second he stopped and took thought. Then Durgi was on him, snatching for his backbone.

The ferret bounced away, decoying Durgi down toward the water. Then, as Durgi charged, it slipped by him, and, running with all its speed, shot in past the bitch's snarling maw and struck one of the hapless cubs. The two of them rolled together, both big otters leaping frantically around them, and the white devil left his victim and fastened himself like a bulldog on the throat of Durgi. The little cub sprawled dead on the floor, its soft belly torn out. The bitch, leaving Durgi to his battle, curled herself round the two remaining cubs and nosed the pitiful corpse, whining.

Durgi was now as insane with rage as the ferret. Concentrating all the perfect sinuous grace of his muscles into one swift motion, he clawed the ferret off him—and a big tuft of his own fur and hide—and bit down with the full force of his formidable jaws. The hob shrieked as its left foreleg was severed at the shoulder. It crawled backward, spitting its challenge. Durgi could tear off the other legs and still it would chitter malevolently till it died. So they faced each other, the erstwhile happy jester and the mad bully of the animal kingdom.

The otter moved for the kill. The ferret hunched around, its minute teeth bared in an awful grimace of pain and fury. Durgi thwacked down with a paw, crushed the hob's head to earth, and dipped his own jaws for the spinal quartering. The ferret died as it had lived, fighting like a maniac, consumed with unreasoning malice against the world. . . .

Durgi went to his mate. She was shaking and would not let him touch her; his muzzle dripped with ferret's blood. Though he was impatient to get on with his freshly conceived plan, he paused to go to the river entrance and wash his face in the water. Then he returned and spent precious minutes in soothing her to rationality.

The man and his hounds were roaring overhead. The farmer's confidence in his ferret was waning.

Durgi prodded a cub to its feet and nosed it toward the water. The bitch made a move as if to bring it back. Exasperated, Durgi nipped her at the angle of her jaw, and pushed the uncertain little cub down until it balked at the river's edge. Then he stared back at his mate. In a moment she brought the other cub.

Durgi took one of them in his mouth, as gently as though it had been an egg. Closing his ears and nostrils, he slid into the water, silent as the shadow of a cloud. He trusted his mate to follow with the other cub.

Seeking the darkness under the overhang of the banks, he moved downstream, two feet below the surface, driven forward by pushes of his short forelegs. The cub wriggled in his mouth, disliking its first taste of the new element. How long it could live without breathing, Durgi could not tell. He himself could swim a quarter of a mile without rising for air. When he had gone some distance, he increased his speed, bringing his great tail into play. He crossed the current and headed for the opposite side. At last he rose, still without a splash, and held the cub above the surface.

It squirmed strongly. Satisfied, he submerged and went on.

Finally, when the river had turned in its channel and he knew the banks would hide him from the man with the hounds, he crept ashore where a grassy valley lay between small hillocks. He set the cub down and looked at it anxiously. It lay for half a dozen breaths, then staggered over between his forepaws and collapsed, shaking its body to get rid of the wetness. Spray flew; it was a good cub, healthy and tough. Durgi stepped over it and went on his belly to the riverside, to watch for his mate.

FOR a long time she did not come. He could hear a hullabaloo upstream, where the man was calling his dead ferret. Durgi's swollen upper lip twitched as he tried to catch the scent of his mate.

Then he saw her head rise in the water, near the center of the flow. He risked a low bark, and she heard him and came. The cub in her mouth was writhing angrily; she had probably risen to let it breathe more frequently than Durgi had dared to do with his own. She brought it to land, and for a moment the four of them sat together, till the mother tried to go down to the river again. Durgi knew she wanted to return for the third cub. He planted himself before her and would not let her pass. At last she gave in.

Rested, the two big otters picked up their family once more and entered the river. Swimming with their heads thrust high, so that the cubs were carried above the rippling surface, they traveled far downstream. A soft, steady drizzle began. Durgi's dark eyes sparkled and his nostrils twitched with pleasure, for the rain was an old friend. He thought of the new den they would find, a lair which would not lie near a farm or a town, but in a wilderness where they could teach the cubs to swim and hunt and where he could make himself a new clay slide. He thought of the frolics he would have in the woods that would be close at hand. He pictured the great fish he would chase through the depths of the river.

He had forgotten the fight and the lost cub. As he paddled toward the bank to scout the land, he was suddenly and perfectly happy, for he was Durgi, the gallant jester, the joyous warrior, the valiant nomad of the night.

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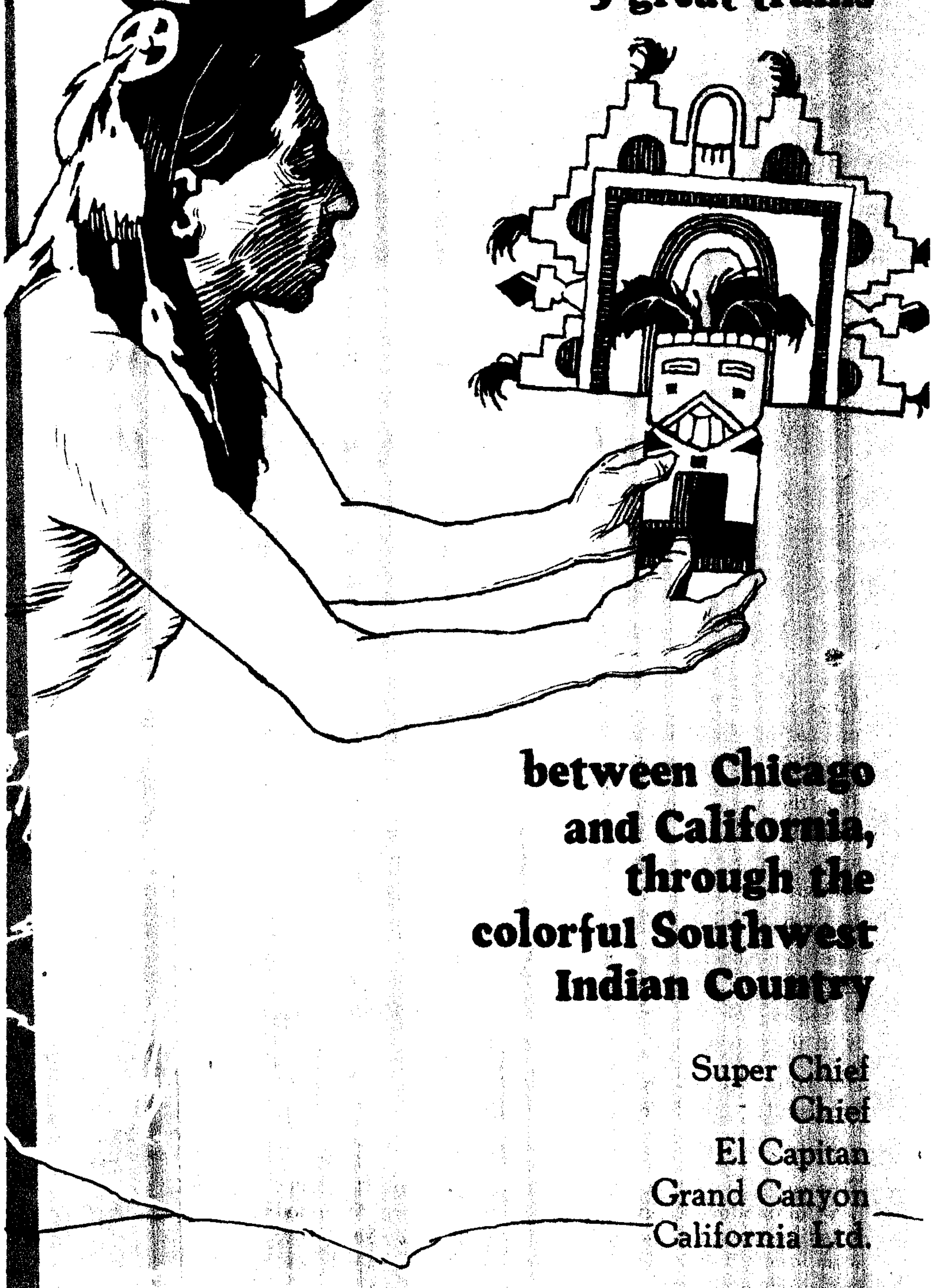

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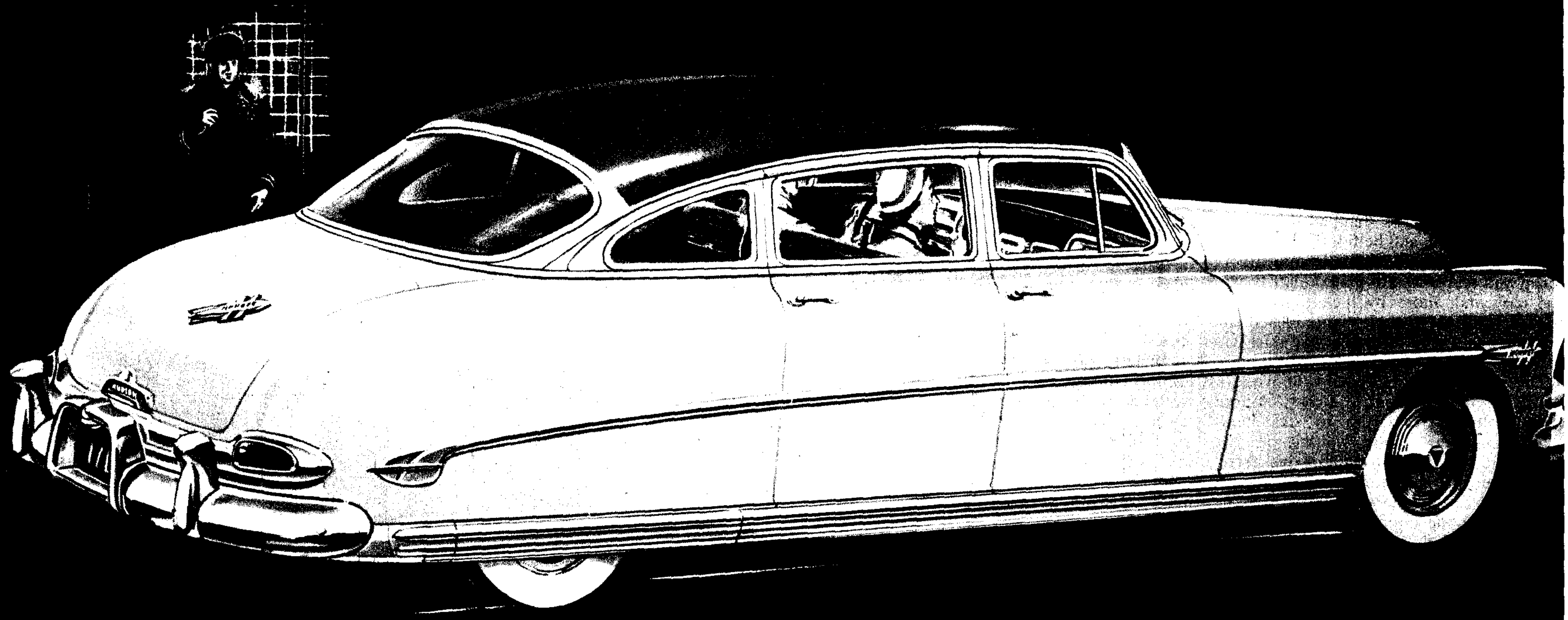

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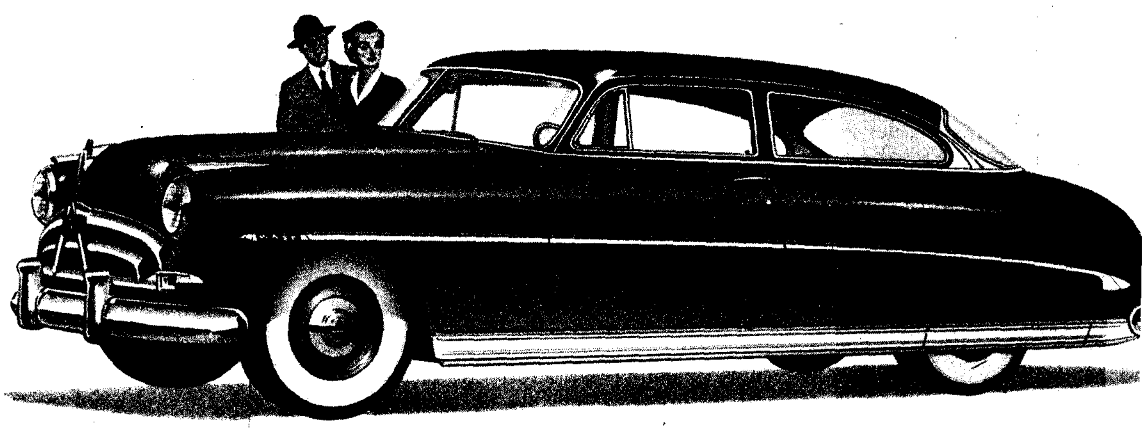

HUDSON WASP TWO-DOOR BROUGHAM IN HUDSON-AIRE *HARDTOP* STYLING

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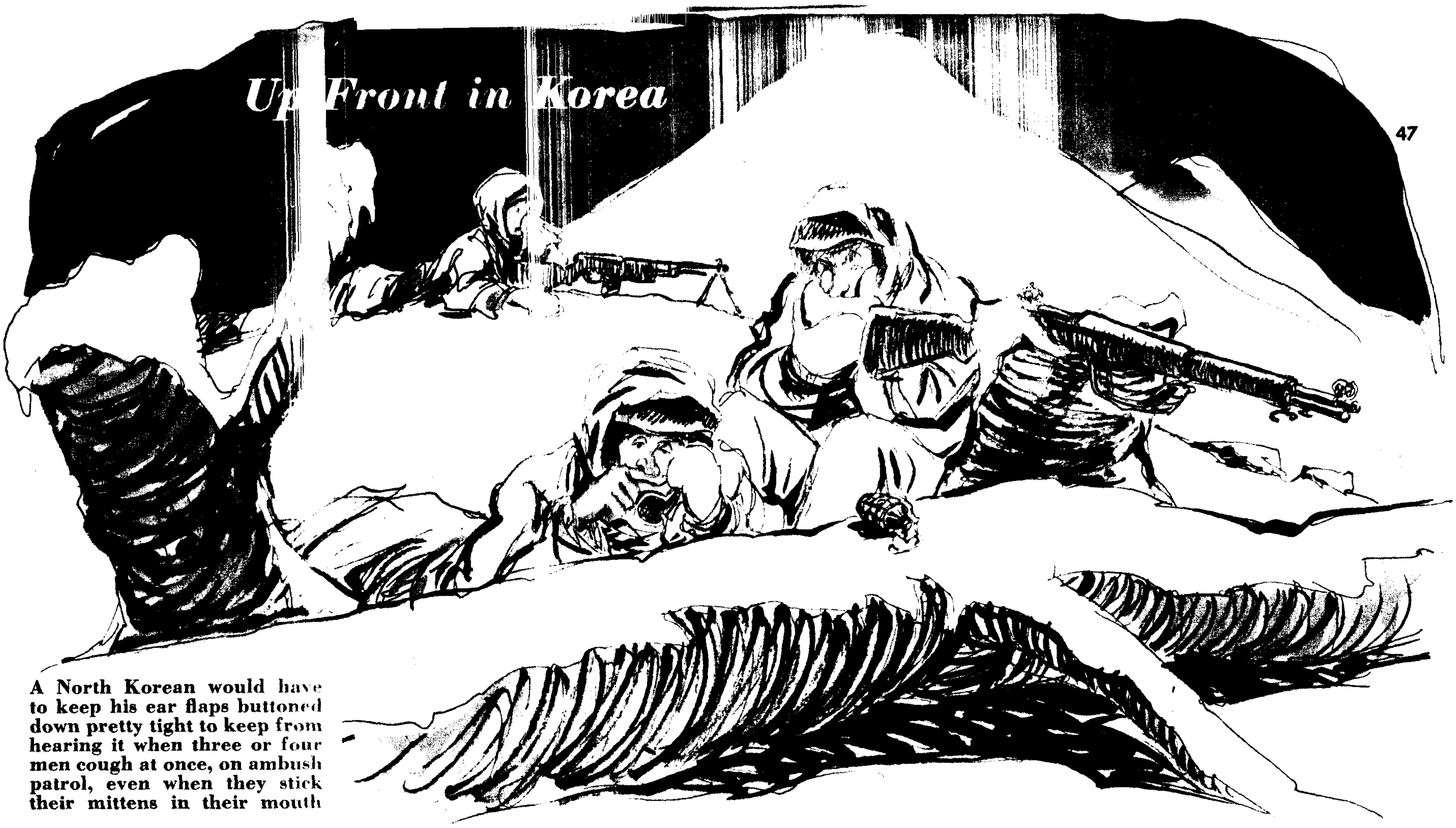
Up Front in Korea



A North Korean would have to keep his ear flaps buttoned down pretty tight to keep from hearing it when three or four men cough at once, on ambush patrol, even when they stick their mittens in their mouth

HOSTILES AHEAD

By BILL MAULDIN ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"They are such decent guys in the infantry," this brand-new lieutenant said after his first patrol. "It is a shame guys like this can't be in a pleasanter line of work..."

Dear Willie:

I think I told you in the last letter that there must of been a revolution in the infantry because they send hot chow twice a day all the way up to this high ridge where I was hanging around I Company of the 31st Regiment, getting a very narrow view of the war compared to the broad picture I could of got by watching the map at division headquarters if I hadn't shot off my big mouth and talked myself right out of that deal.

Anyway, one morning I was taking a walk along this ridge to settle a mess of pancakes and bacon, keeping off the sky line and wearing a pencil behind my ear to look like a war correspondent, when I got to thinking about you and me and the old days when we lit matches under a canteen cup to melt enough snow to make a meal out of that salty K ration soup powder, and then I looked down the forward slope a little way and there was a foxhole with a guy in it that had such a dirty face I could of sworn it was you for a minute, Willie.

He was hunkered down out of the cold wind against the wall of a little two-man sleeping bunker built next to the hole, and bandoleers and grenades hung around like bunches of grapes. His rifle had an old tin can over the muzzle to keep it clean, just like you used to do, and he even had a dent in his helmet and a hole in his pants.

"I thought you were my relief," he said kind of disappointed when I crawled down through this little trench to the foxhole for a closer look, and then I saw the difference between him and you was that he was too young to grow whiskers and he spoke better English, but he had that same old tired look in his eyes that you used to get from 40 days in the line or four days in Naples.

Well, naturally I felt right at home and I sat around and talked to this guy.

By the way, Willie, I am going to call this soldier Jack. As you will see, he had a few things to say that might bring him to the notice of the anti-saloon people or the jointed chiefs of staff if any of it was to leak out.

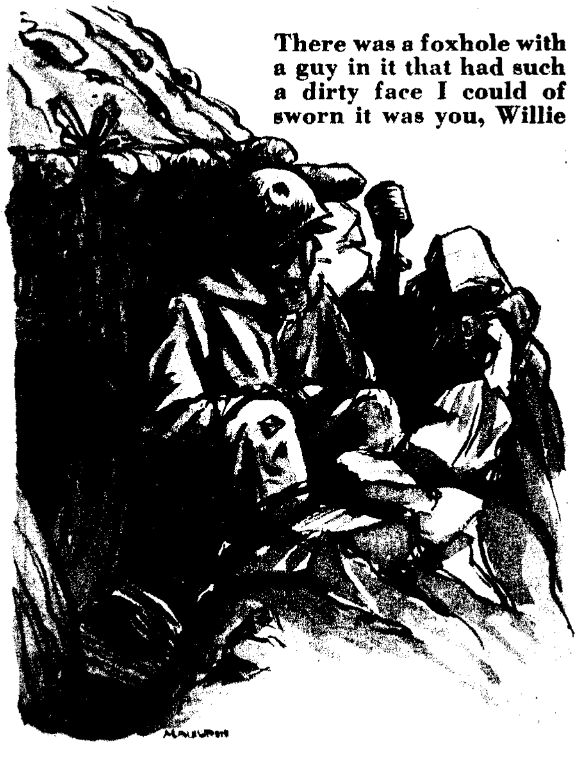
"What do you think about the peace talks?" I asked him.

"My relief and me," Jack said, "have got two points of view on that. I am due for rotation and that is the end of the war here as far as I am concerned. For about six months I sweated that truce out, thinking any day it might be over and hoping that wouldn't be my day to go on patrol, and then I saw that it was driving me nuts so I said to hell with it. I am just doing my job and counting my points.

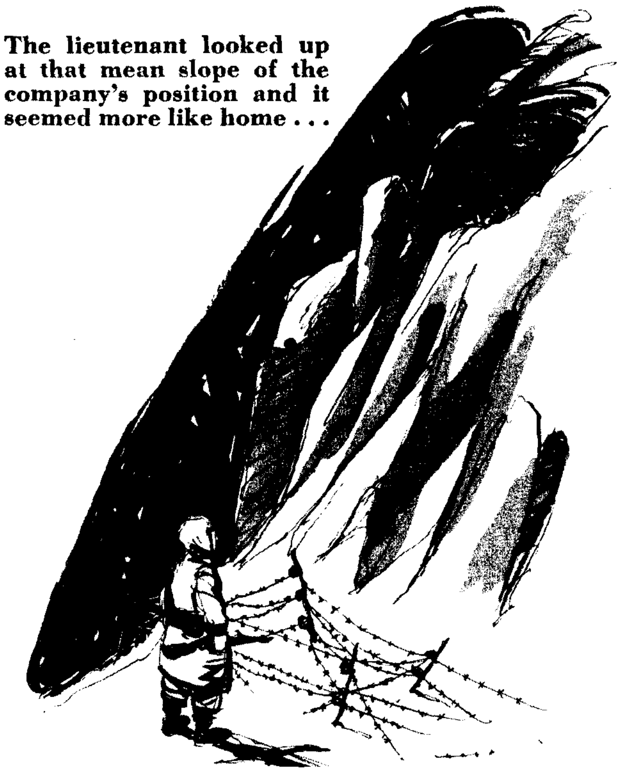
"Now, my partner has just come in as a replacement and rotation is too far off for him to even think about, so he spends all his loose time with his ear in that portable radio the boys bought for the platoon bunker. I remember one night something hot was going on at the peace talks and the battery started fading out so he grabbed the battery out of our regulation 300 radio and hooked that in.

"About midnight the 300 operator went out with a patrol and was wondering if it was the letter he had got from his girl that made the radio seem so light on his back, but when he got to the first checkpoint and tried to make a call he sure knew then what the trouble was. If he had been able to find out when he got back who swiped the battery our boy wouldn't of had any more worries about how the peace talks were coming along."

Jack asked me if I wanted a beer and it was like

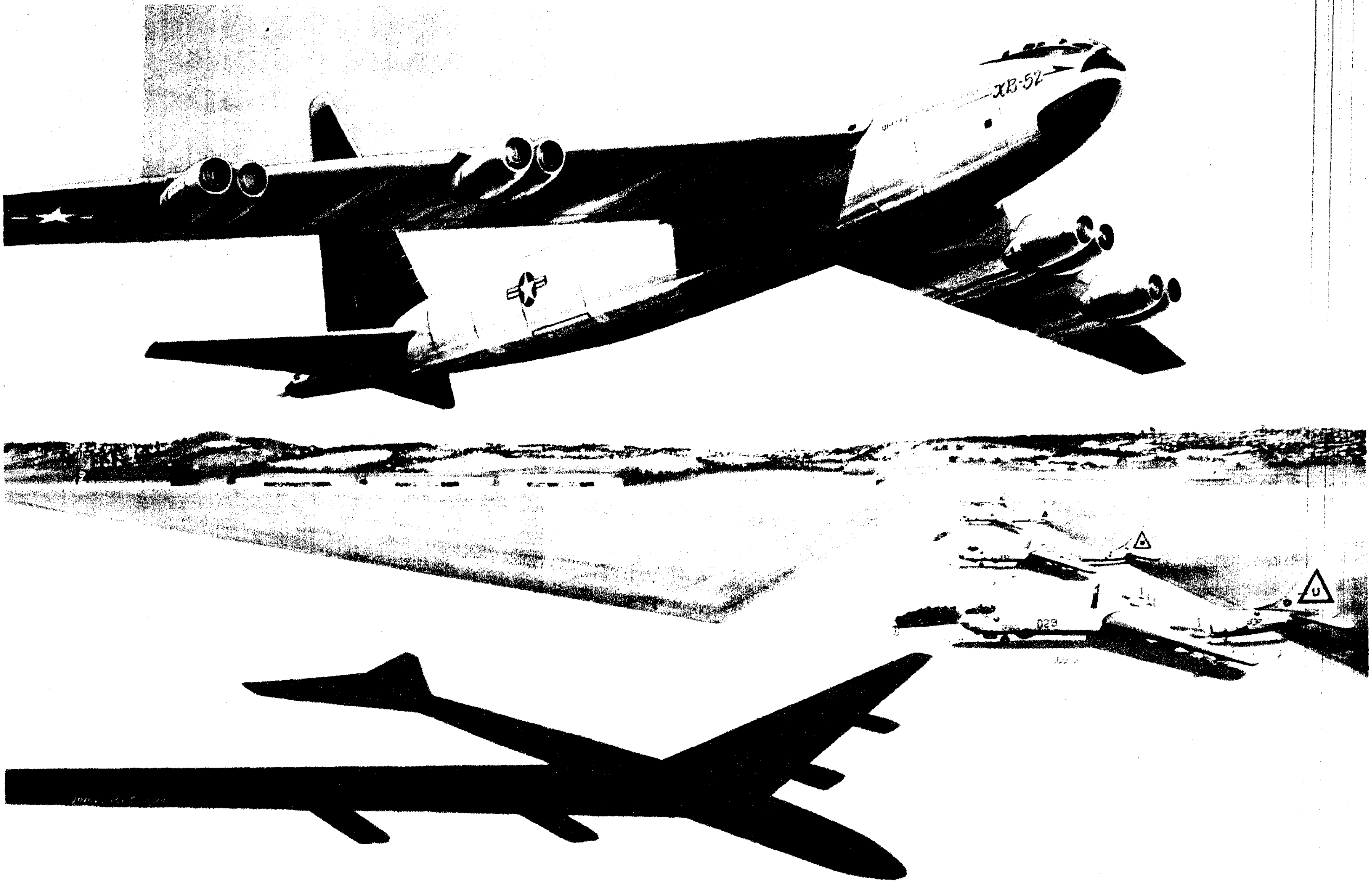


There was a foxhole with a guy in it that had such a dirty face I could of sworn it was you, Willie



The lieutenant looked up at that mean slope of the company's position and it seemed more like home . . .

IN THE FACE OF WORLD TENSION, America is again working against time to build up its Air Power. It is not for us to say how much Air Power this country should have—that is for your military leaders to recommend and Congress to decide. We do, however, feel a responsibility to help you understand the vast complexity of modern aircraft manufacture and operation so that you may realize why the job at hand takes so long and costs so much . . . and why America's security demands a long-range Air Power Program in peace as well as war.



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF AMERICA'S NEWEST INTER-CONTINENTAL BOMBER—ALL-JET BOEING XB-52 STRATOFORTRESS

YOUR AIR FORCE IS TACKLING A LONG, HARD JOB

BUILDING A STRATEGIC BOMBING FORCE

At the end of World War II the Army Air Forces had 269 wings in operation. Five years later, when war broke out in Korea, this number had dwindled down to 48! Since Korea the number has risen steadily and today the Air Force is again on its way to greatly increased strength.

The amount of time, money and effort that must go into building up just one part of this force—the Strategic Air Command—should give American citizens some idea of the huge task your armed forces and the aircraft industry are tackling in rebuilding American Air Power.

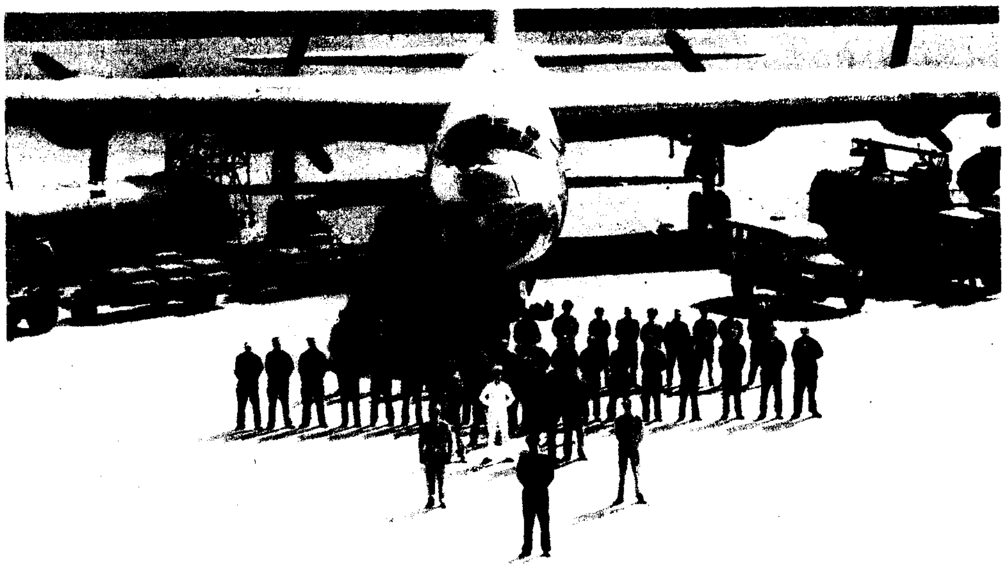
Building the Strategic Air Command (SAC) calls for coordinating many vast industrial and military enterprises. Production of existing types of heavy and medium bombers, like the Convair B-36 and the Boeing B-47, has had to be accelerated—a long hard job in itself. At the same time new types, like the Boeing B-52 (only now being readied for flight testing after 5 years from drawing board to prototype) and the Convair YB-60, have had to go through the long, painstaking process of design, development and initial production. Other types have had to be specially adapted to serve as flying tankers and reconnaissance aircraft.

While all this complex construction goes on, the Air Force trains pilots and crews . . . maintenance men . . . and thousands of meteorologists, armament and communications experts, engineers and other specially skilled technicians.

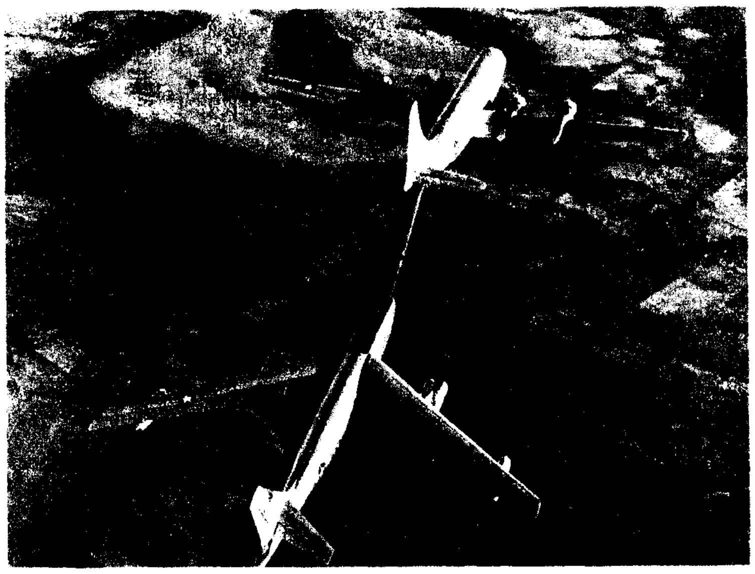
Assembling this vast array of planes, men and equipment is only part of the battle. Bases must be built and maintained, both here and abroad. The bulk of the force must be trained to be ready in *hours* to fly intercontinental missions or to fly to overseas bases and operate away from home indefinitely.

As you can see, making and keeping the Strategic Air Command combat-ready is a tremendously complicated and expensive job.

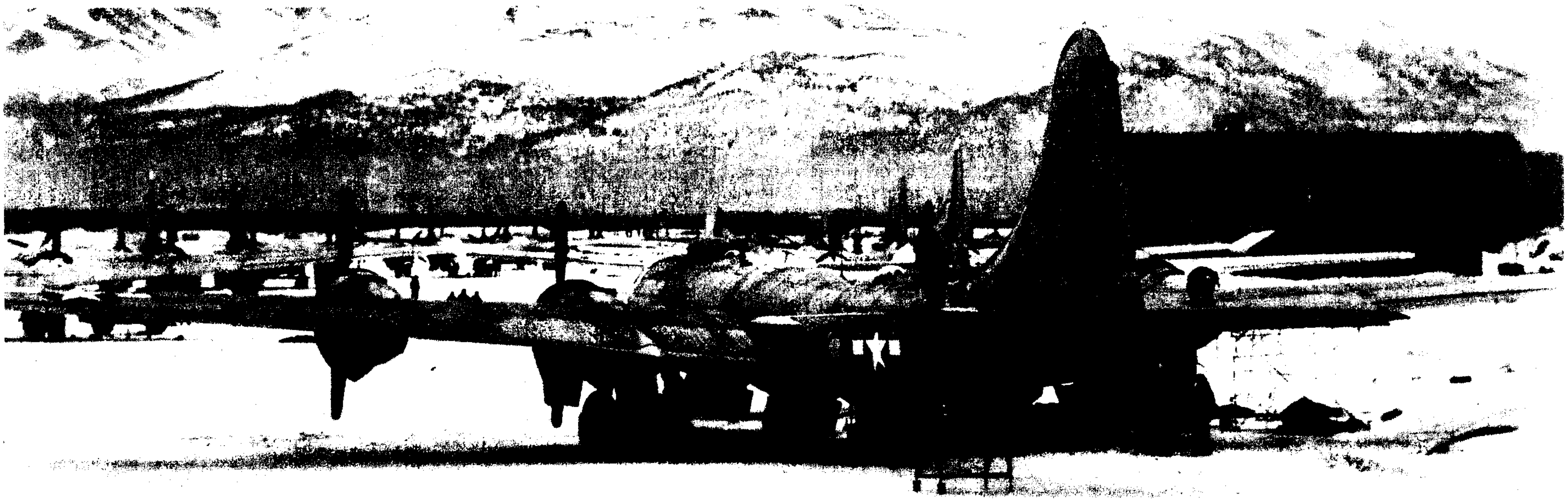
To succeed, the Air Force needs a realistic public understanding of the time factors involved in Air Power expansion . . . and recognition of the hard fact that Air Power must be consistently maintained in peace if it is to be relied upon to help prevent—or meet—the terrible emergency of war.



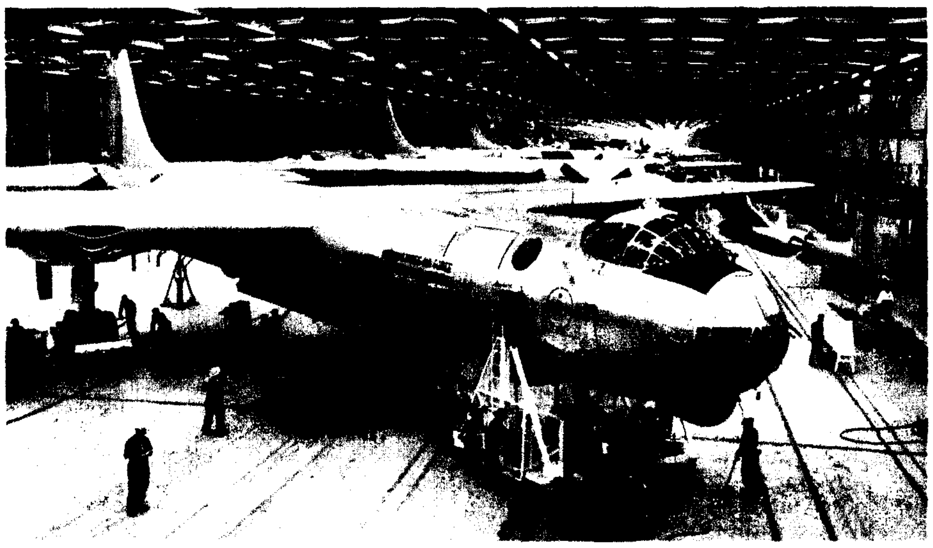
BOMBER CREWS—Several Air Force Flying Training Schools and over 20 major training centers are now turning out crews for SAC on stepped-up schedules. Here pilots and crews must master such subjects as aerology, communications, gunnery, navigation and piston and jet-engine maintenance. Graduates then face additional months of practice missions to gain peak efficiency. Size of the over-all task is indicated by the fact that in addition to a highly trained plane crew of 16, a single B-36 requires a ground crew of 43 men to carry out 158 different maintenance jobs.



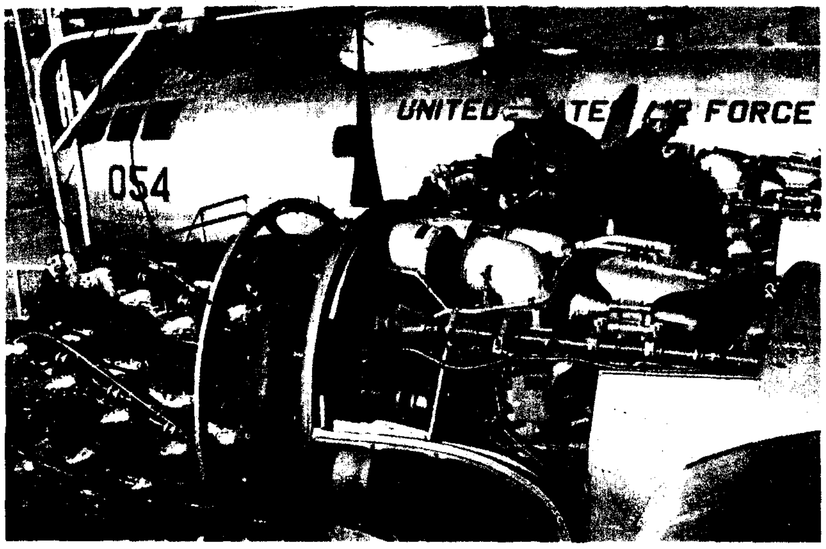
GLOBAL REFUELERS—This photo of a Boeing B-47 bomber being refueled in mid-air by a K-97 flying tanker shows how the "reach" of medium bombers has been lengthened so greatly that they now have almost unlimited range. Today SAC has refueling squadrons and crews fully trained in the exacting techniques necessary to perform this delicate task, and has actually flown a bomber around the world non-stop.



INSTANT MOBILITY—The SAC's bombers must be able to take off for overseas bases within hours after an alert and be completely self-sufficient for 30 days of combat operations. Squadrons have "flyaway" kits packed with as many as 143,000 items, ranging all the way from spare engines to electronic tubes—anything a bomber group would need to keep its planes operating for 30 days. Scene above, photographed at an Arctic base, is typical of realistic training missions crews undergo continuously.



THE COST OF MODERN BOMBERS has increased tremendously. The experimental B-29, for instance, cost about $60 a pound while the XB-52 cost some $250 a pound. Engineering man-hours have increased some 25 times over. B-36's (shown above at Convair's Fort Worth plant) are loaded with 27 miles of wiring, 2,000 electronic tubes, and over 7,600 feet of control cables, plus quantities of other highly complicated gear. Heavy bombers like this require up to eight years from drawing board to full production.



ENGINES PACE BOMBER DEVELOPMENT—Long before the B-36, B-50 (above), and B-52 bombers went into production the aircraft industry was designing and developing engines powerful enough to fly them. The big B-36 has six Pratt & Whitney 3800 *horsepower Wasp Major piston engines and four* J-47 jets, while the new B-52 (shown in the illustration on the opposite page) is powered with eight powerful Pratt & Whitney J-57 Turbo-Wasp engines.

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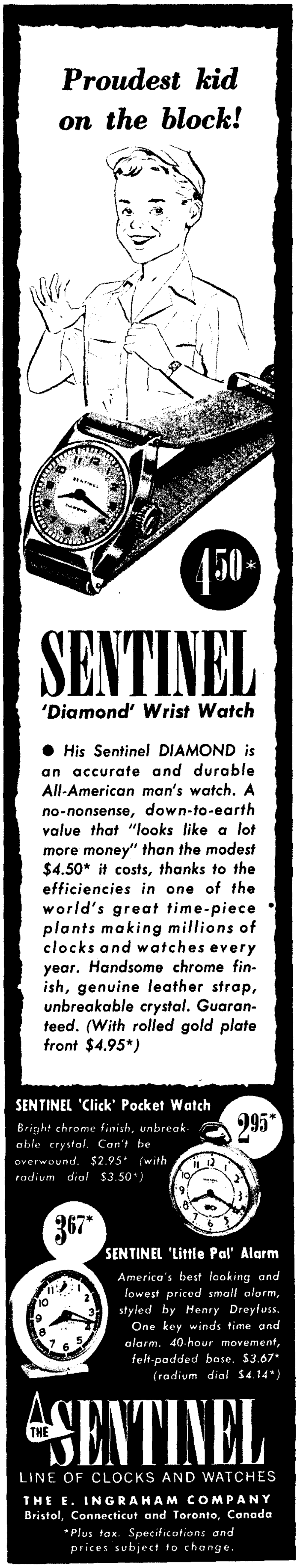

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he had offered me a ride to the company CP in a Cadillac, I was so surprised. He ducked through this little rabbit hole of a door in the bunker and started digging under his bed sack. Except for a pile of letters that looked like they had been read a hundred times, some family snapshots, a floor mat these guys had wove from straw, and a candle stuck on top of a mountain of wax that showed how long they had been living here, there wasn't any other ornament around the place.

It's funny, Willie, but outside of Stars and Stripes or some barrack wall I don't recall seeing many of those so-called pin-up babes around forward bunkers. I don't know why, except maybe somebody in a hazard job would rather look at a picture that means something, like his family.

* * *

Anyway, Jack dug down real deep and came up with two cans of beer so covered with this red dust that gets all over everything even in the mountains in Korea that you couldn't see what brand it was, not that I cared. It was beer and as far as I could figure Jack had pulled off a miracle. I bet it was the only two cans he had but he wouldn't say so.

"I keep it under the sack so it won't freeze," Jack said while I worked up four squirts of foam with my pocket knife.

"Jack," I said when we were outside again, "this gets you a bottle of whisky when the company goes into reserve."

"Don't talk rash," he said.

"War correspondents can get it easy," I told him. "Name your brand."

"Man, you will kick up a scandal," he said. "Didn't you know the bluenoses raised so much hell about us getting a beer ration that it's still hard to get a little innocent brew sometimes?"

"I thought that old argument was dead."

"I used to think the bluenoses were looking out to keep us pure," Jack said, "but I am beginning to get my suspicion up. I think they are out to protect the Korean bootlegger."

"Do Koreans make whisky?" I asked.

"No, but they put it in bottles and sell it as such, ten dollars up. Man, you ought to see the stuff that comes out of those bottles. I will take wood alcohol any time. At least it is clean poison."

"What about all the good whisky they sell for two or three dollars tax free in Japan? Don't you guys ever see any of that?" I asked him.

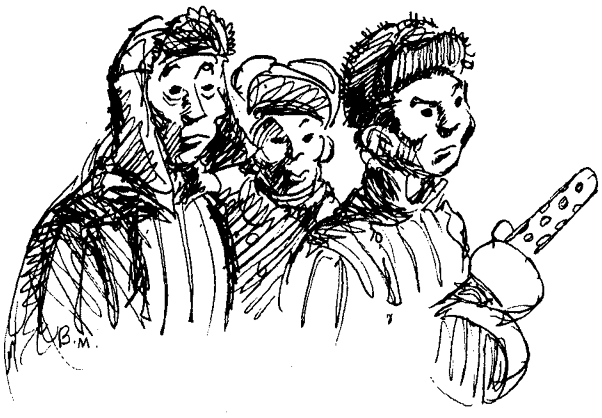
"Oh sure, sometimes a nice officer goes over there on a rest leave and comes back with a case he spreads around so everybody can get a taste, but there's a lot of people bring it back and sell it for a hundred dollars a bottle and get rich at it, too. Maybe they are the ones the bluenoses are looking after."

Jack hefted his beer can to tell by the weight how much he had left.

"You know what?" he said. "I think a bluenose is a guy that doesn't trust his own good sense and so he doesn't trust anybody else to have any. I'm not going to drink hard liquor in the front lines. A man would be crazy to do that. A can of brew once in a while is good up here, though, and I wouldn't mind a touch of real cheer when I come off the line, nice and legal and not making some chiseler rich."

Jack was standing up leaning against the wall of the bunker while he was talking and after a while I got nervous about this. You know me, Willie, I never was a fast man for peeking over the top. I always figured the grass would keep growing and the war would keep moving without any special kibitz from me, and I was taking my beer at a squat.

"Jack," I said to him, "I have heard rumors that there are hostiles in easy rifle range and it seems like it would spoil all your arguments if the medics evacuated you with a beer can in your hand. It might look like you got hurt while sozzled."



"These North Koreans came up to the wire and said they were thinking about surrendering"

"This is the good time of day," he said. "Last month you couldn't stick your head up without getting potted at and probably next month it will be the same but just lately, what with the tanks down the ridge and a few other things, nobody across the canyon over there acts very ambitious to show himself by sniping in the middle of the day. Of course they could throw a mortar shell at you but lately they don't try to drop them on just one or two men in a foxhole. Get up and see the view."

"Maybe they are short on ammunition."

"I doubt that," said Jack. "Get out of this hole and act like you are figuring on taking two more feet of real estate away from them and you will see how much stuff they have got. Maybe they are saving most of it while they stall the truce until good attacking weather comes."

"What about the Air Corps?" I said. "I haven't seen much sign of them around here but I have heard they work on the enemy supply lines."

"I guess they do," he said. "By the way, it's Air Force now. Where have you been? They got a new name and a new uniform, with R.A.F. stripes, policemen's hats, and Greyhound suits. But they have got one fly boy we sure love. He will probably be around after a while."

* * *

The first I heard of this airplane of ours was when the beer was almost gone and all of a sudden you could hear enemy burp guns on the ridge facing us popping one after the other like a row of guys was shooting at a bird as it went past each one real fast. Then there was this roar of an engine and a little bug of an airplane came ripping up over the ridge, rolled on his back, flipped his tail in a real sassy way and went zooming up a canyon, wobbling and twisting to make a hard target and flying what looked like 20 feet above the ground. I never did see where he came from in the first place. He must of sneaked behind that ridge.

"That's a *mosquito,*" Jack said.

"That's what I thought it was," I said. "It didn't act like an airplane." If Jack hadn't showed he was a solid-type infantry soldier by poking fun at the birdmen's clothes you would swear he sounded as proud of that thing as if he owned it.

"I think they used to call them AT-6s," he told me. "They used them for training. This boy carries an Army spotter and they look for artillery targets and do all kinds of dirty work. You can get an idea of how popular he is with the enemy by the way they lose their temper and cut loose at him with burp guns. On a real quiet, clear day I've heard them holler and cuss at him."

The mosquito dove out of sight behind another ridge way across the canyon and must of stirred up a regular nest of something because even that far off you could hear small arms popping at him. He was out of sight for a long time and I thought they had him but after a while he came up again and then pretty soon our artillery landed on whatever he had found and told them about on the radio.

"I have got a pretty strong respect for those guys," Jack said. "If I ever meet a mosquito man I got two questions for him. How does he stay alive and how does he keep his meals down, flopping around in the air like that?"

* * *

A couple of people started slipping and sliding down the ice on the forward slope to the barbwire in front of the company and then picked their way through the wire. As far as I could see they were either testing the mines to see if they worked or seeing how bad a sniper wanted to save his cartridges, and I couldn't see any future in either one of these ideas.

"That's the company commander," Jack said. "He's got a Korean interpreter along and they must be looking for our strays."

"Stray what?" I said, watching the captain poke around in the bushes at the edge of a gully like a farmer looking for his chickens, while this Korean with him kept hollering like he was coaxing somebody.

"Last night," Jack told me, "five North Koreans came right up to the wire and would of climbed right on top of us if we hadn't told them to stop and think about their future in the rice paddies. We weren't about to invite them to come within handshaking distance till we found out what they were up to.

"They said they were thinking about surrendering. What was funny was that they had been sent out to scatter leaflets asking *us* why we didn't quit, and this must of got their minds working on the idea. We were pretty surprised, because the few prisoners we have got lately claim the North Korea government has started taking it out on a soldier's family when we capture him alive, and they don't even trust the soldiers to keep their weapons off duty at night. They stack them outside their bunkers and post a guard on them."

"Real People's Volunteer Army types, huh?" I said.

"About the only ones we get now are the guards," Jack said. "They have come in with a whole armful of burp guns, on the idea we will treat them better if they bring us souvenirs, I guess. Don't get the idea from this that they aren't fighters, though. Maybe some of them want to and the rest have to, but they are mean in both cases.

"Anyway, these five guys looked like a good haul and since we had orders to take prisoners any time we could, we invited them up for some hot chow. That was what undid us, even though we meant it. They shook their heads like they thought we were crazy to talk about hot chow up on this ridge or else we must be figuring on double-crossing them, and they bugged off down that gully and we lost them."

"Did anybody try to nail them when they took off?" I asked.

"Well," said Jack, "there's always some trigger-happy replacement that's itching to write home how he scragged his first enemy, but after you are here a while you get over that usually. Not that I love the little cusses; I have seen North Koreans kill medics just for the fun of it when a medic is trying to help a hurt man. It's the North Koreans that have done most of the prisoner killing you hear about. Did you know medics have to carry weapons now?

"Anyway, like I said, we had orders to take them alive if we could and we didn't think there was any way they could get out of that gully without us seeing them. We figured if they tried to get out we would fire on them but if they were just going to hide in the gully we would pick them up in the daylight. I guess they fooled us and found a way out."

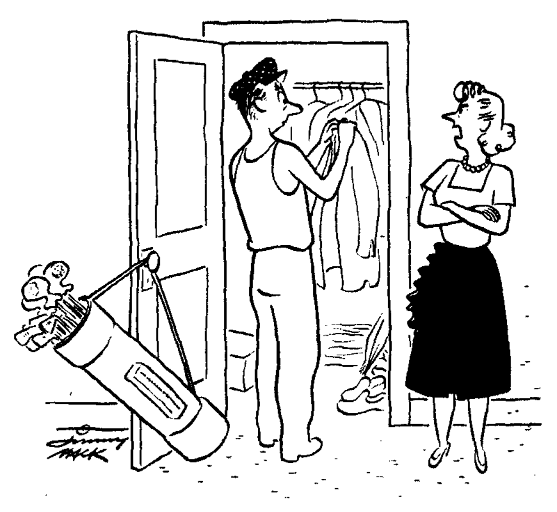
The captain and the interpreter gave up after a while and started back up the slope, and I thanked Jack for his kindness and took off over the ridge. On the trail I ran into a brand-new replacement second lieutenant from Brooklyn named Murray

Kleinfeld, a big husky guy with horn-rim glasses. He was on his way to report to the captain and take over the third platoon.

Willie, I always wondered what a new lieutenant felt like on his first day, so I asked Kleinfeld if I could go along with him. On the way to the captain's bunker he said he was fresh out of armored school and was trying to figure out what happened all of a sudden that he was up here assigned to the infantry. I showed him the two tanks firing support for I Company at the end of the ridge, the ones I wrote you about in the last letter where the engineers did this job you wouldn't believe, of cutting a road up the mountain so the tanks could get there. Kleinfeld said he was glad to see them and it would give him comfort to look at some armor once in a while.

"Where is the clip for your carbine?" was the first thing the captain, a big good-looking football-player type with parachute wings on his jacket, asked this new officer.

"They told me there was plenty of ammunition up here," Kleinfeld said and it looked like he was getting off on the wrong foot already.



"A hole in one? Well, you ought to have been home earlier than *this*, then . . ."

COLLIER'S JAMES MACK

"Lieutenant," the captain said, "I won't bother giving you the basic rules of leadership. I take it for granted you know them."

From the way he said this I knew he was going to give the lieutenant the basic rules of leadership so I got out an old envelope and started making notes on the back.

* * *

"Lieutenant," the company commander said, "don't ever ask your men to do a thing you would not do yourself. That does not mean you have to *do* it but you must be *ready* to do it. That is leadership."

"Yes, sir," Kleinfeld said.

"Lieutenant, look after your men and they will look after you. Always think first of your men and they will think first of you."

There was some more but my pencil lead broke and I only remember the last thing the captain said.

"Listen to the advice of your sergeants until you get the hang of the job" was what he said.

"All in all," Kleinfeld told me outside, "I guess the infantry rules are about the same as the others. That is what they told me in armored school and I guess it does not hurt to be reminded of these things."

Well, I kind of lost sight of this lieutenant for a couple of days after that, but I guess you can see that the life of a replacement platoon commander is not an easy one, and when I ran into Kleinfeld later that week he told me what happened.

At 9:15 that night he was sent out on his first patrol, with 13 soldiers in white snow suits, to set up an ambush 800 yards down a ridge sticking out in front of the company. Even though the patrol was under the officer Kleinfeld was relieving, and he was just going on the trip to sort of get the hang of the job, as the captain put it, he was feeling pretty nervous, because without actually saying so but just by the tone of his voice the captain had given him the idea that most anything might happen on this trip.

* * *

When he started off Kleinfeld thought he might get shot, but after staggering around a little while on this terrain where a fall could drop a man 20 or 30 feet down the gully, he wasn't thinking about anything but keeping his feet under him. He was lonesome, too, not knowing anybody and figuring the boys would naturally be a little hostile toward such a brand-new second john, and by the time he took his first fall he was ready to ask for a transfer. While he was picking himself up this BAR corporal named Jaspar Tobey came up to him.

"Don't worry, Lieutenant," Tobey said. "We'll take care of you."

Kleinfeld thought those were the nicest words he had ever heard in his life, and about this time Tobey took a spill himself and came up cussing as loud as a man on patrol can cuss. In the hour it took to cover this 800 yards, other guys took the trouble to let the lieutenant know they were with him. There was the squad sergeant, Steve Heardman, a rifleman named Donald Queen, another BAR man named Frank Silva, the phone man, Rex Munson, and some others.

When they got in position finally and set up their weapons, Kleinfeld had caught on that there wasn't going to be any of this high-school type hazing, at least among his boys. They had been in this job too long for that.

Willie, there are certain times on cold Korea nights when an ambush patrol works at a sort of handicap. The Kleinfeld bunch didn't accomplish much that night. They did their best to keep quiet laying out there in the snow and once Rex Munson blew the frost out of his phone and reported a couple of strangers seen in the area of L Company, but when a man has got to breathe around ice in his ventilating system it makes for a fair amount of wheezing and sneezing. And a North Korean would have to keep his ear flaps buttoned down pretty tight to keep from hearing it when three or four men cough at once, even when they stick their mittens in their mouth to shut it off.

Well, if he didn't do much good as an ambusher that night, some good came of it as far as Kleinfeld was concerned. Even while he was freezing to the ground so tight he was figuring he might have to use a bayonet like an ice pick to bust himself loose and even when he was taking more prat falls in the hour and a half it took to get back to the company's barbwire after the relief patrol came out, he knew now he wasn't the only one with miseries and he was with friends. He looked up that mean slope of the company's positions and it seemed a little more like home than it had when he left.

"They are such decent guys in the infantry," he said when I ran into him afterward and he was pretty well settled down in his platoon. "It is a shame guys like this can't be in a pleasanter line of work."

I'll write you again when I can, Willie.

Your friend,
Joe

Another of Bill Mauldin's letters from Korea will appear in an early issue

ANTIQUE

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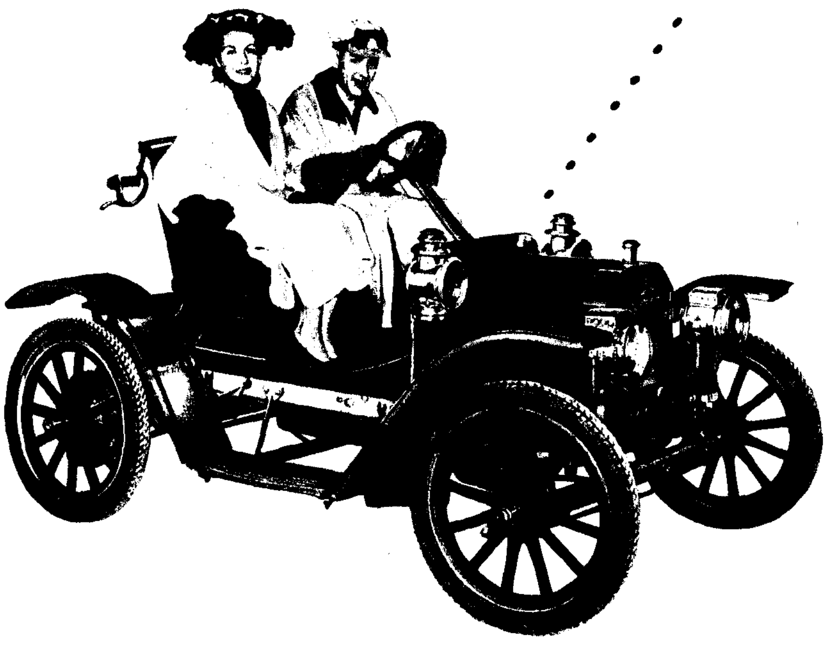

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At 19, Pier is a strange mixture of maturity and childishness. Emotionally shocked by war, she says: "I don't like to grow up"

Hollywood Natural

By THEODORE STRAUSS

Italy's fragile, lovely Pier Angeli is soaring to sensational success as a new kind of film star

Rare shot of Pier and her twin (r.), who is carving own movie career as Marisa Pavan

SCOURING Europe for new faces, Hollywood talent scouts have long sent back a steady migration of glamorous creatures with sleepy voices and 18-inch cigarette holders. But the golden age of the *femme fatale* is declining. Although today the talent scout still ships his quota of mannered mannequins he is alert for less tinseled merchandise. Sometimes he is lucky. Sometimes among the peacocks he finds a dove.

In Pier Angeli, a nineteen-year-old Italian girl, Hollywood has found an actress who eludes the town's traditional classifications and whose unvarnished beauty and instinctive talent have already caused her to be called "Little Garbo." Actor-director Vittorio de Sica, who produced such outstanding Italian films as Shoeshine, The Bicycle Thief and Miracle in Milan, says of Pier, "This is not an actress; this is a real human being with an animal quality. There is a purity of soul. And an intelligence. She absorbs and she executes. It is material with which you can do anything."

In September, 1950, at an age when most of her American contemporaries were occupied with drugstore dates and high-school proms, Pier captured the Venice International Film Prize for the best performance of the year by an Italian actress. The picture, Tomorrow Is Too Late, was her first film—in fact, she had never before acted anywhere. An absorbing drama of teen-agers and their problems, the movie had its American *première* recently at Loew's State in New York—the first time in recent years a foreign film has opened here in a theater of this size.

During that same autumn of 1950, Pier was applauded by American audiences as the waiflike war bride in Teresa, a role in which she showed a depth of understanding rare in actresses of far greater experience. She has made one other Italian picture, Tomorrow Is Another Day, and has starred for M-G-M—to whom she is now under contract—in The Light Touch, a melodrama of art thievery in Sicily and North Africa which was released last December.

Bronze-haired and hazel-eyed, Pier Angeli has the look of a troubled, freckled-nosed angel, and a face, according to *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Cragar's Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

had always been perfectly proper, it was increasingly hard for McFarland to remember that the nearest minister of any faith was seventy miles away and that any mention of marriage until after the thaw was useless.

Ellen came across the room to him now, her face set sternly but a little puzzled too. “You crazy, Steve?” she said. “Buying my claim! That's all the money you have, and you never said anything about doing *that*. Getting yourself in bad with the Triangle, too. I won't let you do it!”

“I promised you five thousand dollars,” McFarland reminded her.

“I won't let you do it!” Ellen repeated. “I owe you too much already!”

McFarland smiled at her, thinking possessively of her loveliness. She made something of his cabin, being here like this. And it was small wonder. He had built it for her, thinking of her loveliness as he raised the walls. He had been thinking steadily of her since the day he had come down the slope of the Pass in last summer's sun and stopped at Jim Cragar's creek for a drink of water. He had not for a moment stopped thinking of her, and she was here, now, under his roof, but he could not reach for her. He could not touch her. Not yet.

HE HAD bought her claim, and his pockets were empty again. A man with empty pockets could only think of a woman. He could not speak. He could not possess her. A woman had rights, and here in the mountains, where there was so much hardship and uncertainty, wanting was not enough. A woman here had a greater right than anywhere else to security. A roof and shelter from the weather were a part of this; a good man, and food on the table in all seasons. But there must also be an assurance of comfort and permanence. Money provided this. Money was what he needed now. He answered Ellen's protest honestly. “I made this money. It took me almost a year. I wouldn't put it out unless I figured to make a profit.”

“Profit?” The warmth went out of Ellen's eyes. She looked at him with incredulity and something which might have been bruised vanity. “At least you're honest!”

She turned abruptly and moved beyond his reach, a little angry and a little arrogant, but inviting pursuit. Watching her, McFarland gripped the whisky mug more tightly and remained silent, afraid that if he spoke he would betray himself before he had the right and so risk all of his long planning. She was so lovely, so lovely.

“Profit!” she said again, wickedly now. “Dad used to say the only difference between you and the Triangle was that they already had what you wanted.”

“Jim Cragar didn't know everything. And he didn't like me, he didn't like anybody who made a living aboveground. We were all leeches to him, living on the luck and sweat of miners.”

“No, he didn't know everything. He warned me away from you.” Ellen smiled wryly. “He thought you wanted me.”

McFarland put the mug down on the table and gripped the table with both hands. His voice shook a little. “Jim knew the mountains,” he said. “In winter, in the mountains, a man always wants a woman.”

“I told Dad it was the mountains—just the mountains.”

McFarland took Amos Forsythe's money from his pocket and heaped it on the table. “Here's the cash. Put it away someplace.”

Ellen came back to stand close to him, close to the money.

“If it's going to be business, all right,” she said. “But this winds it up. I'm leaving, Steve.”

“No food at your place,” McFarland protested. “Remember? No firewood in. Besides, your cabin belongs to *me* now, along with the claim.”

“Over the Pass—”

“And take your chances with a bunch of snowed-in miners?”

“I took my chances with you.”

“There was no risk.”

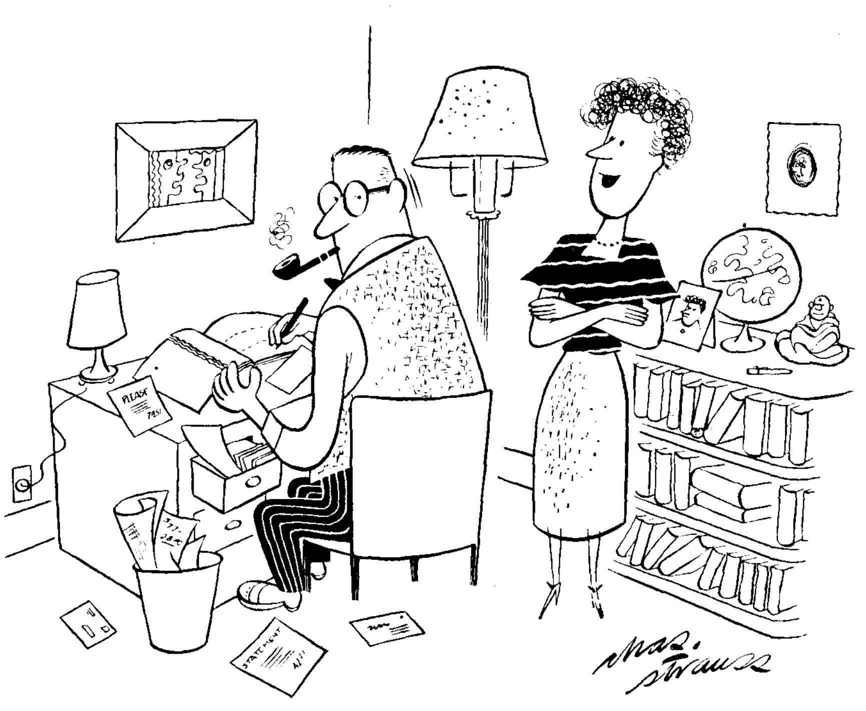
“I know,” Ellen agreed. “It was just business!”

McFarland was sweating. He felt a surge of exasperation. Why couldn't she let this be a little longer? “Then we'll keep it business,” he said shortly. “I'll charge you rent. You can afford to pay it now.”

He crossed to the pegs behind the door, lifted a box from a narrow shelf, and poured a handful of rifle cartridges into the pocket of his sheepskin coat. He spoke again as he put on the coat. “Light a lamp when it gets dark, but keep away from the windows. If I'm not back by midnight, you won't owe me any rent.”

Ellen looked at him with widened, uncertain eyes. “Where are you going?”

“Business,” he said. “An appointment.”



“You should be proud of me—the cost of living increased 12 per cent last month, and I only spent 6 per cent more than usual”

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

Then, because he was leaving and might not come back and because Ellen did not really know him and it was time she did and because he could no longer contain himself, he put his hands out as he had been wanting to do since he had first seen her beside Cragar's creek. His fingers closed over her shoulders. He pulled her to him and kissed her.

Ellen clung to him as he let go of her, but he pushed her gently away and picked up his rifle and opened the door, closing it firmly behind him. When he had fastened the harnesses on his snowshoes in the yard, he looked back, but the door stayed closed. It was just as well. This was no time to be turning back.

IT TOOK McFarland, as it always did, nearly a quarter of an hour to accustom his body to the arduous, awkward rhythm of snowshoe strides and to get a second wind. And by this time, he had made his wide circle of the cabin, making certain he had not waited too long after the Triangle partners' departure and that death was not already waiting somewhere about the fringe of his clearing. This done, he found himself a shelter from the wind beneath a snow-weighted spruce and settled himself patiently where he could watch the approach from the Pass.

He had taken five thousand dollars from the Triangle and blocked the partnership from a claim it wanted, besides. Both acts had been legitimate, but that wouldn't make any difference. It was no harder to figure out what the Triangle would do now than it had been to realize what would happen to Ellen after Jim Cragar's death. A man got to know the ways of people in the mountains—particularly in the high camps.

Far down Clear Creek, closer to Denver and the plains, maybe it was different. In places like Gregory Gulch or maybe even Empire, order and neighborly living came easy. Maybe it was because the lodes ran richer there and closer to the surface. But up in this timber-line country, most everybody was for himself and as tough as granite, and that's all there was to it.

A few miners had come over the Pass to help bury Jim Cragar, but they'd gone back without looking to see if the dead man's daughter had food in the house or firewood under the eaves, once she'd made it plain she'd have no more from them than common neighborliness. Even the Triangle partners hadn't bothered, because the sooner she quit her father's claim, the sooner they could hire a man to pre-empt it. And even when she was gone from the claim, she'd be trapped in the mountains and would still be within their reach when they'd settled among them who would have her. There had been no need for decency or concern or haste.

In this high, snow-walled world of mountain winter, life was cheap and virtue unknown, and men dealt as carelessly with one as with the other. McFarland had crossed up the Triangle partners a little, but he knew they would be back for the money and the girl he had left in his cabin and that he would presently have to trade for these with his life.

Snow came with the dark. It was no soft, lowland snow, downy and gentle. These were hard, sharp rosettes and stars of ice, sailing on a strengthening wind. They cut and stung. And they reduced visibility so that presently McFarland lost sight of his cabin. With a dog about the place it would have been better, but McFarland had no dog and if he was to trap with hope of holding his prey, the trap must be sprung by Ellen. He didn't like it, but there was no other way, so he hunched under the spruce with his rifle balanced across one knee.

The snow piled onto the slowly drooping spruce and on McFarland for more than an hour before the sound came. It was the shrill yelp of a woman who has discovered sudden fear, a sound unmuffled except by the storm, so McFarland knew Ellen had opened the door to whoever had come to it, looking for him. This was all he knew. He couldn't tell if a Triangle partner had come alone under cover of darkness and storm to retrieve five thousand dollars and a wanted mining claim and a woman at the small expense of Steve McFarland's death, or if the three had returned together, or if they had recruited others to help. All he could tell was that Ellen had opened the door to someone.

He rose stiffly, balanced on his snowshoes till balance became automatic, and stepped from under the spruce. A dozen strides brought the light from the cabin into view. It brightened, and presently he was in the lee of the stout log wall. A single pair of snowshoes stood upright a little to one side of the door, so only one man had come to finish Steve McFarland's trading with the Triangle. He was a confident man to have come alone. McFarland frowned. He regretted having built his windows close under the eaves. It would help to know beforehand whom he would face and the man's location in the cabin. But there was no time to prop something against the wall and climb up for a look. There was no sound inside the cabin.

Freeing his shoe harnesses, McFarland pulled the mitten from his right hand with his teeth. The icy steel of his rifle bit his bare flesh as he worked the action and slid a shell into the chamber. The gun ready, he drew gently on the leather string of the door latch. The wooden bar within rose smoothly and soundlessly from its notch, and light came around the door edges as it opened slowly and silently. McFarland stepped through, meaning to press the door closed as silently with his back, but he leaped forward involuntarily at what he saw. The latch tripped smartly over its riser, and the door banged shut with a sound like thunder in his ears.

ACROSS the room, on the couch which had served as his bed since Ellen had taken over the other room, Ellen Cragar was bent in embrace with a man. Not the shocked, clawing submission of a woman overpowered, but a compliant embrace. The man was George Kelsey, a neighbor, and an idler, always for hire—if the pay was good and the work required little effort. The Triangle, then, had stopped at Kelsey's on the way up the Pass, choosing to buy Steve McFarland's removal rather than earn it themselves.

This, McFarland saw in the instant the door banged closed. Ellen's face turned toward him, looking over one of Kelsey's wide shoulders. Then Kelsey was up, wheeling, drawing from his belt the pistol he always carried. McFarland's mind forgot everything but swinging his heavy rifle up into both hands and finding its trigger with muscles that were far too slowed by the cold of his long wait outside to match Kelsey's sure speed.

Incredibly, the rifle came up into a hurried, clumsy approximation of line and fired. Kelsey stood turned sidewise to him, and McFarland saw the bullet ruffle the man's shirt front as it passed across his chest and struck his extended upper arm. Kelsey's gun fell to the hearth, and McFarland looked up from it to see Kelsey struggling to free his other hand, which Ellen held to her mouth. Her white teeth gleamed. Kelsey jerked the hand away, blood on his fingers. And Ellen spat. She looked at the blood staining the sleeve over Kelsey's wounded upper arm and spat again. She turned angrily on McFarland.

“Where were you—on top of the Pass?”

McFarland shook his head.

“You took long enough to get here!”

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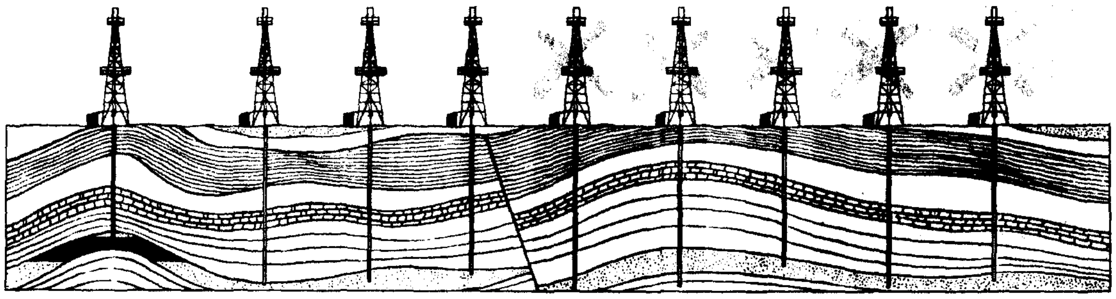
HERE ARE THE ODDS AGAINST FINDING OIL*

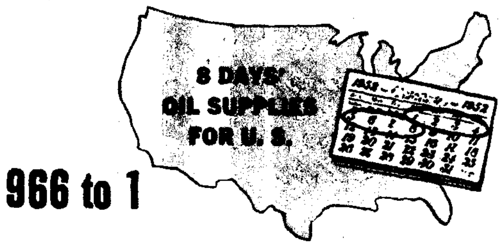


Odds are 8 to 1 against bringing in a producing well in an area where oil has never been found before. Of the 6,189 new field exploratory wells drilled last year, 5,505 were dry holes. The remaining 11,000 dry holes were drilled in or near known oil producing areas.

Odds are even greater against finding a big producing area . . .

4 HOURS' OIL SUPPLIES FOR U. S.

43 to 1



966 to 1

Chances of bringing in an oil field yielding over one million barrels are 43-1, and, of course, to recover this million barrels of oil takes many additional wells. Yet a million barrels is only enough oil to fill America's needs for 4 hours. Odds against finding a field that will yield over 50 million barrels—enough to supply the nation for little more than a week—are a staggering 966 to 1.

*From "Exploratory Drilling in 1951" by F. H. Lahee of the American Assn. of Petroleum Geologists, Vol. 36, to be released June 1952.

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Ellen said, still angry. McFarland looked at Kelsey, and Ellen saw Kelsey's hurt, uncertain defiance and McFarland's grim, equally uncertain anger. She went to the wall pegs and started to take down her coat. "Wait," she said to McFarland. "Wait till I'm outside."

McFarland understood instantly. She recognized the problem before him. And she had quickly assessed it as such problems were usually assessed in the mountains. Kelsey had come to kill him. He had failed. The simple solution was now to kill Kelsey. Afterward the Triangle could be dealt with. There was this much practicality in Ellen. But there was a woman's sensitivity, too. She would wait outside.

Kelsey was a little slower understanding her, but suddenly his eyes fastened on McFarland's rifle. It was a sickening thing to see fear so large. "Steve, you got to listen!" Kelsey said rapidly. "I make a mistake, all right. But I was out hunting. The storm got bad. I stopped by. You weren't here."

McFarland worked the lever of the rifle, ejecting the spent cartridge and slipping a new load into the chamber. "This is a hell of a time to lie, George," he said.

Ellen Cragar had got into her coat and was pinning up her hair. "They hired him, Steve. The Triangle did."

She started fastening her coat against the wind and snow outside. McFarland saw that her hands were even more unsteady than her voice and he recognized this as a belated reaction to her terror and her courage, and the sacrifice she'd made to protect him. He was fascinated by how little he knew of this woman of whom he had done so much dreaming. It took real iron to run the risk she had with a man like Kelsey, just to give a man who might not return a chance to get in the cabin door unseen.

"They offered me a hundred dollars, Steve," Kelsey was saying. "It's a lot of money when you're broke."

"My hide's worth more than that to me," McFarland said.

"You can't kill me for it, Steve!"

"You should have shopped around for my offer before you took the Triangle up, George."

Kelsey swung his eyes from the cocked rifle to Ellen and back. "Her," he said. "I was supposed to get her, too."

"That's different," McFarland said. "I'd have been tempted, myself."

Ellen looked quickly at him, but when he kept his attention on Kelsey, the brightness in her eyes faded.

"Get your coat on," McFarland told Kelsey. "We're going to make a try at the Pass."

Ellen looked up in astonishment. "Tonight?" she protested.

"I want to wind this deal up."

"What about me?" Ellen asked.

"You're coming too. You're part of the deal."

Ellen looked around at the room, the fire, the frosted windows. Following her glance, McFarland thought his cabin had never seemed so inviting nor Ellen so beautiful.

"There's something besides deals and profits in these hills," she said softly.

McFarland nodded at the girl with uncomfortable self-consciousness. "I know," he said. "Change your clothes and let's get started."

THE Triangle partners lived in an untidy lean-to slanting off of their log-mill building. Their windows glowed behind the snow caked against them. Kelsey was a little unsteady on his feet after the buffeting of the storm and the pull of the Pass. Ellen had done surprisingly well, considering that she had stubbornly and a little angrily refused any help from McFarland in even the deepest drifts. He stopped them both in the lee of the mill building and pulled the mittens off both of his hands. Then, with a nod which told them to follow, he took half a dozen swift strides and kicked in the door of the lean-to.

Amos Forsythe lay on a sagging cot against the wall, between the stove and a rusty iron safe. The slackness of his face as he heaved himself up to a sitting position showed that he had been dozing. Manning and Thibault sat at a table a little closer to the door. Both started up out of their chairs, but the low-pointed sweep of McFarland's rifle made them sit down again. Ellen, coming in last, closed the door. The eyes of the three partners shuttled from one to another of the three snow-encrusted figures facing them. McFarland relished their shock and astonishment.

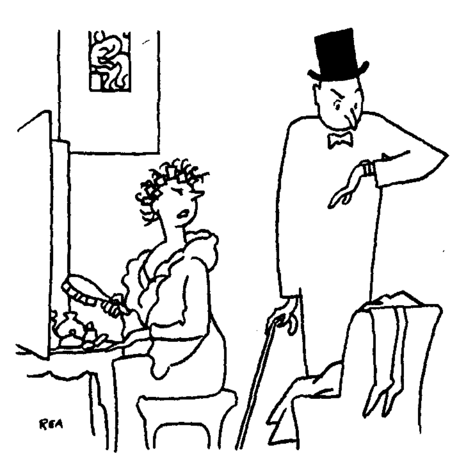
Wind rattled a loose casement and shook the roof of the lean-to. Somewhere in the mill, an unlatched door banged loudly. The stove roared with a surge of draft, and the lamp flickered in its chimney. McFarland pulled Kelsey up beside him.

"George tried, Thibault," he said. "You owe him a hundred dollars. He's earned it."

Thibault looked at his partners and back at McFarland, but he said nothing. He made no other move.

"Pay him!" McFarland ordered.

Thibault stood up slowly, turned, and pushed Forsythe's shoes aside to kneel before the rusty safe. Combination tumblers clicked. The door creaked outward. Thibault came back with a thin sheaf of bills and put them on the table. At a nod from McFarland, Kelsey picked them up.



"Don't worry about *me.* You run along and start trying to get a waiter"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"Now get out, George," McFarland said. "Down the hill. Out of the mountains. Don't come back."

Kelsey looked helplessly at the snow-encrusted windows, holding the money in one gloved hand.

"Now!" McFarland snapped.

Kelsey pulled open the door. It closed behind him.

Amos Forsythe stood up in his stocking feet. He belatedly thought of Ellen and reached behind him for his shirt. "It looks like we made a mistake, McFarland," he murmured cautiously.

"That's what George said."

Manning stirred. "It won't happen again," he said.

"No," McFarland agreed. "Dead men don't try again."

Forsythe watched McFarland's gun and buttoned his shirt with the buttons and buttonholes unmatched.

"You're bluffing," Thibault said without conviction.

McFarland nodded and pulled back the hammer on the gun. "I might be."

Forsythe sat heavily back down on the cot. Dave Manning was sweating and he let the sweat run unheeded down his face. Thibault ran his tongue over his lips.

"You're a trader, Steve. We'll trade."

"I'm listening."

"We got nothing against you. You've brokered a lot of business to us. We need that business. We'll need it when the thaws open the hills, too. It's good business."

"So you hire Kelsey to kill me."

"The Cragar claim," Thibault said. "That's all that's between us. We want it."

"How much for it on a square deal, Steve?" Manning asked eagerly. "You don't cross easy. Now we'll talk square."

McFarland glanced at Ellen. She began to smile a little, a small and wicked smile, and he thought she might be beginning to see the whole pattern he had woven to best these men. He thought she was beginning to understand that it was Triangle who had been bluffing, trying the easy way, and that the partners in this room now wanted only a lasting peace with a man who was too dangerous to bluff. He thought she understood that hereafter Steve McFarland would do plenty of business with Triangle, at his own margin of profit.

"How much, Steve?" Thibault repeated Manning's question.

"Ask my partner," McFarland answered.

ELLEN blinked, and her smile grew wider and wonderfully warm. She pointed an imperious finger at the safe. "Empty it," she said.

The three partners grouped themselves around the iron box. Compartments, hastily emptied, yielded a pile of bills. Ellen, watching narrowly, pointed to a purposefully overlooked envelope, which produced more bills.

Forsythe made an unhappy count of the total. "Eighty-two hundred."

"We'll take it," Ellen announced. Picking up a yellowed sheet of newspaper, she began rolling the money into a parcel.

McFarland let the hammer down on the rifle. "Reckon I won't need this now," he said. And he smiled.

Manning and Thibault and Forsythe exchanged looks and smiled too. Their smiles were pretty sick attempts, but with practice perhaps they'd get so they could laugh about the time Steve McFarland and his woman had backed them down and held them to a price on a property they wanted. When the Cragar claim was in operation and the ore was coming out and they were making their profit in turn, perhaps tonight would be forgotten. There had been no malice; only business. And the business was now concluded.

McFarland stood the gun against the wall and sat down at the table. Gus Thibault produced a form bill of sale. While Thibault filled in the blanks, McFarland wrote briefly on another sheet. He signed this and acknowledged the bill of sale, then handed both sheets to Ellen. She wrote her name with a flourish beneath his, not glancing at what she signed. She turned back then to stowing the paper-wrapped parcel of money in her coat pocket—money which was a trader's profit and which, added to what McFarland had given her at the cabin, was security enough for two, even in the timber-line country.

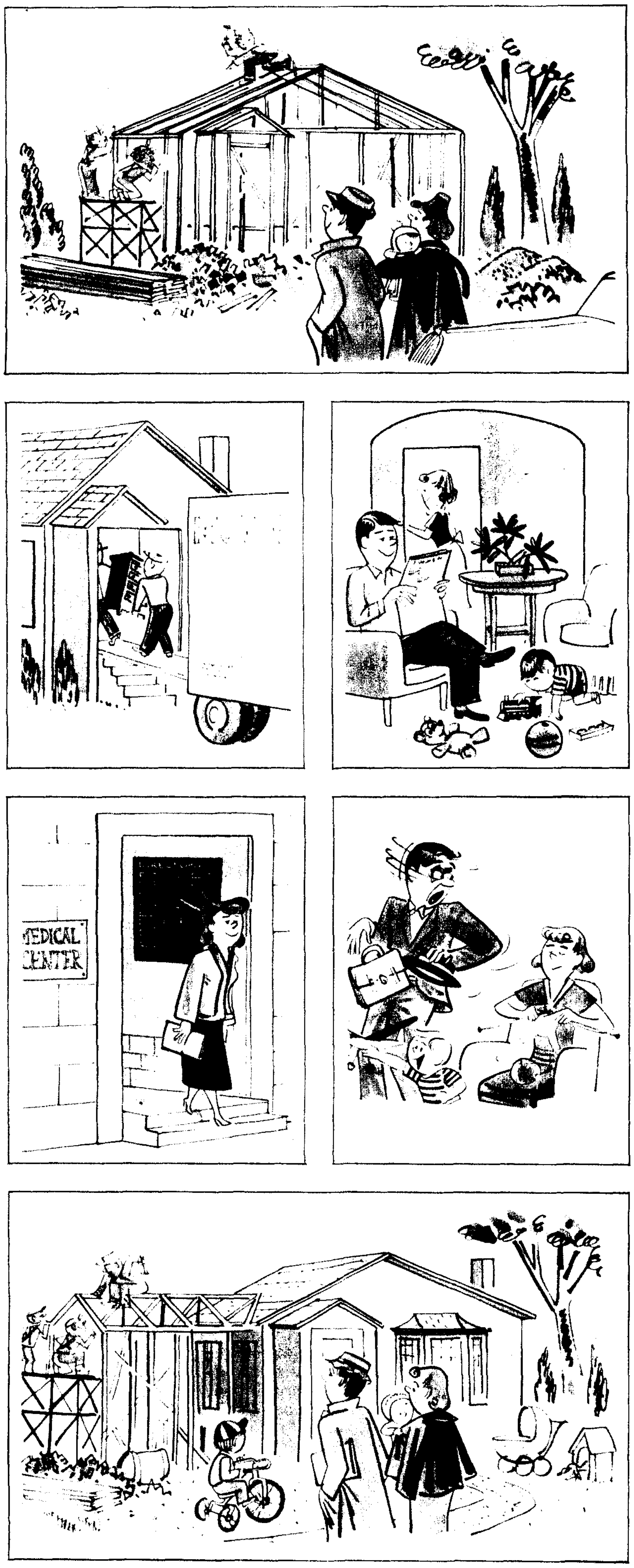
It was Thibault, by habit a man of detail, who read the second sheet McFarland had written. He looked up incredulously. "It's a—a—" he choked off.

"An oath," McFarland agreed. "An oath that I, Steve McFarland, take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife." He caught Ellen's attention and then caught her shoulders in the circle of an arm. "And vice versa. In the absence of a minister or a magistrate, I think it's legal under territorial laws, when properly witnessed."

McFarland was afraid then that Ellen, close against him, was going to say something, and he bent quickly to close her lips with a kiss. When he released her, Manning and Forsythe and Gus Thibault had put their names in witness to his document. They stood in a ludicrous row, openly hopeful of the traditional bride's kiss. Ellen ignored them, and with some reluctance they offered their hands to McFarland instead. He took each in turn. Their clumsy best wishes were as sincere as their admission of defeat. But they had not really lost, either, for they had the Cragar claim, and McFarland knew that he would again trade with Triangle when there was a profit to be made, but never again with his life. THE END

ADDITION

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN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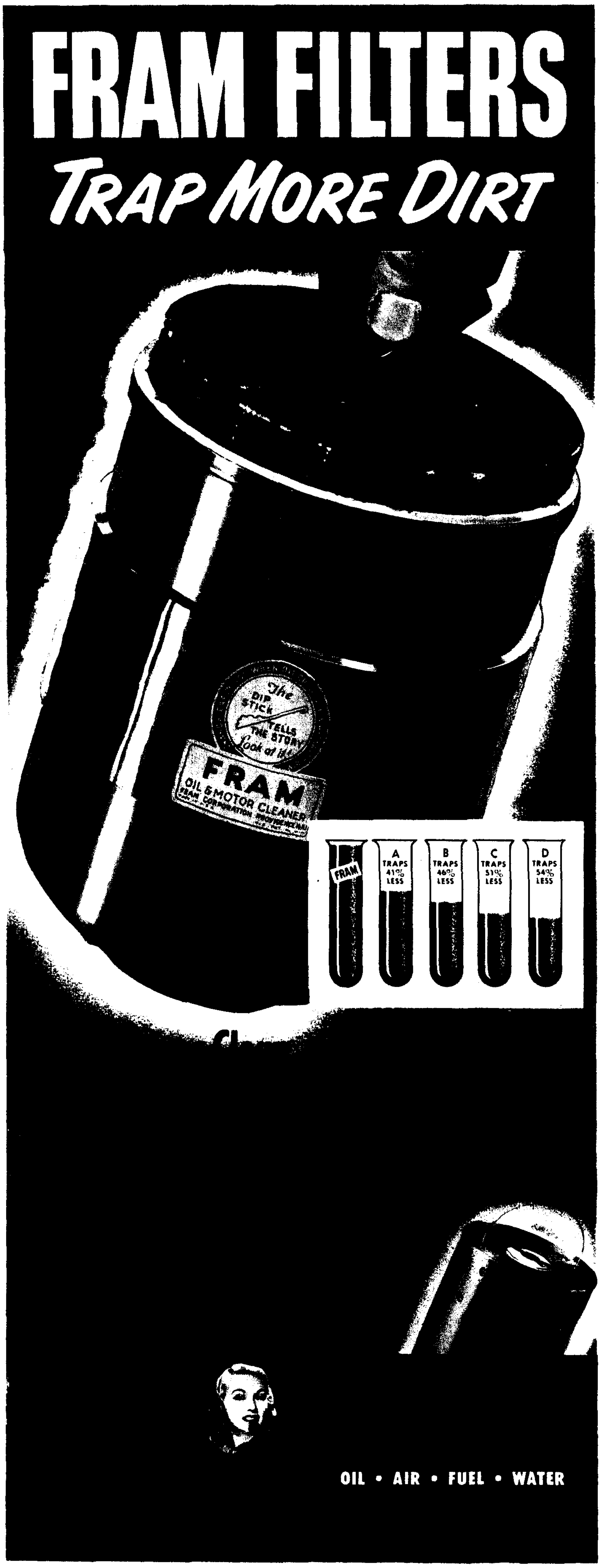
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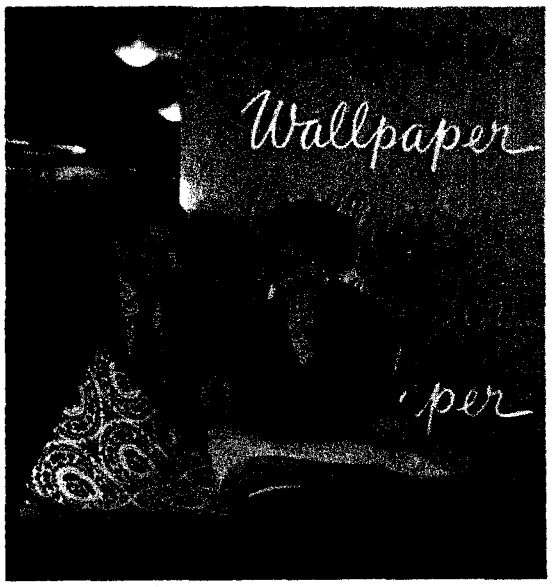
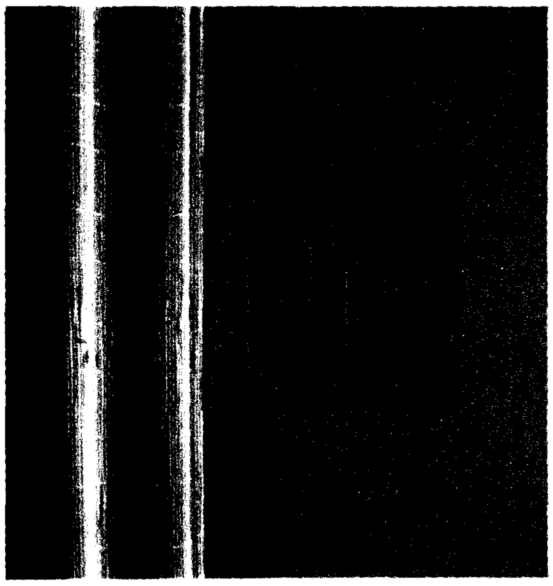


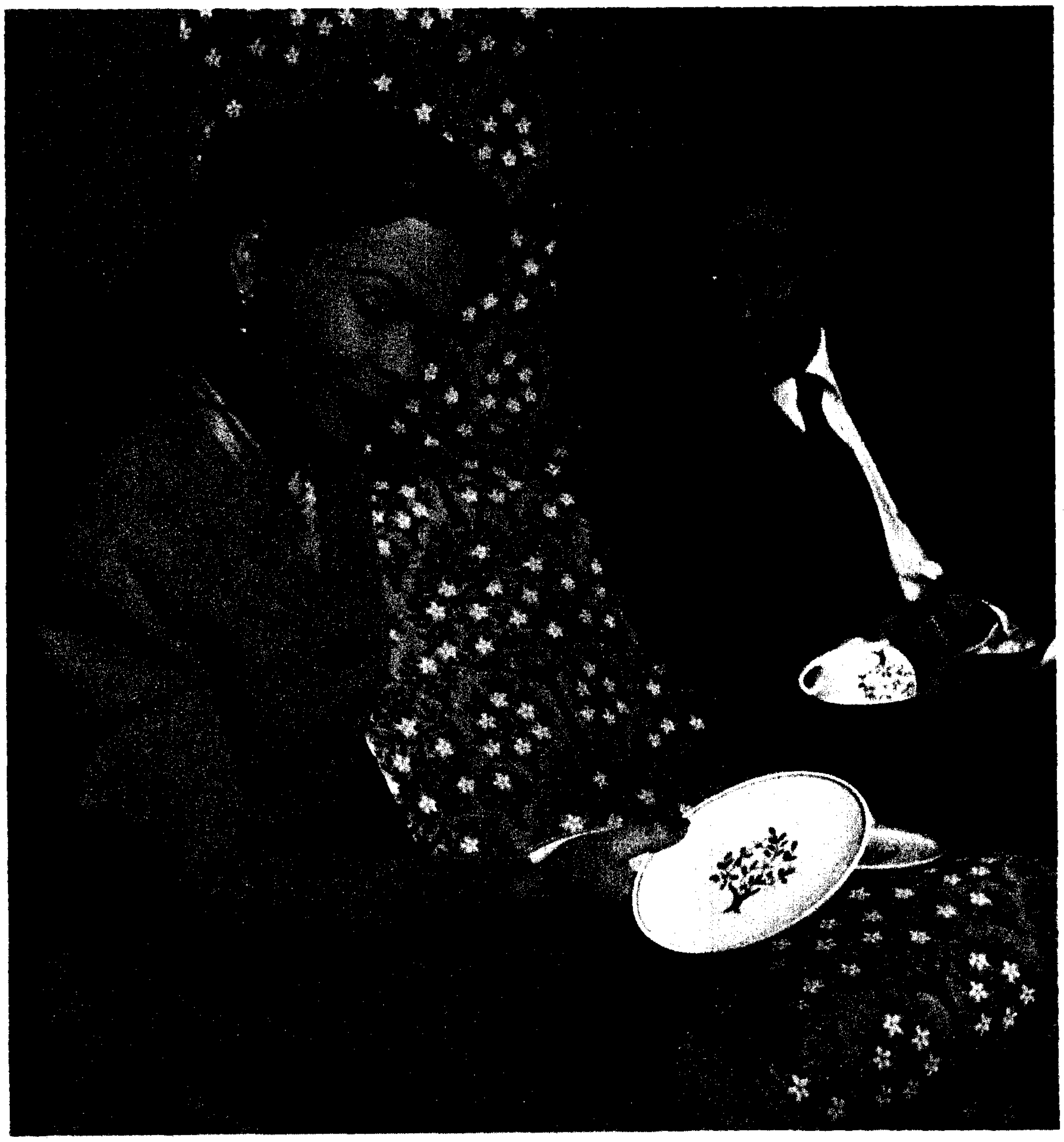
TV's Mike and Buff Wallace study new budget papers. This dramatic sample is $1.75 a roll



Texture paper by Katzenbach & Warren costs $13.50 a roll, looks and feels like bamboo

Prepasted papers are simply wet down before hanging, now offer larger variety than ever

WALLPAPER EXTRAS



Mike and Buff contemplate attractive decorating possibilities in "Blossom Time" pattern by United with matching dishes, displayed at Gimbels, N.Y. China is $15.95 for 35 pieces

BACK when houses had more wall than window space, a professionally decorated home was as much desired by most women as a closetful of mink. Today, home-planning experts report, 90 per cent of the women who consult them want to do their own dabbling in *décor*.

The difference lies in co-ordination, a bright new keynote of the home-furnishings industry. Instead of obstructing the homemaker's view with a vast array of unrelated objects, manufacturers preplan units of harmony at the designing level. Everything from ceramic ash trays to kitchen cabinets is created to serve as an integrated part of a total effect. As a result, interior decorating has been taken out of the luxury class and made available to all.

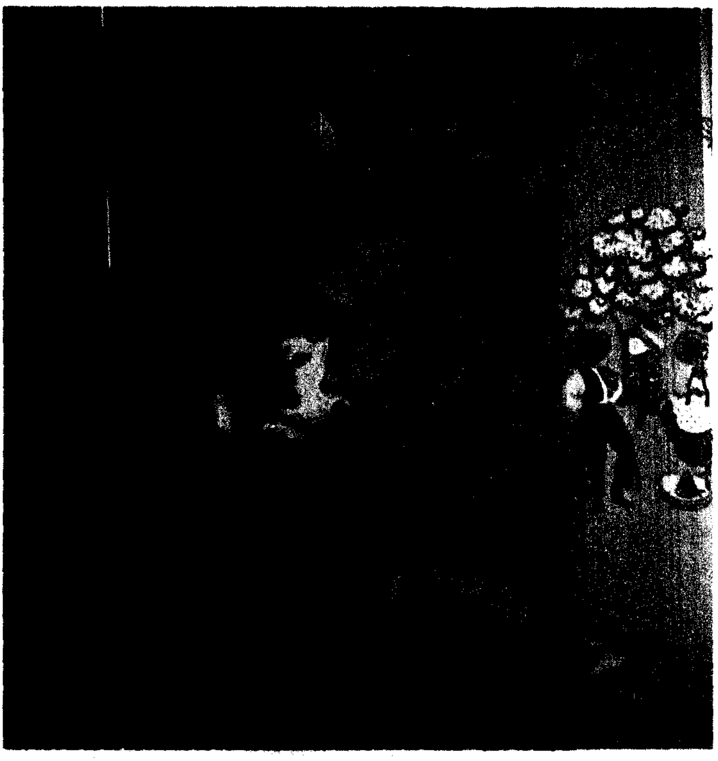
Particularly effective work with the co-ordination approach has been done by the wallpaper industry. Such companies as United Wallpaper, Inc., one of the top manufacturers in the country, have emerged with paste-bucketfuls of new ideas. With an eye to helping the purchaser rather than dictating to her, they have revolutionized traditional sample-book techniques by presenting an immense variety of combinations and contrasts, many embracing co-ordinated papers for an entire house. Cued by such custom wallpaper makers as F. Schumacher & Company and Katzenbach & Warren, mass-production manufacturers have pushed exciting extras that make versatility easy: new textures that, properly treated, can be used on floors and ceilings, and wallpapers that look and feel like bamboo, brick and fabric. They have joined with other firms to create fabrics and chinaware which match their own designs. For amateur paper hangers they have come up with improved ready-pasted products and rentable machines that trim, measure and paste automatically. Where the manufacturers leave off, retailers take over with still other extras. Any small wallpaper store can offer tips on co-ordination. Department stores extend their services with consultation bureaus, planning centers, "model home" sections—all aimed at guiding the purchaser in exercising her individuality.

Mike and Buff Wallace, an attractive young husband-and-wife team on CBS-TV, spend much of their time investigating everything from museum exhibits to stock-market operations, for discussion on their program. Setting out to get a consumer's-eye view of the latest novelties in home furnishings, they were intrigued with the magic of co-ordination. Said Buff, when it was over: "If we ever quit TV, we can go into interior decorating. It's a snap!"

MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ERICH HARTMANN

Buff wistfully eyes modern fabric designed to co-ordinate with Schumacher's hand-printed "Summer Sun" papers at left. Material is about $8.65 a yard, available in such shades as gold, navy, black. Samples which border this page are brick-textured papers which may be painted any color and enameled to use as floor covering



Buff tests washability of United's Varlar paper. Specially treated, it survives 25,000 scrubbings

New Hyde machine measures, trims, pastes paper. Many hardware shops will rent them at $2 a day

Peace and Progress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

moreover, had resulted in most companies operating purely mail-carrying types of planes without adequate passenger and express accommodation.

As a result of our recommendations Congress passed the Watres Act, providing authority generally to revise the setup.

I instructed Postmaster General Brown to confer with the transport companies and propose to them a revision of the mail contracts so as to reduce the exorbitant rates, to require the use of planes of passenger and express-carrying capacity, and to induce consolidation of the operating concerns so as to provide continuous flights. The alternative was that we would let new contracts to other concerns, in such a way as to provide continuous transcontinental services, east to west and north to south.

As a result the rates were cut, routes consolidated into a carefully planned national system, and the type of plane entirely changed to passenger and express service.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929—before the amended act went into effect—commercial aviation companies flew the mail 10,200,000 miles and were paid $14,600,000, or $1.43 per mile. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1933, they flew the mail 35,900,000 miles and were paid $19,400,000, or about 54 cents per mile.

During my administration we also reorganized government relations to our Merchant Marine.

(After I left the White House, the New Deal, bent on proving by any method, honest or dishonest, that corruption or malfeasance marked my administration, picked on the negotiations of Postmaster General Brown—which had brought order out of chaos in the aviation companies. The Roosevelt administration canceled all mail contracts, killed some Army airmen trying to fly the mails, and in the end had to restore the contracts to the same operators and, in several cases, pay damages. They were unable to find an atom of corruption.)

To Conserve Human Resources

Hand in hand with the problems of developing and protecting our material resources were those of our human resources. During the first months of my administration we took steps to develop ideas in old-age pensions, better housing and better care of our children.

In September, 1929, I named a committee of leading economists and sociologists to make an exhaustive report of recent social trends in the United States. The report was to provide a factual basis for seeking constructive remedies for our great social problems—a scientific approach as opposed to an undiscriminating emotional one.

The committee enlisted the co-operation of several hundred specialists in different fields. Their survey required three years at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars which we raised by private subscription. It formulated the first thorough statement of social fact ever presented as a guide to public policy.

The depression and loss of the election prevented me from offering a practical program based on these facts. But we did make progress in some directions, and the report of the Committee on Social Trends has had a profound effect on national thinking ever since.

One of the greatest of our social problems was pensions for the aged.

It was inevitable that such pensions would have to come under some sort of federal scheme. Medical and public health advances had so prolonged the average life of the population that instead of 2 or 3 per cent living to over 65 years of age as was true 100 years before, we now had 10 to 12 per cent. The burden of the destitute and old was too great to be met by the old-fashioned county "poorhouse." Some people could not, even with thrift, provide for their old age; others, through shiftlessness, would not. As a result, many states had already initiated old-age assistance, including California, where I had supported the measure. But the inequality of the tax resources of the states made federal action inevitable.

I wrote out certain principles which I thought should underlie any practical provision for old-age payments. They now have only academic interest but I believe they were a better basis than the provisions later adopted.

Among the principles were: that no government pension exceed a bare subsistence, in order that we not weaken incentives to work and save; that this subsistence level, whether $30 or $50 a month per person or higher, be readjusted from time to time according to the purchasing value of money; that the same sum be payable to everybody but income-tax payers (who can look after themselves) and recipients of pensions from other sources; that federal participation be limited to collecting a certain per cent from the pay of wage earners with an equal contribution from employers; that a certain per cent be levied on the gross income of non-wage earners such as farmers, small businessmen, etc., so that they could be included. These sums were to be supplemented from the tax income of the government, and the whole distributed as grants to the states with the requirement that they assume part of the load and be entirely responsible for administration.

Another part of my proposal was that Congress annually set the payment rates and appropriate the money to be used as supplement—this being a pay-as-you-go proposal under Congressional control.

This plan would have avoided the penalty on many Social Security pensioners today, who must ultimately pay twice for the benefits they receive. For the federal government uses for other expenses the money deposited in the Social Security fund, substituting government bonds—for which the taxpayer must pay all over again.

This method reminds me of a plea made to me during my administration by the wife of a postmaster who had been jailed for theft of federal funds. As one argument for his parole, she cited as an example of his honesty the fact that every time he took money from the till he put in an IOU for it.

The height of the world's greatest depression was no time to introduce ideas for old-age payments, even had we possessed the leisure time to formulate the plans. But in the meantime, in hope of stimulating private action, I invited the heads of the leading mutual insurance companies to lunch at the White House. I reminded them that they all sold annuities based upon their investments. Could they not also devise a direct old-age insurance policy with pensions beginning at 65 years of age—a policy based on either lump-sum payments or annual premiums starting at any age from one year up, the cost to be lessened by forfeiture of all payments by those who died before 65?

I also suggested that they consider selling such insurance to business and industry on a group basis, thus making it easier for private enterprise to provide old-age insurance for their employees.

Estimates of Pension Costs

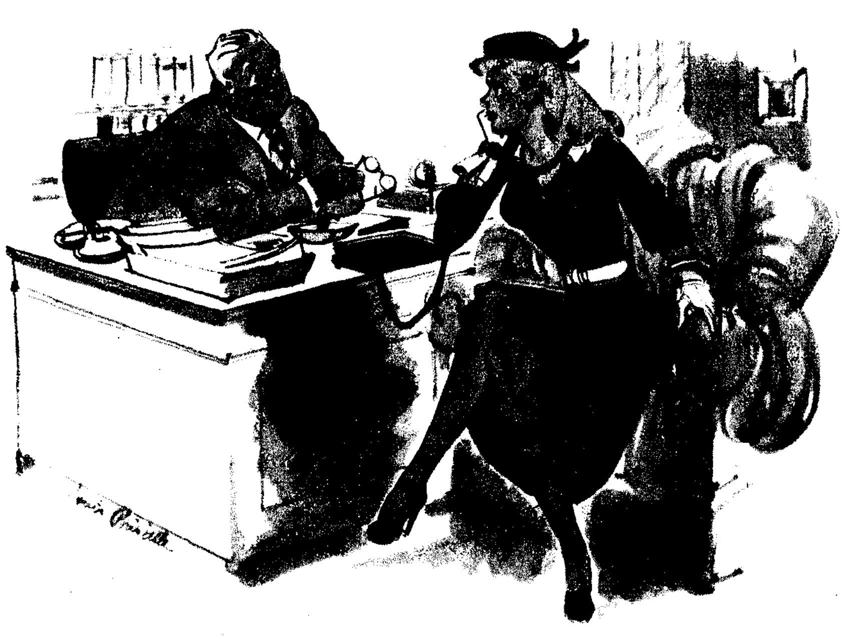
I asked the insurance executives to give me some computations on lump payments or annual premiums necessary for different ages in order to secure, say, $50 a month after 65 years of age. My recollection is that they reported that the lump-sum cost of such a policy at the age of 21 would be about $775 and at 51 about $2,450, and twice these amounts for a pension of $100 a month.

Some of the companies agreed to issue such policies and we proposed to launch the idea at Christmas, 1929, by my buying a policy for my three grandchildren at a cost for the three of about $500. This one payment would give them each $50 a month after they reached 65. The cost was so small that we hoped it would attract many parents to provide an old-age pension for their children.

We had gone so far as to set up a publicity organization, but, due to the slump, the companies withdrew from this project, awaiting a more favorable moment.

I had also suggested that if the idea were attractive to the public, we might consider some form of federal grants as an aid to lowering the cost to the beginners in the older groups whose premiums would necessarily be high. I greatly regretted that the depression made it impossible to launch this experiment, as it might have given us real experience and opened a way to reduce the extent of later governmental action.

Another major problem in the social field was benefits for veterans. I had seen the wartime heroism and sufferings of our men with my own eyes. I held to the firm conviction that the nation owed unlimited devotion for that service.



COLLIER'S

"Oh, yes, I can use a part-time secretary. But the rest of the day I'd like to get my work done"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

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We did a great deal for the veterans uring my term. We built 25 new, free overnment hospitals for their sick and isabled. I also initiated an entire revoluon in veterans' care. I felt that a disabled nd destitute veteran in need of medical are should be a charge on the federal govnment no matter how he got that way. I rushed aside a lot of subterfuges disguised s "presumption of war-caused disability" nd said that if a veteran was destitute, and ad disability from any source, even 40 ears after the war, the nation had an obgation to him.

I carried this proposal in Congress and, y the end of my administration, 853,000 isabled, sick and destitute veterans or eir widows and orphans were on the fedral payrolls compared with 376,000 at the art of it. (This legislation was repealed y the New Deal and 200,000 or 300,000 ck and disabled and destitute veterans emoved from the government rolls.)

But it was my misfortune, as President, have to clash with the professional oney-hunting veterans over other deands to which I did not think there was stice in yielding. Their organizations aintained staffs of paid lobbyists in Washgton whose mission was to bring home, nnually, some "bacon" from the Treasury. All Presidents have had the same trouble ince the Civil War.)

In May, 1930, Congress passed some ost objectionable increases in pensions to panish War veterans. It legalized disabilies arising out of venereal disease and gave ensions to men who had served only one ay in the Army. The legislation was passed ver my veto. (Some years afterward the tench became so strong that the law was mended.)

We also got into difficulties over the bonus." During the Harding era the vetrans had demanded bonuses to compensate or their small soldier's pay compared to at of "stay-at-homes." Their demand mounted to about $3,400,000,000. Somene at the time thought up a trick to avoid acing the issue. That was to give this sum t the end of about 25 years and meanwhile sue a "bonus certificate" for it. The fedral Treasury was to pay an annual proporonate amount (about $112,000,000) into he fund and thus make it a sort of endowent insurance policy, the government payg the annual premiums.

Veterans' Bonus as Vote Bait

Early in 1931, Democratic leaders caterng to the veteran vote proposed to lend 50 er cent to the men as an advance on their onus certificates. As a measure of relief, favored the loans if limited to veterans vho were unemployed and destitute—estinated at less than 15 per cent of the whole umber. But Congress insisted on including ll veterans, which implied a drain on the reasury of $1,700,000,000. I protested but e bill was passed. I vetoed it, and Congress assed the bill over my veto. That action elped deepen the depression.

In the fall of 1931, Senator Robinson and peaker Garner, the Democratic leaders of e Congress, again for political purposes oposed to pay the whole bonus in cash 3,400,000,000). Less than half this sum d accumulated in the fund, and so this oposal meant another Treasury raid of ,700,000,000. A resolution supporting e idea was to come up at the annual meetg of the American Legion in Detroit on ptember 21, 1931. I took the train to troit, remaining there an hour, and deered an appeal to the Legion not to suprt it. I said, in part:

'. . . The world is passing through a great ression. There is a decrease in the anl yield of income taxes alone from $2,-,000,000 in the years of prosperity to y $1,200,000,000 today. Simultaneously are carrying a high and necessary extra den of public works in aid to the unemyed, of aids to agriculture and of insed benefits and services to veterans . . . can carry no more without grave risks You would not have the President of the United States plead with any citizen or any group of citizens for any course of action. I make no plea to you. But you would have your President point out the path of service in this nation. That I am doing now."

The Legion refused to endorse the legislation, yet the politicians persisted. In the spring of 1932, I was compelled to stop a Democratic Veterans Bonus Bill for $2,400,000,000, payable in fiat money. I tell of the "bonus march" on Washington, which took place at that time, in a later chapter.

There was pressing need for reform in many sectors of our national life. As I have mentioned earlier, part of my basic program included the correction of those weaknesses.

One whole phase of the problem related to reforms in the regulation of business.

Not a Dog-Eat-Dog Economy

Those who contend that during my administration our economic system was one of *laissez faire* know little of the extent of government regulation that already existed. The philosophy of *laissez faire*, or "dog eat dog," had died in the United States 40 years before, with the passage of the Sherman Antitrust Act, which compelled competition, and the Interstate Commerce Commission Act, which regulated natural monopolies.

By my time, regulation by government, either federal or state or both, had extended to banking, railways, telegraph, telephone, radio, navigation, aviation, fisheries, grain exchanges and pure food. And I may point out here that the enactment of these regulations was mostly of Republican origin.

We were, in other words, a system of "regulated individualism." But with the advance of technology and ingenuity in violations, our regulatory acts required periodic revisions.

The problems which confronted me as President were the weak spots in existing regulations and the socialistic drive to put the government into business instead of regulating it.

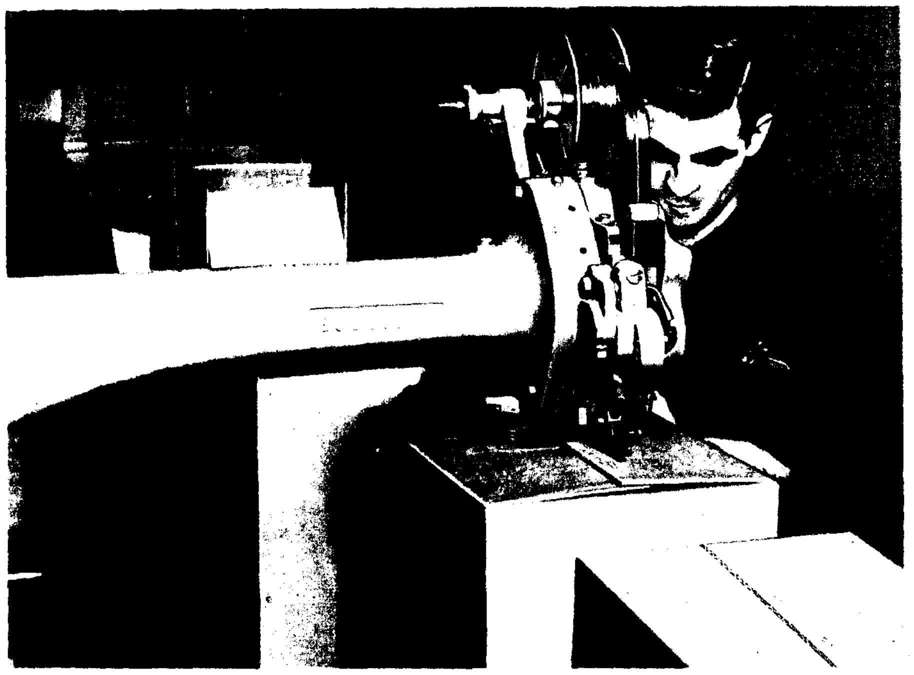
To cite a notable instance, the federal government, through its control of navigable streams, had for a number of years imposed some regulation on water-generated power. When I took office, this covered an infinitesimal part of the power being generated. With the increasing volume of interstate electric power and the building up of huge utility holding companies doing business in several states, I decided that the time had come for federal regulation.

In my first message to Congress on December 3, 1929, I requested the creation of a real Federal Power Commission with teeth. Draft bills for such regulation were furnished, but the power interests and radical members of Congress ganged up against this legislation for exactly opposite reasons. Congress passed the portion of the act creating the FPC but refused my request that the commission be given authority to regulate interstate rates in co-operation with the state power commissions, and to regulate the accounting and financing of companies engaged in interstate power distribution.

I was very indignant at Senator Norris and other so-called Progressives in Congress; their opposition to this legislation was born of a desire to force the government into the operation of power. Their theory was apparently to oppose adequate control of private operation in the hope that public resentment of unrestrained, greedy actions would forward their cause. Here—in a nutshell—was the American system of regulation to prevent abuse running squarely against Socialism.

We soon had an acute example of all this in connection with the government hydroelectric power and fertilizer plants at Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River, built as a war measure in 1918. I have previously mentioned our program for building great multipurpose dams; one such was Cove Creek Dam on the Tennessee, for which preparatory engineering work had begun at my instructions in 1930.

A joint federal-state commission, which I had appointed with the governors of Ten-



One man does the work of three on this novelty manufacturer's top-sealing job. A Bostitch top-stitcher replaced taping at the end of his production line. At the start of his conveyor system, he uses a Bostitch bottom-stitcher to seal the bottom flaps . . . *80% faster than with taping.* "No more bottlenecks in my shipping room," he says.

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nessee and Alabama to study the whole problem of the Tennessee, had recommended that Muscle Shoals be leased to private operation, with the government regulating its rates.

Thereupon the Democratic-controlled Congress refused us the authority to proceed with Cove Creek Dam. The radical bloc was determined to paint me as a tool of the power interests. A bill by Senator Norris was passed proposing to expand the Muscle Shoals plant to permit the government to sell power to the public and go into the business of making fertilizers.

Muscle Shoals Veto Explained

I vetoed this bill, and inasmuch as my veto statement indicates my economic and social views I quote it:

"The remedy for abuses in the conduct of the power industry lies in regulation and not by the federal government entering upon the business itself . . . I hesitate to contemplate the future of our institutions, of our government, and of our country if the preoccupation of its officials is to be no longer the promotion of justice and equal opportunity but is to be devoted to barter in the markets. That is not liberalism, it is degeneration."

During 1932, under the strain of the depression, several castles of the electric holding companies began to crumble, with great losses to investors and great public indignation. Had the Democratic-radical bloc in Congress acted on my recommendations, a large part of these losses might have been prevented. For instance, the fantastic Insull holding company "empire," which collapsed in Chicago with such dire results, was largely built after my recommendations for interstate power regulation had been defeated.

We ordered the arrest of Insull and his mates, but he escaped punishment.

Another major problem in the field of reform was the tariff. Statements in later years implying that passage of the Smoot-Hawley bill of 1930 caused the depression seem somewhat overdrawn, as it was not passed until nine months after the crash. Moreover it was not, as later suggested, the signal for a world movement to increase tariffs. In fact, the American increase took place only after nearly 40 other countries had imposed high tariffs, generally to build up "self-sufficiency" etc., as a measure of national defense in an era of international fear.

The tariff question has long been one of our campaign sources of emotion and distortion. The emotion soared in effect over only 10 or 11 per cent of our total imports, mainly manufactured goods, for about 63 per cent of all our imports were duty-free, and of those dutiable, nearly half were agricultural products and about one quarter were luxury goods taxed for revenue only. Over these there was no great dispute.

The 1928 Republican platform had called for raising tariffs on farm products and readjusting some industrial tariffs to meet economic shifts since the last tariff revision. Partly on Senator Borah's insistence (he was then giving me strong support), I called a special session within two months after my inauguration to fulfill this campaign pledge.

This session lasted until November 22, 1929, without enacting any tariff revisions. The battle was bitter; it produced the unlikely opposition coalition of Old Guard Republicans who favored excessively high protection and Democrats who declared for a low tariff (many of whom, while creating a public impression of decrying the legislation, put into it some increase in industrial duties which their backers or constituents wanted; as a matter of fact, they voted for increases on more than 1,000 items).

The point I especially insisted on in the legislation was that the powers of the old Tariff Commission, a bipartisan body and originally a statistical agency, be enlarged so that it could adjust rates on dutiable goods on the basis of differences in cost of production at home and abroad, and make these readjustments only after objective examination and public hearings.

This plan was known as the "flexible tariff," and to me it was the only way to get the tariff out of Congressional logrolling—and politics. Any tariff passed by this logrolling—which is inevitable in Congress—is bound to be very bad in spots. Our eternal sectional and group pressures provide little hope of securing just and equitable rates, and a flexible tariff could correct mistakes and injustices.

Senator Borah suddenly convinced himself that the flexible tariff deprived Congress of its constitutional tariff-making authority. He persuaded the "progressive" wing in the Senate to oppose it as "reactionary." As a matter of fact, it was the most progressive step in tariff reform ever proposed to Congress. I had the senator in to dinner, but was unable to overcome his opposition; he was only looking for an opportunity to go into his traditional attitude of opposing the current administration.

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

(The Supreme Court subsequently ruled that the flexible tariff idea was entirely constitutional.)

During the protracted course of the tariff struggle on Capitol Hill, I sent word to Senator Smoot, who was convoying the legislation: "No flexible tariff, no tariff bill." In effect I repeated this when legislation passed by both Houses reached the conference stage—more than a year after the tariff legislation had been introduced. Learning that the flexible-tariff provision had been watered down by the conferees to about nothing, I wrote out the provision I wanted and sent word that unless my formula was adopted, the bill would be vetoed. The result was a complete victory for the flexible tariff.

In approving the legislation, I said: "I do not assume the rate structure in this or any other tariff bill is perfect, but . . . I believe that the flexible provisions can within reasonable time remedy inequalities."

The history of the flexible tariff during the remaining two years of my term was that the Tariff Commission reviewed 250 industrial items and changed the rates in about 75, mostly downward. More would have been changed but for the depression trade war engendered by general abandonment of the gold standard abroad.

Mr. Roosevelt later constantly referred to this bill as the "Grundy Tariff." The fact is that Senator Grundy of Pennsylvania, an extreme protectionist, had opposed the flexible provision and publicly condemned the bill. One of the cynicisms of the times, in fact, was Mr. Roosevelt's violent attacks on and misrepresentations of the tariff at the start of the 1932 campaign. Before the campaign was over he had completely reversed himself.

Weaknesses in our system of law enforcement were another major target of reform during my Presidency. I noted the need in my inaugural address, saying:

"Crime is increasing. Confidence in rigid and speedy justice is decreasing. I am not prepared to believe that this indicates any decay in the moral fiber of the American people. I am not prepared to believe that it indicates an impotence of the federal government to enforce its laws.

"But the system which these officers are called upon to administer is in many respects ill adapted to present-day conditions. Its intricate and involved rules of procedure have become the refuge of both big and little criminals."

To carry out my ideas of reform I had chosen William D. Mitchell as Attorney General. Mr. Mitchell, a man of absolute integrity and great ability, was free of all political associations. While registered as a Democrat, he had served under Mr. Coolidge as Solicitor General.

Mr. Mitchell, in co-operation with the Senate and House judiciary committees, achieved great strides in reforms bearing on law enforcement. No such extensive program had been enacted since the Constitution was adopted.

The main reforms were:

First, there was an enactment placing upon the Supreme Court the duty of making the rules of procedure in criminal cases. The court's regulations put a stop to many tricky delays and legal evasions. The same reform was badly needed for civil cases, but Congress refused to authorize it.

Second, reform in the bankruptcy laws was equally urgent. This federal function had not only drifted into a morass of fraud and crime, but was causing great economic losses. The major reforms enacted in this field were directed toward prevention of fraud; conciliation and adjustment of debts—particularly those of farmers and small businessmen—with the aid of the courts; and a provision for a two-thirds rule to bind security holders, thus avoiding holdups by small minorities in corporate reorganizations.

Third, the FBI was reorganized and expanded. This included the establishment of fingerprinting and other modern methods of crime detection to provide a national clearinghouse of information on criminals.

Fourth, another enactment made kidnaping a federal crime; the automobile had so facilitated transport and escape of kidnapers that state authorities alone could no longer deal with them.

Fifth, a large program of federal prison reforms was enacted embracing a National Board of Parole and a probation system; all prison medical services were placed under the Public Health Service; noncompetitive industrial employment was developed in the prisons by which prisoners could earn something with which to start life again; special reformatories were erected for boys and for women; and separate prisons were established for vicious offenders. Alcatraz Island was selected for the hardened impossibles, although its occupation was not completed until the succeeding administration.

Sixth, an essential of our reforms in law enforcement was to raise—by executive action—the standards of judges and prosecuting offices. At the recommendation of the Attorney General, I retired 18 district attorneys and two federal judges—the latter accepting resignation as the alternative to impeachment.

There were many collateral problems in connection with the judiciary and enforcement of law. Former Presidents had considered impartial appointments to the Supreme Court a most sacred duty. Both Republican and Democratic administrations had always maintained in the court a strong minority of their opponents. With the general approval of the country, I nominated Charles E. Hughes for chief justice.

For a second vacancy, I nominated Justice John J. Parker of the 4th District Federal Circuit. No court member at that time was from the Southern States, and the regional distribution of justices had always been considered of some importance. Parker was regarded as a nominal Republican, but had served some 20 years on the bench with Democratic commendation—and great distinction. Ten Southern Democratic senators and seven Democratic governors urged his appointment.

Senate Confirmation Opposed

But trouble rose in the Senate over confirmation. William Green, president of the AFL, denounced Judge Parker for issuing a strike injunction under a law which labor did not like, although the judge had simply followed previous Supreme Court decisions The object was not so much to oppose Judge Parker as to publicize objections t a particular law.

He was also denounced by a Negro association on the wholly fictitious statemen that he had, when twenty-one, made som remark bearing on white supremacy in th South. Both lobbies threatened to take r prisals on senators who dared vote for hi A number of Republican senators ran lik white mice. I soon found that even wit the 10 Democratic senators who favore him he was one vote short of confirmatio

I sent for Senators Deneen and Glen men of eminence in the legal professio and for Senator Vandenberg, who had oft spoken about the sacredness of the ben from group pressures. They refused to su port Judge Parker on the ground that vote for him would raise opposition to th re-election.

I was beaten. No senator who suppor me lost his election on this account. I no nated Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia, a he was confirmed. When a third Supre Court vacancy occurred, I appointed, w Senate approval, Judge Benjamin Card of New York, a Democrat.

Prohibition cast a cloud over all our pr lems of law enforcement and was a cons worry. The vehicle of joy provided strong alcoholic drinks could not gener be suppressed by federal laws.

The first hard practical fault was in concept of enforcement. The federal assumed that state and local officials w look after violations within the state

felt like a highland queen at this Highland gathering in Scotland,"
id Peggy. "I can still hear the drums beating, the bagpipes skirling."

SECOND HONEYMOON

Photographed by TONI FRISSELL

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RIGHT NOW the Waldens are back on the job—Peggy in the kitchen of their Connecticut home, Bree behind his Madison Avenue desk in New York. Does that mean their "second neymoon" is *over*—that the two glorious weeks spent in Britain ive gone the way of other vacations? Not on your life!

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ROSE and CROWN

"Old inns like the Rose and Crown in Salisbury offered excellent accommodations and fine food."

"Canterbury's shops were a big attraction. But we found real 'buys' all over Britain."

COME TO BRITAIN

Blanchland is a perfect little English village in the hills near the Scottish bor-
r. We borrowed bicycles and rode to the edge of a heather-covered moor."

Harlech Castle in Wales, captured by the Waldens. There are ancient castles everywhere in Britain—some that still echo with the sound of trumpets, others right out of a fairy tale!

RACING FORM

What's wrong with this picture?

Obviously this gentleman is more interested in bookmaking than bookkeeping. A situation which often leads to trouble.

Not so apparent may be the habits of those who might be tempted to "borrow" from you.

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that the federal government would simply stop the interstate traffic. During the nine years of the law prior to my administration, officials even of the states most clamorous for national prohibition, including Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, Indiana, Alabama and Georgia, had steadily abandoned their responsibilities and loaded them on the federal government. Practically nowhere did local police even take notice of violations—except as a basis of graft.

The federal government could not have come anywhere near enforcement with a police force of fewer than 250,000. In the meantime, the bootleg business had grown to such dimensions as to be able to corrupt or mislead federal enforcement officers all over the country.

However, under my oath of office, the very core of the Presidency was enforcement of the laws. We therefore gave prohibition enforcement the utmost organization the federal government could summon.

Futile Dry-Law Convictions

During my four years we increased the number of bootlegging citizens resident in federal jails, or on parole, from an average of about 22,000 to about 53,000. These did *not include the vast number of cases resulting* in fines, padlocking, confiscations and other suppression devices. Prohibition convictions rose to about 80,000 in 1932, and finally demonstrated the futility of the whole business.

One of the notable triumphs in law enforcement was the conviction of Al Capone. This action represented much more than just sending a gangster to jail. In March, 1929, a committee of leading Chicago citizens called on me. They gave chapter and verse for their statement that Chicago was in the hands of the gangsters, that police and magistrates were completely intimidated, that the powers of the state's governor were futile, and that the federal government was the only force by which the city's ability to govern itself could be restored.

At once I directed that all the federal agencies concentrate on Mr. Capone and his allies. Our authority was limited to violations of income tax and prohibition laws. It was ironic that a man guilty of inciting hundreds of murders—in some of which he took a personal hand—had to be punished merely for not paying taxes on the money he had made by murder.

The Attorney General set up a special Deputy Attorney General and equipped him with the best men from every bureau of investigation in the government. It took two years to assemble the evidence and conduct the trials, but in the end we restored the *freedom of Chicago*.

In the subsequent Presidential campaign Vice-President Curtis informed me that he had been approached by an important lawyer who said he was in a position to deliver the bootleg vote in the large cities if I would agree to pardon Capone. I asked the Vice-President what answer he had made. He said: "I told him he really could think up a better joke than that."

On May 29, 1929, I announced appointment of a commission to investigate and recommend action on the whole prohibition and crime question, under the chairmanship of former Attorney General George W. Wickersham. The commission was bipartisan, and included five judges as well as leading lawyers and citizens.

This body made an exhaustive investigation. On the prohibition amendment it was mentally divided. It brought in a preliminary report opposing repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment—then followed with a long report demonstrating the law's futility. So its investigations failed to prove of any great use so far as prohibition was concerned, although its recommendations on other legal reforms were of lasting value.

My personal difficulty was something that did not appear on the surface. At one time while former Secretary of State Elihu Root was a guest at the White House, I had sought his advice as to whether I should not at once recommend repeal. His reply was as follows:

"This amendment should never have been put in the Constitution. But it is there. You are under the most sacred of all oaths to uphold the Constitution. The Constitution does not contemplate any relation of the President to its amendment. You can veto any other form of legislative action but you do not have that power in relation to Constitutional amendments. That distinction was made for the definite purpose of holding alterations of the Constitution away from the President, who is solely an enforcement officer in this relation.

"Furthermore, this law expresses itself in criminal proceedings. If you were to recommend repeal you would be nullifying the Constitution because from that day no jury and no judge would convict. You must not do that. Your sacred duty is to enforce the law with every power you can exert. Daily the futility will become more evident and the people will demand its repeal."

The Wickersham Commission had experienced this same difficulty. The nullification problem accounts partly for their indirect damnation of the law and, at the same time, for their recommendation that I should not propose repeal.

There can be no doubt that the prohibition law brought economic benefits, but these were more than offset by the corruption and defiance of law. Until about the winter of 1932, I was convinced that major public opinion was in favor of retaining the amendment but, as is often the case in American attitudes toward long contentious issues and impractical reforms, the country suddenly jelled against it. I discuss this matter further in connection with the campaign of 1932.

Underlying all other reforms was our drive to correct the faults in the organization of the executive branch of the government itself. I was convinced that efficient, honest administration of the vast federal machine would appeal to all citizens. I have at times since doubted that efficient government interests the people as much as dramatics.

When I first came to Washington as Food Administrator in 1917, new to government but experienced in administration, the executive organization of the federal government appalled me. I was not the discoverer of this chaos. Presidents Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge had struggled with the problem. I had spoken extensively on the subject while Secretary of Commerce, and had served on one of the frequent committees appointed to make recommendations on it.

The real remedy was to separate quasi-judicial from executive action, and to get all executive agencies with the same major purpose under one hat—one administrator whom the people could put their finger on, who could trim away the overlaps and obtain unity on policies.

Tactics That Prevent Reforms

The hidden rock on which reform attempts foundered was the "gang-up," "log-roll" tactics of the government bureaus and their organized pressure groups, which over the years they had polished to perfection.

I determined to make a frontal assault, and bombarded Capitol Hill with messages. Finally the Democratic Congress made a show of reorganization by passing an act on June 30, 1932. My recommendation had been to give the President authority to reorganize the bureaus by executive orders which were to lie before Congress for 60 days, and if not expressly denied by joint resolution, to become law. Instead, Congress introduced a joker by which the executive orders were only to become effective if Congress by joint resolution confirmed them; even this limited authority was not operative except when Congress was in session. This, in effect, nullified our attempts at governmental reorganization. (Fifteen years later I was called on to head a bipartisan committee set up by Congress—the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government. About half our recommendations were accepted. Acceptance of all of them would produce savings of more than $3,000,000,000.)

There was a lot of Democratic clatter about the "committees and commissions" with which I was supposed to have deluged the country during my Presidency. I seem to have been fairly modest. I created 38 such committees, of which only seven received any government appropriations, the others being made up of patriotic citizens volunteering, without pay, to help the President determine vital policies. Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge all showed a far larger score in their first four years.

I can, like some of my predecessors, claim to be a much misunderstood man on this question of committees and commissions. There is no more dangerous citizen than the person with a gift of gab, a crusading complex and a determination "to pass a law" as the antidote for some human ill. The greatest lesson on earth for such an individual is to associate him on a research committee with a few persons who have a passion for truth. I can now disclose the secret that I created a dozen committees for that precise purpose; sometimes they *did find a real solution for the problem* under consideration.

Growth of the Merit System

One urgently needed governmental reform in my time involved the civil service. I was a strong supporter of the civil service, and extended the area of the merit system by executive orders. At the end of my term, 81 per cent of federal employees were directly included in the merit system; and through an order requiring candidates for first-, second-, and third-class postmasters to pass civil service merit exams before I would recommend them to the Senate, we in effect brought the total of federal officeholders selected on a merit basis up to 90 per cent.

In addition, I placed a definite responsibility on the Justice Department to investigate every suspicion of dishonesty on the part of federal employees. Several were removed from office, but we must have been pretty honest, for the Roosevelt administration created a special section in the Justice Department to rake the highways and byways for some crookedness of ours which they could hold up to public opprobrium. Although we had spent some $16,000,000,000 in four years, they ultimately gave up the task as futile.

Such investigations by succeeding administrations are, however, a good thing, and as a general practice, I recommend it.

At one point the New Deal believed it had laid hold of a gigantic scandal involving my Secretary of the Navy, Charles F. Adams. The law prescribes that no Cabinet or other officer may be interested as a stockholder or otherwise in any concern doing business with his specific branch of the government. The muckrakers had found that a Charles F. Adams was a stockholder in 10 concerns doing business with the Navy. I learned that this "scandal" was going to be exposed amidst loud thunder by the Democratic member of the House committee concerned in 10 sequent segments lasting 10 consecutive days—so as to make the act most impressive.

I telephoned Secretary Adams and asked him what it was all about. He promptly replied that this stockholder was another Charles F. Adams, no relative of his. We decided to let them spring the first day's attack. Thereupon Secretary Adams hit them a humiliating blow by telling the facts. The nine other "exposures" were canceled.

In next week's installment, Hoover gives his story of the depression, analyzing its causes and recounting his efforts to cope with it. Order your copy from your newsdealer now

Byrnes Answers Truman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

reason he first heard of it over the radio n Missouri. I agreed, explaining to him, as I have done earlier in this article, that Averell Harriman, who had to handle all communications from Moscow, told me he would wire the complete text of the agreements to the President as soon as employees reached the embassy that morning.

I stated to the President, however, that even had he been in Washington, the radio lash of adjournment would have been much faster than the message sent by the ambassador. The President agreed. That s why he learned in a newscast, rather han from me, about the end of the conference.

I reported to him everything that had taken place at the conference and he expressed his hearty approval of my course. n October, 1947, this statement was made n my book Speaking Frankly, a copy of which I gave to the President. Until now he has not contradicted it.

After I had finished my report, the President insisted upon my remaining for dinner. While at dinner, at his request, I repeated to his party some of the things I had told him and from time to time he nterrupted to voice his approval.

At the conclusion of the dinner the party prepared to play poker. As I do not play poker, I asked to be excused so that I might return to Washington and work on the report I was to make the following night. The President insisted I should come back to the Williamsburg to spend New Year's Eve with him and I agreed. Certainly that does not indicate there was a rupture of our friendly relations.

When I got back to my apartment in Washington I was made happy by the following telegram from my friend Cordell Hull:

"My dear Jim: My heartiest congratulations on the splendid progress made at the Moscow conference. Understanding, confidence, friendliness, and the whole spirit of international co-operation have been greatly improved by the work of this conference."

When I returned to the Williamsburg on New Year's Eve, the President told me that on the previous night he and his party had listened to my report over the radio and it had met their enthusiastic approval. That afternoon, and the following morning, we discussed current problems.

Whether I saw the President often enough to keep him fully informed is important only because of the complaint he makes in his alleged memorandum-letter to me.

Though he did not then show displeasure to me, it is evident that members of his staff impressed *him* with the view they held and expressed that he should get more publicity out of his decisions as to foreign problems.

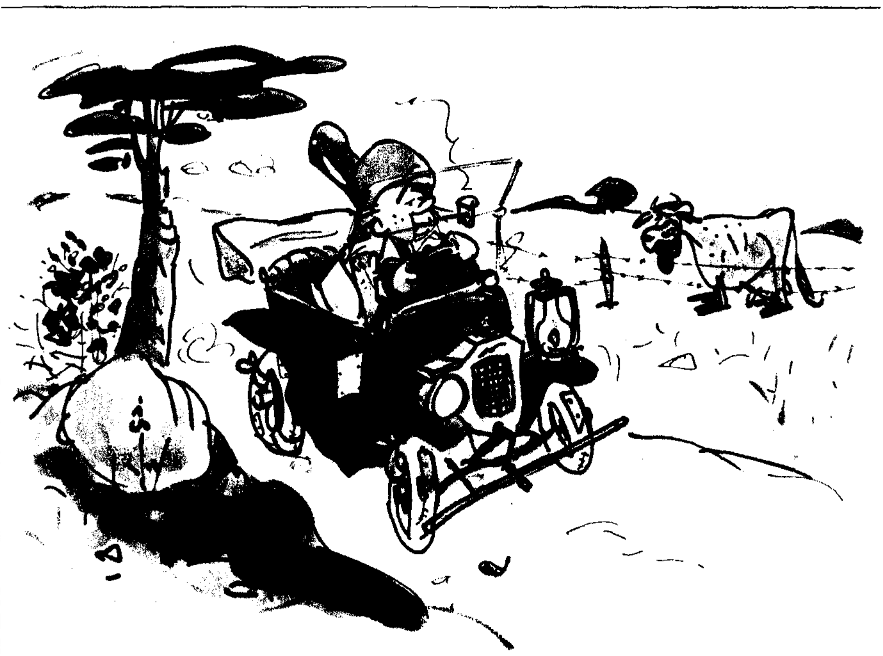
In his purported memorandum Mr. Truman, referring to the Moscow conference, wrote that "I only saw you for a possible 30 minutes the night before you left after your interview with the Senate committee." These words could create but one impression, namely, that this short meeting was the only opportunity he had to discuss with me the approaching conference in Moscow. This is a false impression.

It is true that on occasion I spent but a short time with him. The purpose of my visit was to tell him good-by, and ask for any last-minute instructions. It was his dinner hour. There was no reason for my remaining a long time, though I would gladly have done so had he wished.

The fact is, my calendar shows that I had an engagement with him at 3:15 P.M. that same day. I had a standing engagement with him for 30 minutes every Monday and Thursday. However, at that time I either saw him or talked with him over the telephone almost daily.

As a result of our conversations the President sent to Stalin a cablegram dated December 8th expressing hope that while in Russia I might see him and present a personal message giving the President's views. A copy of that cablegram is in the files. Later Stalin cabled he would see me. After we discussed the matter the President wrote a letter which I delivered to Stalin December 18th. I have a copy of that letter. In it the President referred to our views as to the peace treaties, the situation in Japan, the establishment of a commission to make recommendations for control of atomic energy, and other matters. The President concluded: "I hope very much you will see and talk frankly with Secretary Byrnes. He is thoroughly familiar with my purposes and I

KENNESAW



". . . Don't you want to watch th' speedometer turn over to a hundred thousand miles, Kennesaw? You missed it the last three times"

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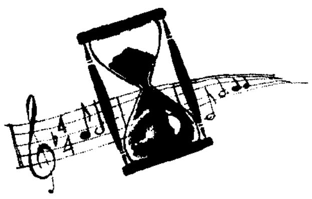

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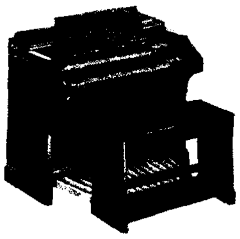

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feel certain that if you had a full and frank talk with him, it would be most helpful."

In view of this letter will anyone believe that three weeks later, on January 5, 1946, Mr. Truman read to me a memorandum complaining that he had seen me for only about 30 minutes the night before my departure?

Of course, Stalin has this letter. What will he think of Mr. Truman writing him that "Secretary Byrnes is thoroughly familiar with my purposes" and now publishing in a book the claim that he did not see the secretary except for 30 minutes the night before his departure for Moscow?

"I am not going to agree to the recognition of those governments unless they are radically changed," the President wrote about Romania and Bulgaria in his memorandum-letter.

Just one week before the date of the memorandum-letter he had heard me make the identical statement over the radio, but with this addition, that the United States should determine whether or not the change in government met with our terms. One month later, February 5th, the President did recognize Romania, it being decided our terms had been met.

"We ought to protest with all the vigor of which we are capable against the Russian program in Iran," the President wrote. More than a month before we had protested with great vigor against the Russian program in Iran and more than once I had discussed with him that vigorous protest. In December we withdrew our troops and demanded that Britain as well as the Soviets remove their troops from Iran.

In my report to the President a week before the date of his memorandum, I told him that while in Moscow I had warned Stalin that if he did not withdraw Soviet troops and if Iran protested to the United Nations Assembly in January, we would support the protest of Iran.

Stalin replied he would do nothing to make us "blush." The night of December 30th the President heard me make a report to the nation declaring that our policy was to protest vigorously the Soviet program in Iran.

About a month later, when Iran protested to the Security Council, I personally appeared and demanded the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Iran, and that council, with the exception of the Soviets and Poland, supported my protest. It was at this meeting Gromyko first walked out.

The President's remarkable document declares that at Potsdam we were by circumstances "almost forced to agree to Russian occupation of eastern Poland and the occupation of that part of Germany east of the Oder River by Poland."

Occupation Agreement Denied

He is wrong. We did not reach such an agreement. At Stuttgart in a speech I made with the approval of the President I told the German people there was no such agreement. It is unfortunate at this time Mr. Truman should make that statement. The Soviets will welcome it. The fact is that in all negotiations with the Soviets I insisted that the unilateral action of Russia could not be recognized by us and that the occupation of that part of Germany east of the Oder was a matter that could be determined solely in a peace conference. The President approved that policy. The Secretaries of State who have followed me have consistently taken the same position.

"At the time (meaning Potsdam) we were anxious for Russian entry into the Japanese war," says the President in his memorandum. Wrong again. At Potsdam certainly I was not anxious for Russian entry into the Japanese war. He led me to believe he shared my view. In Speaking Frankly I quoted a message I sent with Mr. Truman's approval to the Chinese Foreign Minister telling him the United States would not advise China to make any concessions to the Soviets beyond the Yalta agreements.

I did this because Stalin was to resume negotiations with the Chinese when the Potsdam conference adjourned. We knew Stalin was demanding additional concessions from China as his price for entering the war. I did not want China to make further concessions and I hoped if their negotiations were prolonged the Japanese might surrender before the Soviets entered. Stalin evidently reached the same conclusion and decided to enter the war and, without agreement, take what he wanted.

The President's statement in his memorandum-letter as to Russia's intentions is a matter about which all of us were in accord by January, 1946.

The President said, "Unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language another war is in the making. Only one language do they understand—'How many divisions have you?'" The President frequently provided strong language. But he did not provide the iron fist without which strong language is exceedingly dangerous.

"She's a firm believer in every man for herself"

COLLIER'S JANE SPEAR KING

He announced the policy of containing Russia within its territory and that of its satellite governments and promised to resist aggression wherever it occurred. But he failed to provide any divisions to support such a policy. Four years later when we entered the Korean war we were not prepared to fight. It took several casualty lists to awaken Washington.

Mr. Truman's views as to the internationalization of waterways in Europe I had presented at London the previous September. The Soviets refused to agree. Long since, our government has ceased to urge the proposal.

He said we should maintain complete control of Japan and the Pacific. That was my view then and the occupation of Japan was so skillfully administered that we maintained complete control until the time came last summer for the Allied governments to sign a treaty with Japan.

The President said we should rehabilitate China and create a strong government there. One week before, he had heard me report over the radio that at Moscow I urged that policy. Stalin had agreed to support the Nationalist government and withdraw his troops from Manchuria. The agreement was all right but, as usual, Stalin violated it.

On December 18th, two weeks before Mr. Truman said he made his memorandum, he had released for publication the instructions he gave to General Marshall when the general left for China. That was his China policy. General Marshall, as personal representative of the President, reported directly to him. The President is entitled to either the credit or blame for this policy during 1946.

He wrote in his memorandum-letter that we should force a settlement of the Lend-Lease debt of Russia. Leo T. Crowley, who was director of Lend-Lease during the war, with my hearty approval stopped the shipment of Lend-Lease commodities to Russia immediately upon the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Truman thought it was done too abruptly.

For months I had called on the Soviets for a settlement and the return of our ships. For the next year I continued to demand a settlement. In the five years that have passed since I left the Department of State, the President has not secured a settlement.

In the memorandum the President says he read to me, it is said: "I'm tired babying the Soviets."

Well, it was time for him to tire. Four months earlier at London I had adopted the policy of firmness and patience. I declared that no agreement at all was better than a bad agreement. The attitude of the President is testified to by Senator Capehart, who on March 18, 1952, said in the United States Senate that in July, 1945, Mr. Truman told him and Senator Burton K. Wheeler he was more afraid of England and France than he was of Russia. Former Senator Wheeler, according to the Associated Press, confirmed the statement of Senator Capehart.

Two and a half years after he claimed he was tired of babying the Soviets, Mr. Truman on June 11, 1948, at Eugene, Oregon, declared his affection for Stalin, saying, "I like old Joe. He is a decent fellow, but he is a prisoner of the Politburo." This was after Stalin by subversive methods had taken over several Balkan countries, and had caused the execution of many patriots in those countries. The President's declaration indicates that in January, 1946, he really was not very tired of babying the Soviets.

Daniels quotes him as saying that on the Williamsburg he told me our policy was not appeasement. He must think the people have poor memories. He was in charge of the Potsdam conference in July, 1945, and responsible for the agreements made there.

In September, I went to London for my first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers. The Soviets, apparently having in mind the generosity of the United States at former conferences, asked that they be given one of the Italian colonies. They wanted a base in the Mediterranean. I opposed it.

They wanted to secure greater participation in the control of Japan. I refused to discuss it with them.

They voted to exclude our friends, France and China, from the conference table and opposed inviting small nations to the peace conference. I fought for France and China and for the small nations. We reached no agreement on any of these proposals.

John Foster Dulles, an expert in foreign affairs, author of the Japanese Peace Treaty and, by appointment of President Truman adviser to Secretary of State Acheson, was at the London conference as one of my advisers. In his splendid book War or Peace, he said: "It was apparent that failure to reach agreement with the Soviet Union would have grave consequences. There was much truth in the Soviet argument that if our two nations were unable to agree, peace would be in jeopardy."

However, Dulles wrote, in response to my question, that he said at the time he saw no basis upon which we could reach a compromise. And he wrote of my attitude as follows: "He (Byrnes) rejected the Soviet demand. He would not, for the sake of agreement with the Soviet Union, make a compromise that would sacrifice our country's historic friendship with China and France. At that moment our postwar policy of 'no appeasement' was born; and, on the whole, it has been adhered to ever since. We refused to pay international blackmail."

Now we must remember Dulles was writing of the first meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers which I attended in September, 1945, before the Moscow conference was held in December of the same year, and before the President's memorandum was written to imply that I was easy on Russia.

Atomic Discussion at Moscow

The President's memorandum does not mention the atomic energy resolution which was discussed at Moscow, and which I learned had disturbed Senator Vandenberg. When I reached London and explained to Vandenberg that the language of the resolution was identical with the agreement arrived at between President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee and McKenzie King of Canada the previous October, Vandenberg told me he had been misled by newspaper reports; that he was satisfied; and he supported the resolution in the United Nations Assembly.

Mr. Daniels quoted the President as saying in 1950 that as Secretary of State I was a failure. I place greater value upon the appraisal of Senator Vandenberg in February, 1947, one month after I left the Department of State. In a letter to Senator Burnet R. Maybank, of South Carolina, Senator Vandenberg, writing of me, said in part: "It will always be a joy to me to embrace any opportunity, any time, anywhere, to register my unreserved conviction that your great citizen has richly earned the total gratitude of all the American people . . . I happen to know intimately about his most recent assignment in the peace councils of the world. It was my rare privilege to be associated with him in a subordinate role in these grave responsibilities. He was a Secretary of State in the finest American tradition. He served his difficult and burdensome task with relentless and courageous loyalty to our proud American ideals . . ."

In April, 1946, I went to the Naval Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland, for a physical checkup. The physician gave me a written statement, "In view of the evidence—indicating chronic coronary sclerosis, the patient was advised to refrain from excessive physical exertion and mental strain."

I knew one could not perform the duties of Secretary of State without excessive physical exertion and mental strain.

Therefore, on April 16th I submitted to the President my resignation to take effect July 1st. I fixed that date so that he might have time to select a successor, and because I hoped by that time we would have completed the negotiations of the five treaties under consideration with Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Finland and Italy.

The President persuaded me to postpone the effective date of my resignation until the treaties were completed, regardless of the date. I accepted as sincere his expressions of regret at my resigning.

In September, five months after my letter of resignation had been submitted, while I was in Paris at the peace conference, the President told a press conference that he had read and approved in its entirety a speech by Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace on September 12th. Wallace complained that the policy I was following with regard to Russia was too harsh and too tough. Later the President said he had not read the entire text. Wallace said he had. The President's approval of the Wallace speech undermined the work being done at Paris by me as Secretary of State, with Senators Connally and Vandenberg as advisers.

Two days after his speech Secretary Wallace announced from the White House that he and the President had agreed that he should discontinue his speeches until

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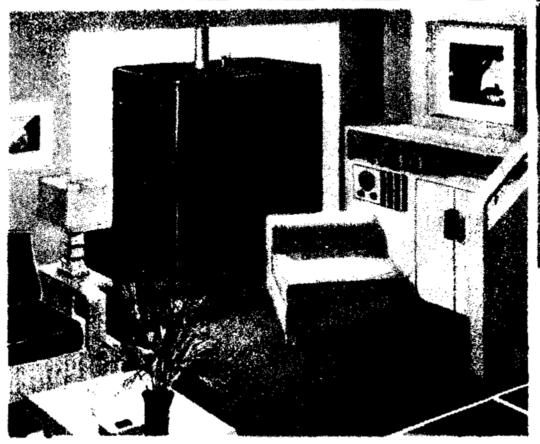

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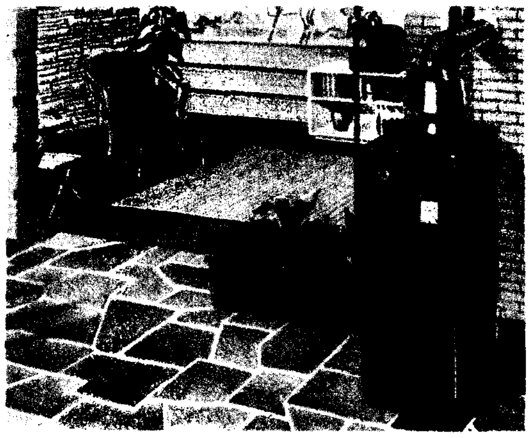

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after the peace conference. I then sent to the President, on September 18th, a message reminding him that I had given him my resignation in April, and added:

"If it is not possible for you, for any reason, to keep Mr. Wallace, as a member of your Cabinet, from speaking on foreign affairs, it would be a grave mistake from every point of view for me to continue in office, even temporarily. Therefore, if it is not completely clear in your own mind that Mr. Wallace should be asked to refrain from criticizing the foreign policy of the United States while he is a member of your Cabinet, I must ask you to accept my resignation immediately. At this critical time, whoever is Secretary of State must be known to have the undivided support of your administration and, so far as possible, of the Congress."

Senator Vandenberg issued a statement that he could co-operate with but one Secretary of State at a time. He told me if I left Paris, he would leave.

Another Reason for Resigning

In a teletype conversation with the President I said, "If Wallace is influenced by any ill feeling toward me, it is possible that if you accept my resignation, he might be willing to support your foreign policies, or, at least, refrain from attacking such policies . . ."

If the President was displeased with my service, as he indicates in his memorandum and Daniels quotes him as saying, he had the opportunity and, indeed it was his duty, to accept my resignation as I insisted.

Instead, he requested the resignation of Wallace and, in announcing it, declared: "Our foreign policy as established by the Congress, the President and the Secretary of State remains in full force and effect without change . . . As I have frequently said, I have complete confidence in Mr. Byrnes and his delegation now representing this country at the Paris Peace Conference. Mr. Byrnes consults with me often and the policies which guide him and his delegation have my full endorsement . . ."

This is the same Mr. Byrnes the President complained in January, 1946, did not consult him.

In December, 1946, the five treaties were completed. I immediately asked for the acceptance of my resignation. The President not only expressed regret but, as I thought, tried to persuade me to continue. I believed him sincere. He and I had been friends a long time. In 1940, in his campaign for re-election to the Senate from Missouri I had made public statements in his behalf, and at his request secured from Mr. Bernard M. Baruch two contributions to his campaign fund; and Mr. Baruch has stated publicly that Senator Truman graciously thanked him in person for his contributions. Recently through his press secretary Mr. Truman was reported as saying no identifiable contributions came from Mr. Baruch.

So it was as one friend to another that I insisted the President accept my resignation, and the President consented only after my insistence. January 7, 1947, when he was prepared to announce General Marshall as my successor, he made public a letter to me in which he said: "I accept . . . with great reluctance and heartfelt regret your resignation effective at the close of business on January 10, 1947, or upon the qualification of your successor.

"I realize full well how arduous and complex have been the problems which have fallen to you since you took office in July, 1945. Big events were then impending . . . with all of which you have dealt with rare tact and judgment and—when necessary—firmness and tenacity of purpose . . . For all that you did during the war, and in the making of the peace, you have earned the thanks of the nation. So I say: Well done, in the hope that we may continue to call upon you for the counsel which you can give out of so rich and varied an experience . . ."

Believing him sincere, I deeply appreciated this public statement.

For more than two years after my retirement the President continued to give me evidence of his friendship and confidence. On February 4, 1947, he wrote me asking my opinion about a matter connected with the second Moscow conference to be held in the spring.

Mr. Truman also told me that Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, wished to confer an honorary degree on me, and suggested that I might want to use the occasion to make a good, *hard-boiled* speech on foreign relations. Westminster College had given Winston Churchill a degree when he delivered his famous "Iron Curtain" speech there March 5, 1946.

It is significant that the President requested me to make a *hard-boiled* speech. He knew my views, and doubtless thought that would tempt me to accept the invitation. Later he told me that it would be a personal favor to him if I would accept, and therefore I did. However, when the second Moscow conference in 1949 ran longer than anticipated, I withdrew my acceptance because I believed it would be unwise for me, a former Secretary of State, to be expressing my views on Soviet relations while my successor, Secretary Marshall, was in Moscow conferring with the Soviets. The President agreed when I explained my view to him.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with the invitation. After I had advised the President I would accept, General Harry Vaughan, the President's military aide, told me the college at Fulton was his school, and that the President had consented to help him build it up. He said the University of Missouri had not conferred a degree on the President and that he (Vaughan) wanted to show them that when an important person came to Missouri to speak, he would speak at Fulton, rather than at the university. (The University of Missouri conferred an honorary degree on Mr. Truman in 1950.) Certainly this little aside gives no hint that there had been a rift between the White House and me.

During 1947 and particularly during 1948, I differed greatly with the President about many domestic policies he was then advocating. I took no part in the 1948 campaign; and, as I was out of public life, I determined to avoid political discussions. I did not publicly express my disagreement with the President about those issues.

I do not permit differences with personal friends about political issues to affect my friendships.

So far as I knew, the President's friendship for me remained as genuine as was my friendship for him.

But in 1949 there began to appear reports of a break in our relations. In June, 1949, Drew Pearson in a column wrote what was presented as a review of the Truman-Byrnes relations. He spoke of a rift. Among other things he stated that while I was in New York at the meeting of Foreign Ministers in December, 1945, I learned that the President intended to appoint General Marshall as Secretary of State. Pearson said I telephoned and wired protesting against that appointment and insisting that my resignation be accepted promptly.

I wrote Mr. Pearson I had never wired or telephoned the President about my resignation. I advised him I had spoken to the President about it only on two occasions, once in April and again in December, and that both conversations were most cordial. I stated that in the latter conversation I told the President the appointment of General Marshall would be excellent and would meet with general approval.

My letter to Mr. Pearson ended with this paragraph:

"I realize that the accuracy of your articles is dependent upon the reliability of the sources of your information. In this case your informant was unreliable. If he is a supposedly responsible official of government, I have fears for the future of the service with which he is connected."

I wrote the President about this letter. He replied, giving his opinion of several columnists and adding a postscript about speech I had made. In reply, I wrote:

Isle of Palms, S.C
July 9, 194

"Dear Mr. President:

I am sorry you added to your person note the postscript, 'Since your Washingto & Lee speech I know how Caesar felt whe he said, *"Et tu, Brute."'*

The implication is not pleasant and no justified. In that speech I spoke approvingl of the foreign policies of your administration. In discussing domestic policies I spok very critically of new programs seriousl proposed and of the danger of giving to much power to the state. I did not mentio you. I did not mention any one politica party. On the contrary my warning was fo lowed by the statement that 'each politica party tries to outpromise the other.' Yo may have regarded it as a criticism of yo because you have approved certain proposals pending in the Congress. But surel if a personal friend expresses criticism of proposal pending in the Congress which yo approve, or criticizes a proposal submitte by you, you are not going to consider it betrayal by your friend.

I hope you are not going to think of m as a Brutus, because I am no Brutus.

I hope you are not going to think of yourself as a Caesar, because you are no Caesa

With best wishes for your health and happiness, I am

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) James F. Byrnes
The President
The White House

Following this exchange of letters I hav not heard from the President except ind rectly. In response to a question at a pres conference about my running for governo of South Carolina in 1950, he told a pres conference that I could do as I d——— pleased.

The evidence seems plain that he becam offended with me not because of anythin I did or did not do while Secretary of State but because at Washington & Lee I oppose some of his domestic program. Since tha time, in the Jonathan Daniels book and no in the Hillman book, he appears determine to construct a record against me, withou regard for the facts. But not even the Pres dent of the United States has the right t substitute fiction for history.

Danger in Socialistic Trend

The opinions I expressed at Washingto & Lee were not "anti-Truman" in purpose I saw then, and still see, a dangerous movement toward a socialized existence for a Americans. My sense of duty toward m fellow Americans caused me to speak ou against the dangers of vast political an economic power centered in the federa government.

If we bring up a generation which look to Washington for the solution of state local and even personal problems, whic looks first for security instead of opportunity, and which is afraid of the chance and the responsibilities of life, we shall hav undermined the very foundation of liberty

There can be no substitute in a free society for individual courage, initiative and responsibility; for the obligations of communities and states to do all they can for themselves.

Freedom isn't free. It has to be worked for and earned by individuals. It will not be and cannot be bestowed by an all-powerful central government, however beneficent that government's motives may be.

I shall continue to express these views, and I shall continue to say that Americans should place loyalty to country above loyalty to any political party or any political candidate. Mr. Truman cannot understand that. THE END

At Governor Byrnes's request, his check in payment for this article has been sent to the James F. Byrnes Foundation For Orphan Children.

Honkytonk, U.S.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Some honkytonks cheat you before you re inside the door. A barker screams, The show is just going on"; you get inside nd find it may be hours before it begins. ut once in, you find yourself paying en-rtainment prices and the 20 per cent en-rtainment tax.

As you sit down in the gloom of a dim-t bar, you become conscious of hungry yes peering at you. When you become acustomed to the semidarkness you realize hat these eyes belong to girls, and you egin to feel like little Ivan on the back nd of a stalled sleigh, surrounded by slav-ing timber wolves.

Habits of the Lady Vulture

Because I couldn't in any fairness comlain about being clipped if I invited it, I ever summoned a girl to have a drink. ut one would usually cut out of the pack nd join me uninvited. They can be chased way, but it is a laborious job. I discovered hat they would go most quickly when I aid I was broke. But if you chase one for ny reason, another swoops down in a coule of minutes. The assumption is that no ne ever comes in to see the show. And if e says he did he'll have to struggle to rove it.

If you reply to a girl's greeting, the ollowing conversational gambit is used, ractically everywhere. The lady, in rapid uccession, asks four questions: "Where re you from; what do you do; are you narried; and have you any children?" hese are asked practically everywhere in he country, because practically everyhere in the country the girl is breaking he law by "mixing." It is illegal just about verywhere for performers to solicit drinks om strangers—and in some places, New ork for one, it is illegal for a performer to t with anybody, including her husband.

Inasmuch as the lady is breaking a lot f laws, she wants to break them with as nuch safety as possible. If her quarry diulges that he is from out of town, is mar-ed and has children, the hustler is happy. he can go the limit, positive that the hump will not complain on the morrow hen a great light dawns. He doesn't want is tale told in the home-town papers, and he little woman back home is likely to take dim view of the entire affair. (Most of he nonmilitary patrons seem to be married nd there is no typical age level. The social vel is generally high.)

Few of the girls are up on what's going n at the United Nations or the Philharnonic, so the conversation is likely to lag. Nevertheless, it's an important part of the irl's technique, for it enables her to discern uickly whether she has at hand a shy John" or an adventurous "John." "John" the trade term for a chump. If he is free-spending type he is a "Live ohn." If not, he's just a "John."

If, in time, a lovelight descends upon he John's eyes, and he proves to be a "live one," he is held at bay by a conversational gimmick that is widely used. She finds out his political leanings and argues for the opposition. When politics fails, religion is a sure thing.

Once the John has been cajoled or browbeaten into buying a drink, a wondrous performance begins. The bartender sets before the lady a whisky shot glass and a chaser. The chaser is one-quarter inch of dark soda pop in a tall glass. The barman pours out a drink of whisky and the girl takes it, straight. She follows immediately with the chaser.

The moment she sets down the chaser glass, the bartender whips it out of sight—and not because he's neat, either. If he left the chaser glass in view, you might be puzzled by the fact that there was now more soda pop in it than there was before the girl had her drink. That's because she actually drank nothing —neither the whisky nor the soda pop. She kept the whisky in her mouth and spat it into the chaser when she put the larger glass to her lips. In her argot, she is drinking "downs." And whenever you see that, no matter how or where you met the girl, you know she's working for the house and you'd best be on your way.

The word "whisky" is, of course, used here in the loosest possible sense. The stuff the girls "down" (and the John pays for) may be colored water, flat soda pop, or a vermouth that costs the house around 70 cents a bottle. In the latter case, if the lady's drink costs $1, the house has made a 30-cent profit on the first drink and practically 100 per cent profit on all drinks thereafter. Vermouth is often used because it has an alcoholic odor and lulls the suspicions of a John who asks to smell the drink. It is served in a miraculous shot glass that appears to have the capacity of a loving cup, but actually holds less than seven eighths of an ounce when filled.

Many places in the land are fearless about local police but are leery of the Alcohol Tax Unit maintained by Uncle Sam. So some New York dives serve cheap whisky for the girls to "down," a few Chicago places buy a special liquor which is about half normal strength and is almost as cheap as vermouth; and San Francisco and Miami sell crème de menthe frappés which consist of perhaps five *drops* of liquor in a glass full of "snow" ice. However, Chicago and Miami are basically vermouth pushers. And no matter what the drink, it gets returned to the chaser glass.

The girls tell amazing tales of the number of "downs" handled in an evening. When they get mixed up in large parties or with a Live John, they order doubles and even triples and boast of nights when they have got away with 200 or more. I saw one girl, whose John was semiconscious, handle 21 in an hour. His check must have been a beaut, what with drinks $1.25 each and the management fully aware of his inability to count beyond two.

The best time I saw for the short course I clocked in Miami. Two artistes took a completely sober, but lonely, merchant seaman for five pairs of drinks at $2.40 per round, two packages of cigarettes, and $1.50 tip for the bartender in 10 minutes. He had a 50-cent beer for himself—so his tab for fighting loneliness was $14.50, or $1.45 a minute.

The monetary return to the girl varies from town to town, and even from honkytonk to honkytonk. Only in New York is the strip-tease market so glutted that the girls must mix with the guests with practically no financial return. But if they do not hustle from opening until closing they are fired. I got in on a little girl-talk on Fifty-second Street one evening, and overheard a dancer tell the rest of the cast, "Nuts to this! I'm going back to Chicago. If I have to drink with these creeps I want to get paid for it."

In Chicago she can expect between 15 and 30 cents a drink. Baltimore is a bad town; there she'd get only 10 to 15 cents. Miami and Key West are pretty good (25 to 30 cents). But the best town in the land is old New Orleans, where a girl gets a 50 per cent cut of her own bill. And if she steers a John to a spot where she is *not* employed, a grateful management splits the full tab with her. The bartender keeps accounts, and immediately prior to departing the girl retires to the ladies' room and sends out the maid to collect what is due.

I watched this happen on Bourbon Street early of a morning. The place was almost empty: just me, the hustler and her victim —and a New Orleans policeman, who didn't see what went on, because he was busy stealing paper napkins!

Most Miami and New Orleans places make the bartender keep books for the girls, but the general practice elsewhere involves the ingenious use of wooden mixing sticks. When a drink is served to a customer and his leech, a stick is dropped in each glass; his is blank and hers has the name of the club stamped on it. She surreptitiously sneaks the stamped stick into a pocketbook—or, in a few spots, breaks off the stamped portion of the stick and drops it into the front of her dress. (The sticks are jagged, and when I pointed out the dangers of this method to a Key West wren she showed me a small change purse sewed into her dress.)

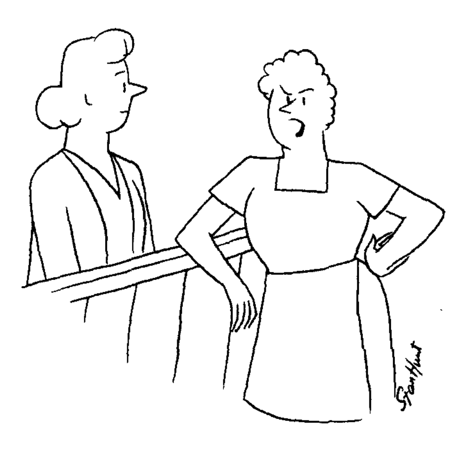
A few places use dice cups bearing each girl's name. Every time she earns a fee, the bartender tosses a token into the cup. Brass checks worth 40 cents each are tossed openly to the *señoritas* of Ciudad Juárez, Mexico, who flip them into change purses carried in the Key West manner. In the wee hours, when three or four of these charmers are dancing a wild flamenco, the orchestra can barely be heard over the clatter of brass.

Luring a John to a Dark Spot

The combination of a thirsty hustler and a shortchanging bartender can be shockingly expensive at the bar, but the masterpieces are performed at the tables. When contact is made at the bar, the lady starts a campaign to get the operations moved to a spot where the lights are even dimmer and the opportunities for stealing even greater. The lady speaks alluringly of the comfort of the darkened rear, or, in the case of shy Johns, of the food available. (Any girl who touts a John onto honkytonk food knows no conscience whatever.)

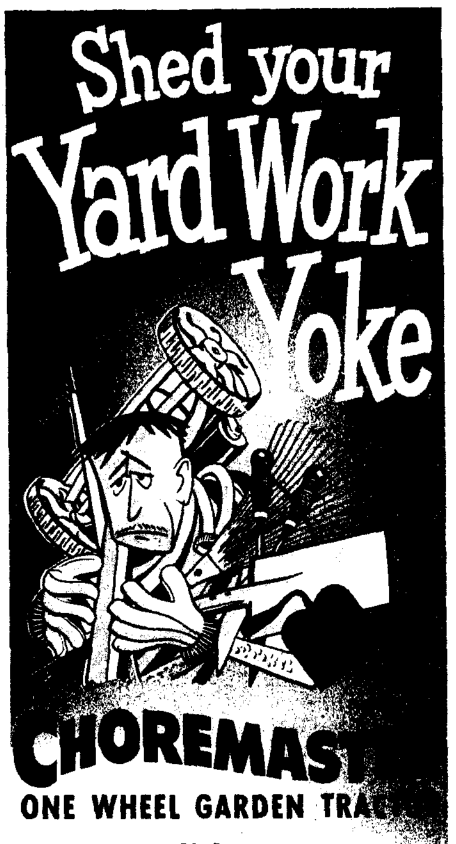
Once you go back, you've had it. If you're in the kind of place that requires payment after each round, you find the prices have gone up and that you are pledged to a certain number of rounds. You don't learn this, however, until after you have committed yourself by ordering.

And, for an education in legerdemain, just watch your waiter! He can perform miracles with his tray. If you allow your money to rest on the table for a few seconds, he will momentarily set his tray atop the pile. When he lifts it, at least one bill is stuck to the bottom of the tray—which he thoughtfully has dampened beforehand. Or he may return most of your change in a wet tray. The silver slips all over, it's too dark to see it, and your lady friend is doing everything she can to distract you. And of course, honkytonk waiters shortchange with awesome gall and



"I don't like to repeat gossip but what else can you do with it?"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT



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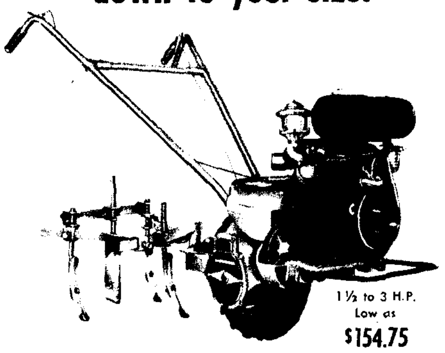

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skill. But count yourself lucky, anyhow, if you have to pay after each round. The *joints* where the check is presented at the evening's end generally ad-lib as many drinks as they think you can stand—and there are ways to find out what you can stand. Every time a wallet comes out in a honkytonk, at least one pair of practiced eyes looks at it. If the house is worried about your financial stability, a waiter may say, "We are changing our books, sir. Would you mind paying this check now?" As you pay, the house tries to get a workable idea of how much more you can spend. And you can be almost certain that the final check you get will be the same one you paid when "the books were changed"—plus later charges.

When two or more gentlemen fight for the check at night's end, many houses willingly oblige them all. While Jones is dancing or otherwise occupied, Smith pays and gets his change pronto. Then, while Smith is busy, Jones gets the check all over again. In the case of real drunks, the check may be presented two or three times for payment.

Some spots use the 20 per cent amusement tax as an additional gimmick for larceny. The tax is included *in* each *itemized* drink—and again when the bill is presented. Thus, if the bill is for, say $70 (tax included), penciled very lightly under that sum would be "Tax $14." This addition is later erased. Any time you get a check on which the final total is lightly written, add it up. (Too many Americans don't add checks. They think it makes them look sissified.)

A whole chapter could be written on the subject of personal checks. Some *honkytonks* won't accept them because they are potential evidence. Others are afraid they'll bounce. But many places take checks on the sound ground that when a chump is paying a $96.45 bill for two bucks' worth of liquor, the risk of getting a rubber check is worth taking. These dives usually get the victim to surrender all his cash and then accept a check for the difference. If a boniface accepts your check and then inadvertently tears it and asks for *another, write it.* Next *morning,* send a wire to your bank to stop payment on *both* checks. Chances are pretty good there will be two; it's easy for the boss to palm your first offering and tear a blank.

Many Ways to Steal Wallets

If the house determines you have money in any impressive amount, and you want to depart, many things can happen. The commonest, fortunately, is simply a well-padded check. But a slug of chloral hydrate can put you to sleep, all the better to pick your pockets. Or—and this is a specialty of the house in many New York dives—you may be tripped. Three pairs of helping hands are immediately available to help you to your feet. Two pairs lift and jostle, and the other pair gets your wallet.

Bartenders *in most* honkytonks are first-class shortchange artists. They fold bills so that one looks like two. They add your money before your eyes, twice, and then tap it smartly against the rim of the bar, prior to presenting a neat pile of bills. As he taps, the barman lets a few bills flutter down in back of the dim-lit bar. The customer, having seen the money counted twice, is not likely to count it a third time.

Bartenders even know how to steal from clients who are too drunk to be served. The drunk frequently proffers his money when he orders a drink. The barman takes the money and retires to the other end of the bar. Later, when the customer demands his drink, the barman says, "I'm sorry, sir. You are too drunk. We'd lose our license." The drunk, fired with indignation, usually departs, often leaving the bill he gave the bartender. A barman also can pick a bill off a pile with the wet bottom of a glass or beer bottle.

But the honkytonk bartender can go beyond larceny. He is frequently a maimer and a killer. It is the bartender, nine times out of ten, who delivers the Mickey Finn and the knockout drops. The first can do terrific damage, the second can kill; both are stand-bys of the honkytonk industry.

The Mickey Finn has many trade names —"Mickey," "Mickola," "Intestinal Hotfoot," "The Heavyweight Champion of the World" and others. In liquid form, the Mickey is about half a teaspoonful of croton oil. The more popular powder is a mixture of jalap and milk sugar. It is mixed in a drink—whisky and a short soda is best; beer is poorest because it clouds up—and in 20 minutes or less the victim is in excruciating agony. The pain is complicated by the body's efforts to throw off the poison in every possible manner.

The Mickey is served to get rid of a nuisance, or a man who has been robbed and is about to raise a storm. Knockout drops, which are chloral hydrate, are served to keep him on the premises for the purpose of robbery. Chloral hydrate is a soporific and is fatal in excess dosage. If you are lucky enough to survive knockout drops you may almost wish you hadn't, so severe are the head pains when you wake up. New Orleans honkytonks have a way with knockout drops. The administration of these doses is called "shell-roading," from the old custom of dumping victims out on the edges of town where the shell roads began. The New Orleans label for a Mickey is "shoofly powder."

It is fitting that New Orleans, home of the most recent publicly recorded knockout-drops death, should also be the stamping grounds of the nation's most determined sucker. He is a Texas millionaire who has three times of record been found wandering in the dawn, his purse and extensive jewelry gone, his head splitting as an aftermath of a chloral hydrate dose. He was taken for $800 in cash and $18,500 worth of jewelry once; $19,000 in jewelry and unspecified cash a second time; and unspecified cash and baubles the third time. The only arrest to date has been a false one; a poor old Skid Row bum found the Texan wandering helplessly in Jackson Square and was pinched while steering him back to his hotel.

The lightheaded little trollops working honkytonks speak proudly of the social standing and sophistication of their clients. Besides the three-time loser from Texas, there is *the millionaire* laundry magnate who scored a sensational success in that hard-fisted industry but is now the toast of every clip joint in New *York and Miami.*

The public prints recently recorded the tale of a New York traveling salesman who was victimized by a couple of harpies in Chicago. He came wandering back to his hotel with the dawn and without a nickel. When the knockout drops wore off, he went to the cops. That is a rarity, because most people in his situation are fearful that the full story will be made public by their home-town newspapers. *This was precisely what* happened to the salesman. But the Chicago cops did arrest four girls and a man.

Anybody who ever worked on a newspaper knows photographers, by and large, as a cynical, hard-bitten, savvy crew. But in Miami Beach I watched a distinguished cameraman being toted into our mutual hotel at four forty-five in the morning, having just been clipped for his entire roll, $115.47. Earlier, we had parted after a mild argument in which the lensman had insisted, "Nobody with any brains gets clipped in a honkytonk." I had told him of a couple of joints where I had seen smart-looking chumps being outwitted. He'd gone to one of these places just to prove they couldn't do that to him.

We *Americans* are sometimes accused of a lack of sophistication. It is probably true, but much of the prosperity of some New York honkytonks can be traced to the wild shenanigans of foreign tourists. And in Miami I watched a well-tailored chap, who announced he was the son of an earl, get clipped for what he estimated was $136 in "terribly bad champagne." He complained and got tossed out on his royal ear.

It is rare that a victim becomes as irate as the Englishman; when he does, he, like the Englishman, hasn't got much chance. In New York, word of trouble in one dive brings volunteer assistance from every other joint in the vicinity. Calumet City, Illinois, perhaps the nastiest town in the land, permits bouncers to dress in uniforms that barely differ from police-department attire. Soldiers naïve enough to complain in Phenix City, Alabama, often are arrested and charged with drunkenness by the local gendarmery. The thousands of troops at Fort Bliss, Texas, get the same treatment when they visit nearby Juárez.

But every so often some hero succeeds in avenging a clipping. I discovered a few such instances: a Chicagoan trailed a lady to her hotel and splattered her crockery all over the restaurant floor. A New York sailor flattened a wren he caught steali $20 from his bar change, commentin "All you had to do was ask for it, honey And a Miami performer worked over Live John for three nights, until he ran lo on cash, whereupon she shifted her atte tions to somebody more solvent. The fir John waited until she entered her expensi car and emptied a .32 into it. His mark manship was not of the best.

I soon worked up a most ungallant at tude toward these females, who prey soldiers, sailors and workingmen as well rich suckers, and who have a fine, descri tive name for themselves: Barracudas. E ery one of these vicious fish I questione insisted that she was, first of all, a pe former—but then added that if she didn hustle the customers between shows sh didn't work, and if she didn't work sh didn't eat. In short, just a poor, honest gi making a living the only way she could.

In the "Help Wanted" Column

That's sheer nonsense, of course. In e ery town I visited, the daily newspapers ca ried long columns of advertisements callin for unskilled female labor at entirely livab wages. And although most dives won't hi a girl who doesn't "mix," there's a certai freedom of choice even in this respect.

"Seventy-five per cent of the girls hav to hustle to keep their jobs," I was told b Henry Dunn, prior to his recent resignatio as *National Administrative Secretary* of th American Guild of Variety Artists, to whic most night-club entertainers of all kinds be long. "But 25 per cent do it because the want to, and for no other reason."

Hustling, besides being illegal in mo towns, is forbidden by AGVA rules, bu Dunn had an answer to that. He told Ernie Fast, AGVA branch manager in Sa Francisco, who addressed a membershi meeting and said, "These clubs are forcin you girls to mix. I can stop them and I wil Just refuse to mix and report the matter t me." The *chairwoman, a stripper,* broug her gavel down sharply, and, with a fine di dain for Robert's Rules of Order, made motion: "I move that we fire Mr. Fast. H ought to mind his own business."

AGVA bluntly blames the girls. "We' act," it says. "But we haven't had any com plaints." The girls blame AGVA and th club owners. "If we complain," one gi told me, "AGVA goes through the motion but does nothing and the owners put us on black list." Citizens interested in elimina ing honkytonks in their towns usually blam the police. The cops seem to blame the vi tims. An honest and efficient Chicago de tective said, "I'm supposed to worry abou some chump who blows $120 in a dive whe I haven't got 50 bucks to pay the rent?"

There are signs that some towns are fin ing honkytonks irksome on the grounds o lewdness. Boston has just banished nigh club strippers. Chicago, where they are major industry, is trying to crimp their ac tivities with censorship. Variety, the bib of show business, said early this year th there were 40 peel parlors in and aroun Miami. A month later Judge Walter Bec han of that city, a recognized national authority on juvenile delinquency, suggested a connection between the rising frequency of attacks on women and children and the increase in strip-tease honkytonks. He asked the cops to do something about it. Even New Orleans officially recognized the hazards of Bourbon Street, with the announcement that extra police would be assigned there on festive nights.

Most of these actions are being taken on grounds of *immorality.* It is hard to see why a lady who takes off her clothes in public is more immoral, or *illegal,* than one who abets and participates in larceny. But, no matter what the grounds, the honkytonk racket—a vicious blot on two clean and decent industries, show business and tavern tending—undoubtedly rates liquidation.

Who would suffer from such a move? Owners, bouncers, untalented performers and Mickey Finn salesmen. And, as they say in show business, who needs *them?* THE END

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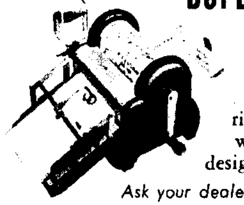

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Hollywood Natural

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Robert Surtees, cinematographer for The Light Touch, that holds no secrets. "It has a quality of transparency so delicate," says Surtees, "that for the first time in my career I ordered a leading lady to wear no make-up"—a happy decision for Pier since she hates to wear make-up and has never used it.

Fred Zinnemann, director of Teresa and two such sensitive films as The Search and The Men, remarks on the astonishing transformation Pier undergoes on film. "She has," he says, "a God-given ability to transmit emotion without seeming to do anything—and an unerring instinct for the truth. Oddly, in long shots she is a nearly meaningless figure. But the closer you bring the camera, the more you get back. In close-up, she is tremendous."

Secrets the Camera Reveals

The peculiar paradox the camera finds in her is merely a reflection of a basic contradiction in Pier—a strange mingling of naïveté and wisdom, of maturity and a genuine childlike nature, which has greatly complicated the task of those who have worked with her. Getting her to kiss her leading man, for example, has proved to be a real problem, and she is subject to the kind of temperamental reactions usually associated with children.

"I don't like to grow up," Pier says, her voice very quiet. "I saw many things before I was thirteen that nobody saw in their whole life—and I had to understand them all by myself. We grew up too fast during the war, in Italy. Now I just want to be young and have fun."

So she has fun, in precisely the way a little child would. When the young actress first came to this country more than a year ago, with her mother and two sisters—her twin Marisa and three-year-old Patrizia—she explored the M-G-M studio with timid delight, as if she had climbed over a convent wall and were seeing the world outside for the first time. During filming of The Light Touch, studio visitors were often startled to see the leading lady sucking a lollipop or singing nursery rhymes to a doll.

Pier's bedroom is crowded with her collection of 27 dolls and toy animals; some of them, including a shiny red cat given her by her father some years ago, she takes wherever she goes. She has, too, a kid's fondness for Western trappings. One of her first purchases, on arriving in this country last year, was a cowboy suit and a pair of gleaming cap pistols. Arrayed in this costume, she shot it out with mythical badmen all over her New York hotel apartment.

Although movie directors have overcome her initial refusal to kiss before the cameras, the fight has been a frenzied one and still is going on to some degree.

During the making of Tomorrow Is Too Late, De Sica, who starred in the film, pleaded with her to kiss young Gino Leurini, who played opposite her. "Please, Pier," he said desperately, "don't be silly. What is it—just one little kiss?" She held her ground and didn't succumb until the entire production crew started heckling her. While the first part of Teresa—an American picture independently produced by Arthur Loew—was being shot on location in Italy, director Fred Zinnemann had wild thoughts of abandoning the film entirely, after Pier made endless attempts, even affecting ill health, to avoid an embrace with John Ericson, who played her husband.

Directors have also learned to their sorrow that the young actress is easily crushed by a cross word or by lack of attention. After the showing of the first rushes of Teresa in Italy, Stewart Stern, who wrote the screen play and was coauthor of the original story, was awakened in the middle of the night by a frantic call from Pier's mother. Pier, she said, was strangely ill and weeping.

Sleepily, Stern mulled over the day's events. By this time, he knew Pier pretty well, and he suddenly remembered that no one had praised her performance after the rushes. Equipped with a five-pound box of candy, he sloshed through the rainy streets to Pier's apartment, and for two hours, while she lay with her head under a pillow, tried to tell her she was wonderful. Finally, she peered out sheepishly, and accepted the peace offering.

Months later, when the company had come to the United States for the final shooting of the film in New York, Stern visited the family at the Plaza Hotel. On the dresser, battered and smudged, sat the five-pound box of candy, its ribbon still intact. When Stern asked why she had never eaten the candy, Pier replied, "Oh, no—I can't do that. I keep it for remembrance you were so good to me."

When Pier tells of her triumphs, big or little, she claps her hands in glee. But when she talks of sad things, her voice sinks lower and lower, and she asks: "We do not have to talk of these things—no?" At times like these, she becomes watchful and grave, as if waiting for something, and suddenly one sees a much older person—the adult woman Pier is afraid to become.

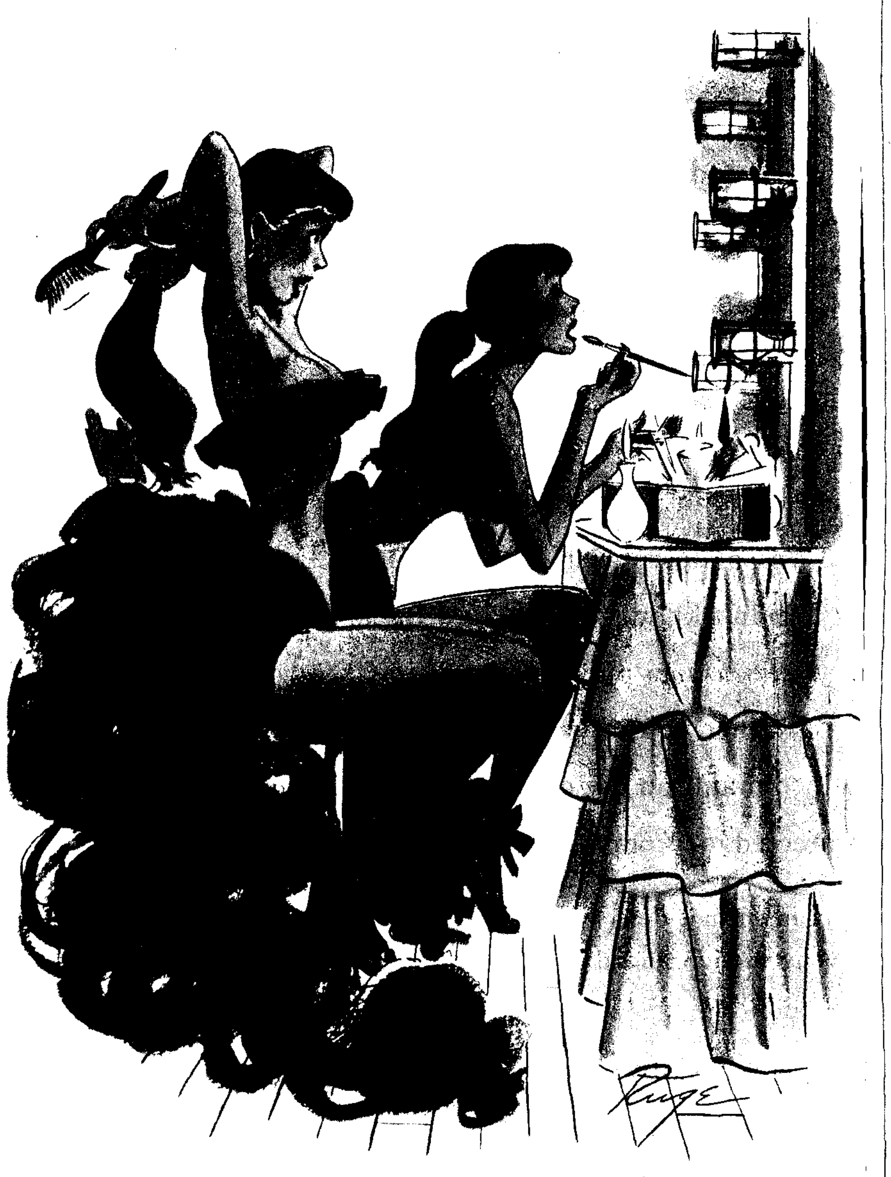
If today Pier sometimes acts like a babe in the wood, it is because she has been in the wood and has seen there things that have frightened her—the blank eyes of a friend whose entire family had been wiped out by a bomb; the wild crowd in Milan (where she was visiting) firing bullets into the body of Mussolini as it hung head down from a beam. "At that moment, I hated everybody," Pier remembers. "If Mussol should be killed, all right, kill him. But not do these things. Then people are li animals."

But childhood for Pier was other, mc pleasant, things too. It was the pinki brown stucco apartment house near t king's Villa Savoia in Rome, where s lived for sixteen years. It was the near Parco Virgiliano, its trees hung with c ored lights, where children could ride dc keys and eat ices and play under t umbrellas around the lake. It was the str fountain where icy water trickled into ancient bronze basin with a steady "din which Pier could hear as she lay in bed night, and still remembers vividly. It w eleven o'clock Mass at the Church of S Saturnino; the 45 singing birds in the ca in the apartment hallway; the smell cooking *lasagne* (a favorite dish of stuff noodles) when she came home frc school; the face of her nervous, laughi father, who died of a stroke more than year ago at the age of forty-one.

Recollections of Her Father

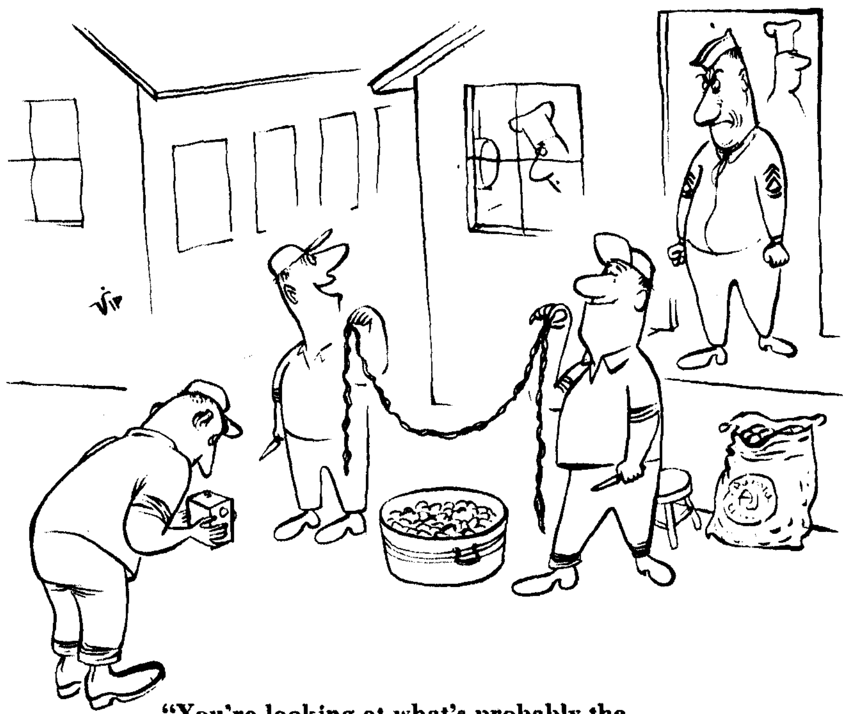
Born Anna Maria Pierangeli on June 1 1932, in Sardinia, Pier moved to Ror with her family two years later, when h father, a well-known architect and en neer, had completed a marsh-draini project on the island.

Pier's earliest recollections center around her father. She likes to believe that she understood and was closer to him than anyone else. Because she hated the heavy furniture and brocades of their apartment,



COLLIER'S "I don't know whether she was merely being polite, but she agreed with every nasty thing I said about Janet" JOHN RUGE

VIP'S WAR



"You're looking at what's probably the world's longest unbroken potato peel"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

he designed her bedroom in gay colors, with pots of pansies on the window sill and a yellow ball suspended from the ceiling. And on week ends she used to go to soccer games with him and root for the Rome team.

"My father," says Pier, "was quick to be angry, quick to laugh. He was very open. If he liked you, he said, 'I like you.' I am that way too. My mother and Marisa are more inside."

Pier admits that her closeness to her father may have been the cause of some of the intense rivalry that has always existed between herself and her twin, an olive-skinned, dark-eyed girl who looks not in the least like her sister. "We quarreled often," Pier remembers. "If I say green, she say red. If I say big, she say little." This led to further disputes at school, where Marisa excelled, but Pier—aside from drawing and poetry—was a lackadaisical student who often fell asleep in arithmetic class. Somehow Pier blames Marisa for the fact that at exams she had to rely on slips of paper from friends in distant corners of the room. "To cheat," she says, resentfully, "was very difficult."

Dogs in Lieu of Friends

Brought up as rigorously as in a convent, the girls had few friends. So Pier turned to the company of animals, picking up one stray dog after another in the street and secreting it in her room until her parents discovered the mutt and sent it on its way. After losing 17 dogs, Pier changed to cats. After 25 cats had come and gone, Mama Pierangeli finally called a truce by promising to *buy* a dog if Pier improved at school. To Pier, it was her first major triumph.

"It was a very big situation when I got this dog," she recalls. "He was so beautiful, with all white underneath and a light brown silky fur and big tail, big ears. That night when my father put the key in the door, the dog barked and my father slapped his hand on his head and said, 'Oh, no! After 17 dogs, no!' Of course, in a few days, he like the little dog very much. And when I walk with him in the street I go with my nose in the air like he was the only dog in all Rome."

In June, 1940, when she was eight, Mussolini made his fateful declaration of war, and her gossamer world collapsed. By the time she was 12, she knew what it meant to go without meals, and to lie awake night after night wondering if her mother would ever return from food-foraging expeditions into the country. Walking in the street, she had seen a Jewish boy shot in cold blood by a Nazi, and had fled screaming from a German soldier who accosted and pursued her until she found shelter with a strange Italian family. She and Marisa still carried their dolls with them into the bomb shelter, but now the dolls' empty heads contained the family's trinkets of gold and silver.

With the start of Allied bombings, violence became an everyday thing. One bomb blast threw Pier from the hallway across the width of her room. Her father came home another afternoon, stunned and bruised after lying unconscious for two hours from an explosion which had killed part of his staff. Pier still remembers the calmness with which her mother faced the bombings. Frequently Mama Pierangeli paid no attention to the sirens, but stayed in the kitchen and cooked, while the planes passed overhead. "If we die, we die," she said. "It is destiny. We die here as well as in the *refugio*."

Every day, Pier continued to go to school by herself, walking through the rubble-strewn streets and hiding in doorways or bomb shelters when the planes came.

Shortly before Easter of 1944, Pier fell ill of a strange fever, caused partly by malnutrition, partly by the shocks of war. For three months, weak and exhausted, she lay in bed. She had just begun to walk again when, on June 4th, the first American tanks rolled into the Parco Virgiliano. For Pier, at least, the war had ended, and with it went the childhood she has found so hard to forget.

Although she had always loved the theater, and often went to the opera with her parents to weep copiously through such heart-wringers as La Bohème, it never occurred to Pier that she would one day be a part of it. At ten, she had sung Little Cat, Why Did You Die, a popular Italian song of that year, so successfully at a Rome radio audition that the director wanted to sign her up as a student. But Pier shrank from any attempts to take her out of her rigorously secluded family life.

Mama Pierangeli was less reluctant. It was with her cautious assistance that in 1948, at the age of sixteen, Pier was taken to tea at the house of a retired actress, Rena di Liguoro, to meet the French producer-director Léonide Moguy. For years, Moguy had put off making the film Tomorrow Is Too Late, in the hope that he would find the perfect, rare combination for the leading role—an actress who, although an adolescent, had a depth of understanding far beyond her age.

Pier remembers the shock of that first meeting. Not knowing the purpose of the tea, she was completely unprepared for the appearance of the director, and she was astonished when he announced at once, "This is my girl—this is Mirella." Pier shrank into the couch when Moguy asked her to take off her coat and shoes and walk about the room. And when he thrust a script at her and asked that she read a few lines, she burst into tears and ran out. When the impatient director telephoned several days later and invited Pier to meet his family, she refused. "What?" she asked suspiciously. "Again take off my shoes? No, I don't like that!"

A Lesson in the Facts of Life

But Moguy persisted and Pier finally gave in. For weeks she went to his house each day with her mother before Moguy finally told her the story of his film. Pier was so impressed—"It was the story of my life," she says—that she read one scene and agreed to do a test. It was then the director discovered that Pier had no conception of the adult facts of life. Told that the heroine in the film thought she was going to have a baby because she kissed a boy, Pier asked calmly, "Well, is it not true?"

Pier is still grateful to Moguy for the tact with which he explained her error, and made her understand the truth. "He was so nice," she says. "He explain to me with flowers and little things, and little by little I begin to understand. I left his house with my mother and I laughed for the first time since I could remember, because I thought love must be wonderful. When I come home and sit at the table my father look at me and say, 'What is the matter with you—are you crazy?' But I say, 'Today is a big day for me.' I think that was the first day I was really happy in my life."

Pier did the test in competition with 25 other girls, then went on to make the picture under the guidance of De Sica, who, although appearing as star, was instrumental, because of his experience in working with children, in the direction and original conception of the film.

For the first time in her life, Pier knew the excitement of appearing before a camera. "When the scenes begin, I change completely," she recalls, almost with amazement. "I was not Pier Angeli. Like when you drink cold, cold water and you feel it run like ice inside. I felt I was another girl, not me."

Many months later, in Venice, Pier sat in a theater box, flanked by Moguy and De Sica, when it was announced that Tomorrow Is Too Late had won the prize as the best Italian film of the year, and her portrayal, the prize as the best Italian woman's performance of the year. "Moguy cried, De Sica cried, I cried—it was wonderful!" says Pier. "They gave me flowers and a scroll and a big cup and big, big actresses like Anna Magnani come and kiss me. Afterward there were fireworks and I had to lead the dance at the banquet of the journalists. And I think, it is impossible, I am too little, why everybody so nice? Ooh, I was in the sky!"

As a result of that performance, Pier was interviewed by Stewart Stern and finally chosen from 300 other girls to play the leading role in Teresa.

Over restaurant tables with Stern, Fred Zinnemann and Arthur Loew she experimented with her first English words—knife, fork, plate, table, water. Before her final test she was sent alone with an English-speaking teacher into the Italian countryside, where she was forced to ask for food in English—or not eat. Unhappy, and full of hatred for the English language, she ran from the house when, two weeks later, a car pulled into the driveway. In it was a solitary Italian driver who told her she must come to Rome to make her test.

"I said that I can't," Pier remembers. "I can't make this picture for all the gold in

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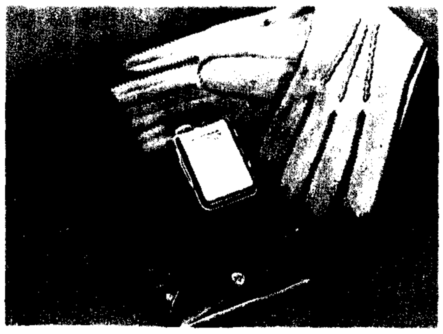

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the world. I am not ready. But the driver said, yes, you must because they are waiting for you. I told him these American people are crazy and he said, yes, they are like that but what can you do? So I went to Rome and made the test."

The last three months of production on Teresa, during the summer of 1950, were spent in New York. Pier, on the strict orders of Papa Pierangeli, was accompanied by her mother. At the end, despite the fact that she was by then under long-term contract to Arthur Loew (an agreement which has since been turned over to M-G-M), she persuaded Loew to let her return to Italy, so she could see her father and make her second Italian film, Tomorrow Is Another Day, for Léonide Moguy.

Pier finished her last scenes in New York on a Saturday. The next Wednesday she began work in Italy. Ten days later she was on location outside Rome, preparing to play her own death scene in the film, when she was summoned home by the news that her father had had a stroke. She arrived just before he died. That afternoon, because she felt it was what her father would have wanted, she went back to work and did the death scene in the picture. "Even now," says Pier, "I cannot realize it. Sometimes when I have troubles or I want help I hear his voice talk to me, 'Anna, work, be good.' I do not think he is dead. I do not think so."

Although her family has now lived in Hollywood for nearly a year, Mrs. Pierangeli, an attractive thirty-nine-year-old woman, is still bewildered by the responsibility of caring for her family amid strange surroundings. Confused by a country in which carefully delineated social strata do not exist, Mrs. Pierangeli at first thought it necessary to live in a huge house; she nearly rented an old 14-room mansion, but was happily dissuaded. The family now lives in a relatively unpretentious stucco house near Beverly Hills.

Accustomed to the sterner customs of the Old World, Mrs. Pierangeli still looks with a suspicious eye on the freedom given most young Americans. Not until three months ago did she allow Pier to go out on her first unchaperoned date, with Arthur Loew, Jr.

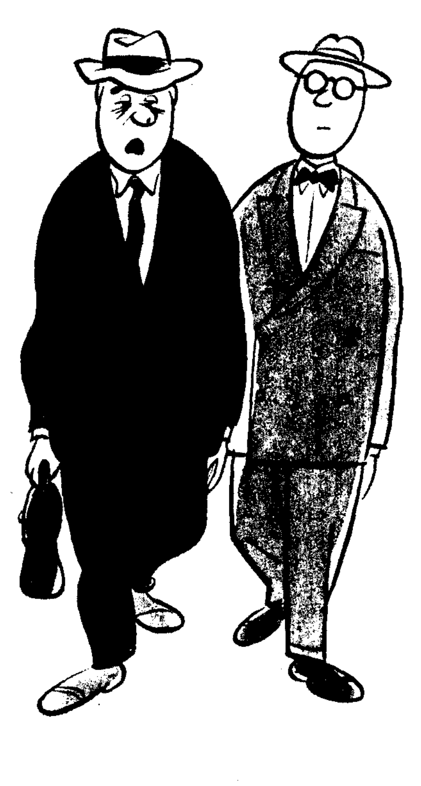
Too Few Young Folks at Party

The twins' nineteenth birthday party at the Beverly Hills Hotel was a spectacular affair, complete with champagne and double birthday cakes. But of the 30 people who came, including such dignitaries as the local Italian consul and assorted Metro executives, there were only three guests the twins' age—Richard Anderson, Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds, all young players from the studio.

Pier, who likes to sing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, and practices jitterbugging in private, evaluates her American friends with more realism than her mother does. "A girl of my age in Italy," she says, "is not grown up outside, but she is grown up inside. Here is just opposite. Also here the boys begin life very young. They have cars and girl friends, they smoke and they drink, and they say so many things they don't mean. In Italy, the boy is more serious, more poetic, he knows how to say things to a girl. The American boy grabs you and says 'Hey, you want to dance—come on!' But I like it."

Among Pier's new friends are young French movie star Leslie Caron and her husband, and John Barrymore, Jr. And she has kept her fondness for animals. She has had two dogs since coming to America—a black poodle named Romi and her current pet, a collie named Duke, a son of Lassie.

During all the recent years of Pier's success, her twin Marisa remained in the background. Her early desire to be a ballet dancer had been firmly squelched by her father, and Marisa was forced to sit quietly by while the press and producers lavished attention on her sister. When Mrs. Pierangeli went with Pier on location trips, it was Marisa who stayed at home, Cinderella fashion, to supervise the household. Today, Marisa reluctantly confesses that it often troubled her. "I always watched Pier's career like a good friend," she says. "But sometimes I thought fortune had forgotten me, and it was in my mind very much."



"I felt fine this morning until I woke up . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

After the family's arrival in Hollywood, however, the studios were delighted to discover that Pier's twin was no ugly duckling. Less fragile than her sister, Marisa has a Romanesque beauty that immediately caught the attention of the studios. She recently played her first movie role as a seventeen-year-old French girl in director John Ford's new version of What Price Glory at 20th Century-Fox. Now embarked on her own career under the name of Marisa Pavan, she has been signed to a long-term contract with Fox.

With Marisa also on her way to success, many of the tensions between the twins have relaxed. Whenever possible, they dr by to see each other on the sets where th are working. But Marisa prefers not to photographed with her twin. "I want build my own career, myself—not as Pie sister," she explains.

Some of Pier's friends wish that s shared the more serious interests of h sister, who is now reading such writers Ibsen, O'Neill and Steinbeck. "Pier al must learn from the wider world," said o friend recently. "She must learn from lif not just from acting and intuition. She do not care enough about what goes on the world around her, or what the headlin say. She is still too much concerned wi childish things."

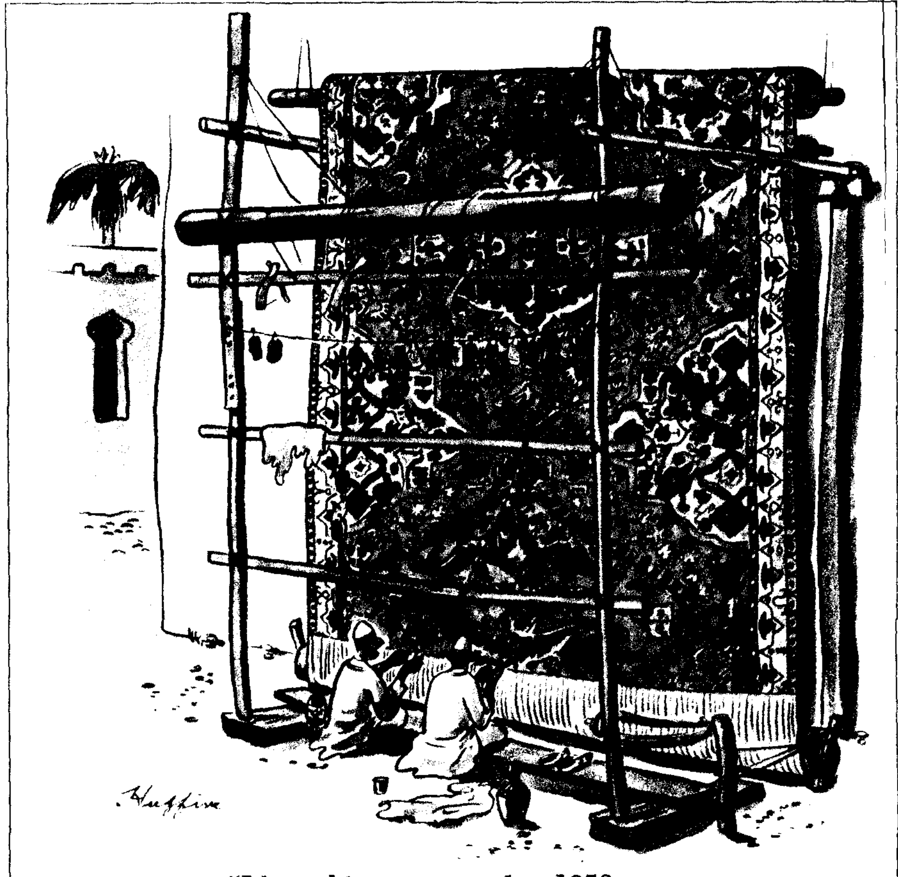
Friends Fear for Her Talent

These same friends also worry that Pie talent may be lost in an industry whi "makes too many pictures of the glands a not enough of the heart," or that she m be crushed by the juggernaut of Hol wood's assembly-line production syste But Pier herself does not share the qualms. "I do not work to buy a mi coat," she says. "I want to work to be goo every time better. I will not change and a doll with make-up. I love my country a *my people too much to make the* ashamed."

Those who have watched the rehearsa of her new films—the picture she has ju made with Gene Kelly in Germany, The Devil Makes Three, and Equilibrium, one part of a trilogy to be filmed under the title of Three Love Stories—have seen no lessening of her standards.

Meanwhile, like any nineteen-year-old, Pier is filled with the excitement of her success. But sometimes she is overwhelmed with homesickness; she hopes that someday while she is on location in Europe, there will be time to return briefly to Rome. And yet, she knows that it will all be different.

"When we moved away from that house on the Via Nemorense everything changed," she said not long ago. "Before, everything was simple and the family was together. Now we are in a strange country among nice people, but strange. I wish that for just five minutes I could go back to that old house, but I cannot. All the little things I had in my childhood I can never have again in my life. It is very sad—no?" THE END



COLLIER'S "It's rushing to meet that 1959 deadline that's wearing us out!" DAVID HUFFINE

Truly a Trouper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

ıce a movie director shouted at O'Conır. He has since refused to do three picres with the man, somewhat to the rector's bewilderment.

If this is temperament, it's of the mildt variety, for Donald regards his multiicity of talents with rigid impartiality and ıcere modesty.

Of his dancing he says: "I had to pick it , a knockabout, spontaneous kind of ing—without even any practice in the d days. There was no time to try out a utine, doing four shows a day, 52 weeks year. You just went out and did it."

As a Song-and-Dance Hamlet?

So far as acting goes, Donald is a throwvay expert. Give him a line and he will spose of it neatly with a toss-off—but his livery sticks in the audience mind. He nerally loses the girl and does it so nicely at no one minds; on the rare occasions hen he wins her, he is both joyous and nfused by his great good luck. He does t kid himself that he is a great Thespian. ure, I'd like to do Hamlet," says Dond, "but where can you fit in a song and ınce? On the battlements, maybe?"

One of Donald's mild worries lies in the act that he has become associated so firmly in films with Francis, the talking mule. As Peter Stirling, he has played straight to the animal's wisecracks for so long that he thinks the public may permanently typecast him as a mule's side-kick. He will be seen in at least two more pictures with Francis for Universal-International—Francis Covers the Big Town and Francis Goes to West Point—both of which have already been filmed. Then he is tentatively slated, with Gene Kelly and possibly Van Johnson, for one of the leads in Brigadoon for M-G-M and is wistfully hoping that he and Judy Garland, an old cinema girl friend, will do Finian's Rainbow together. Meanwhile, just to keep busy, he is anticipating a musical on Broadway and starting his own record firm.

O'Connor is what is known in the trade as a "sweet guy." This is an accolade not lightly given by show people. It means that he knows and minds his business; that he has little or no temperament; and that he never forgets a pal. When someone pointed out to him, recently, the high esteem in which he is held by his colleagues, Donald muttered in some embarrassment, "I've got a wonderful background, maybe that's it."

Maybe it is. O'Connor is a trouper; at the blithe age of twenty-six plus, he has spent more than a quarter of a century on stage.

He was sired by one of the most famous family acts in vaudeville. His father, John Edward (Chuck) O'Connor, a chunky fellow with magnificent muscles, was one of the great circus acrobats with Ringling Brothers. Chuck made a specialty of bouncing on a trampolin and over four medium-sized elephants. It was his pleasure to demonstrate that two opposing teams of Percheron horses could not pull his folded arms apart.

Donald's mother, Effie Irene Crane, was a dancer and bareback rider. She and his father met at a show in Washington, Pennsylvania, and three days later were married. The groom was twenty-six, the bride fourteen.

O'Connor *père* was also a singer, comic dancer, trapeze artist, and a legitimate actor in such heartthrobbers as David Harum. He was, moreover, a great hunter and automobile enthusiast who liked to jump his family from stand to stand across the country in a black-and-mud Reo Speedwagon which he continually had to heave barehanded out of near-impassable roads. He included a passel of hounds and a clutch of guns in the baggage, and if he saw likely shooting country he would pull up, give the wheel to Effie and vanish for a week or so.

By the time Donald was born, the O'Connor act had long been a family affair. It was famous on the boards under various titles: The Crane Family, The O'Connor Family, and—for high-class engagements—The Montague Family or The Nelson Comiques.

It was composed of Chuck and Effie; Jack (John Edward II), then sixteen; Billy (William Jennings, named after a silver-tongued party), then ten; and Arlene, a cute five-year-old who was the darling of her papa. (Three other children had died as infants.)

Donald himself was a child so precocious that he was on stage *before* he was born. His mother was singing, dancing, playing the piano and doing acrobatics while she carried him. A couple of days before Donald's birth (at Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Chicago on August 28, 1925) Effie cut her act down to doing piano turns. Three days after Donald's arrival, his mother was back doing cartwheels. His father returned from a hunting trip just in time to greet his newest offspring.

Everyone agreed that the infant O'Connor should become part of the act. At two months Donald tried his first make-up. He saw a full bill at three, from the wings. At six months he could both emit a raspberry and clap his hands. At thirteen months he was deemed veteran enough to make a triumphal debut.

This consisted of his being thrown at the audience by his brothers. Billy would pitch him, Jack would catch him—just as he was about to vanish over the footlights.

But while Donald was becoming a member of the act, double tragedy deprived the team of its mainstay. In 1926, little Arlene was killed by a hit-and-run driver outside the stage door of a theater in Hartford, Connecticut. It broke Chuck O'Connor's heart, and, 13 weeks later, when Donald was six months old, his father died.

Effie numbly reorganized the act, with Jack and Billy (aided, in time, by their infant brother) assuming the burden of the work. A sister-in-law, Millie, was introduced as a dancer; a niece, Patsy, joined up as a singer. But the act which had achieved almost uninterrupted billings for 20 years had suffered a major blow. It never did so well again.

Lessons in the Black Bottom

Nevertheless, for Donald the next years proved an arduous school. At the age of three he learned how to dance. Effie managed this by holding his hands while Donald, in a hated blue skirt, imitated his elders with a risqué version of the black bottom. He finished by slapping his rear and kissing his hand to the audience. "Mother got me to do it by painting my skirt with honey," says Donald.

At the age of four years, Donald rendered his first song in public, Keep Your Sunny Side Up. After that, his brothers took over and initiated him into the mysteries of tap dancing, buck and wing, and double shuffle, as well as handstands and cannon balls. "I got my style right there," Donald says. "I like to think of myself as a free and easy hoofer, a soft-shoe expert like Eddie Leonard used to be."

The first lines the youngster had to speak consisted of a gag as old and trusty as possible. "Which would you like, a quarter or a third of an apple pie?" Donald was asked. "A quarter," he replied. "Oh," said the interlocutor, "but a third is bigger." Came the lisped snapper: "I know, but I don't like apple pie."

It was during this childhood apprenticeship that Donald missed the only three shows of his career. The first time, it happened because Donald chanced upon a playmate who had a glass eye and used it to play marbles. This fascinated Donald so much that he forgot about his stage duties. On the

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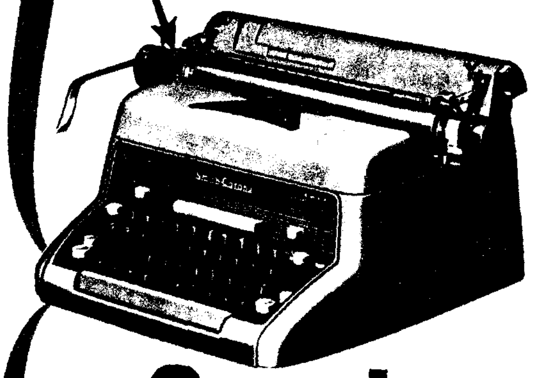

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second occasion, he had a door slammed on his finger. Trapped beneath the stage, Donald yelled lustily for help; no one came. He heard his introduction music filtering down and nearly tore off the offending digit. Eventually, a stagehand heard his shrieks and released him. Donald appeared on stage for the next performance, went through with the rest of the show and got sick in the wings.

The third miss came when he had just fallen off a brick wall. He complained of feeling funny and was allowed to stay out of the first show. He insisted on doing the four others, getting sicker each time. After the day was over an X ray was taken. It showed that his left wrist was broken, and that Donald had been doing his handstands on the ends of the fractured bones.

Tough Times for the Troupe

Courage such as this was at a premium in those days. Everybody had to work steadily to keep the act going, for the hard times of the thirties were especially tough for vaudevillians. The O'Connor aggregation, which had formerly got as much as $1,250 for an hour show, dropped on one occasion to a low of $6. They took to playing night clubs and strawberry festivals. When things got really rough they retreated to Danville, Illinois, where their Aunt Josie and Uncle Billy, who was a gambling house proprietor and politician, lived with 13 children. "It was my real home," Donald says. "I never had any other until I got married."

While vaudeville slowly rolled over and expired, another, even greater, medium of entertainment came into its heyday. The first time The O'Connor Family visited Hollywood was in 1932. They toured the West Coast for three years, from Seattle to San Diego. They left in 1935, but found the East so inhospitable to their antics that they returned to California the next year. They left in 1937 on another Eastern tour and returned in a few months. The movie bonanzas—an occasional spot in a picture—were too good to lose.

By this time, the O'Connors were playing benefits and smokers—and playing them, of course, as lustily as they had ever approached an engagement at the Palace in New York. It was during a benefit at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles that Donald was seen by a scout and signed for Paramount in 1938.

He was thirteen years old. At lunch one day in the studio, he met a little redheaded girl who was twelve. Her name was Gwendolyn Carter. He hated her. He was a big operator with a contract; she was someone trying to horn in. She was to become his wife.

Donald spent one year at Paramount at $250 a week. "I did either 11 or 12 pictures," he says. "I was everybody's son. I never got less than third billing." Among the films he appeared in were Beau Geste; Sons of the Legion; Sing, You Sinners; Boy Trouble; and Tom Sawyer, Detective.

The reason he left Paramount was a natural one. He grew up. "In one year," he says, "I shot up from four feet seven to five feet seven. My voice shifted gears from treble to bass. I thought I was ruined."

The O'Connors retreated back to Danville and commenced their round of one-nighters and split weeks once again. Here tragedy played a return engagement in their lives. Billy, the trampolin expert, caught scarlet fever and died from complications of the disease in 1939.

After that, Danville was not the happy place of reunion it had been. Hartford was already on the family black list because of Arlene's death. None of the O'Connor family ever caught a date there again until Donald broke the jinx by appearing in 1950. (But he will never again enter one Hartford theater.)

Then one day while the family was playing a sad little date at a country club in Peru, Illinois, a wire came for Donald. It was from Universal Studios; they wanted him back on the screen. He was to stay there for 10 years.

That was in early 1941. That year marked the breakup of the Ancient and Honorable O'Connor Family Act.

Effie retired. Patsy went East to join such musical comedies as Panama Hattie with Ethel Merman. Jack followed Donald to Hollywood and became an assistant dance director at Warner's. Donald started a seven-year contract at Universal.

He began at $200 a week, with a $50 raise every six months. After three years he was given an annual $2,500 bonus. Meanwhile, teamed with a pert little dancer-comedienne named Peggy Ryan, Donald coined money for the studio.

During the next two years he made more than a dozen pictures. Nearly all of them—such films as Mr. Big, The Merry Monahans, This Is the Life, Chip off the Old Block, Top Man, Follow the Boys, Patrick the Great—were made with Peggy. They cost between $250,000 and $400,000 apiece. The average gross of the pictures ran above $2,000,000 each.

"Yes, I advertised a kitten for sale or trade . . . hmm . . . uh, huh. . . . Well, how big is the alligator?"

COLLIER'S HARRY MACE

"About that time," says Donald, "the Army started chasing me with a suit of genuine khaki. There were a couple of things I managed to do first."

One of them was to finish his education. He had never gone to public school; Effie had taught him the three R's while on tour and now Donald picked up the rest at the little yellow stucco schoolhouse at Universal. His second order of business was to get married. He had become reacquainted with Gwen Carter in 1940, backstage at a vaudeville show, and had been dating her regularly. They got engaged at a party for another couple in 1942. The lights being out, Donald slipped the ring on a finger. Lights up, he found the finger belonged to another girl—but it worked out all right.

Donald was drafted and assigned to an Air Corps training group on February 7, 1944. The night before this happened, the eighteen-year-old rookie and his seventeen-year-old fiancée decided to get married. They chugged off to Tijuana, Mexico. Their jalopy broke down en route, but the knot was tied and they managed a one-night honeymoon.

Donald graduated as one of the top three of his group. The day they were to become real wild-blue boys, the program was disbanded. Donald went into Special Services.

He was to spend two years and five months in the Army. He played in every camp in the country except those around Miami, Florida.

While in the Army, Donald was called upon to do more than 3,000 shows, most of them impromptu, as a Pfc. Sometimes he did as many as 12 a day, from opening a PX to welcoming a general—often without material or music. He did comedy, dancing, acting, emceeing.

In 1946 the Army agreed to let Donald do two weeks of personal appearances, in order to pay off some back income tax. Donald did his first stint at the Chicago Oriental Theatre. Afterward, the manager came backstage.

"A great act, kid!" he exulted. "But you'll have to drop that lousy piano player you have."

"I can't," Donald said. "He's my company CO."

When Donald finally got out of the Army, he went right back under contract to Universal. He made a picture with Deanna Durbin called Something in the Wind. "It sure was," says Donald. Then he had to cool his heels for a year. Universal was being reorganized as Universal-International.

Donald went on the road and did 20 weeks of personal appearances. Finally he commenced to click again in movies with such titles as Are You With It?; Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'; Curtain Call at Cactus Creek; The Milkman, with Jimmy Durante—and a series of four comedies with a certain talking mule named Francis.

The first two of the mule pictures were smashes that are still being shown around the world. These pictures guaranteed Donald's career. But he had to do a straight acting job without much chance for exhibiting his other talents. "Acting with the mule was murder," he says. "The animal stole every scene. I got so I couldn't act with real people. It was tough, being upstaged by a jackass."

He finally negotiated a degree of freedom from U-I: a new one-picture-a-year contract at $3,000 a week.

As soon as he came into affluence, Donald bought three homes in the San Fernando Valley for a total of $40,000: one for his mother, one for his brother Jack, and one for himself and Gwen. He took on a payroll of 10 relatives, running to about $30,000 a year. He bought diamond rings, mink coats and sable wraps. He bought cars for everyone in the act. He hired an agent for 10 per cent of his salary and a business manager for 5 per cent; he gave 5 per cent to charity and another 5 per cent to private philanthropies.

Then he and Gwen discovered that, with taxes, they could keep only 15 per cent of their income and save 5 per cent of it. "Right then," says Donald, "we went on an allowance. I get $50 a week spending money and Gwen gets $20. We get along."

A good deal of his surplus cash is consumed by Donald's pursuit of hobbies, which can be described only as frantic. He has had, by actual count, 36 extracurricular activities which have absorbed mo than $25,000 of his cash.

Tops among these (not counting su things as toy-soldier, bottle-cap and aga collecting) used to be stray auto collectin Once Donald had seven—"And I usual had to take a cab to work," he says wryl They consisted of two Miller racing ca a three-quarter racer with a Ford engin a 1937 Ford; a Model A which he boug for $350 and worked on until it was wor $1,500; a hand-built experimental c which he called "The Mishmosh Six," th included a chassis like a Dali dream, u side-down fenders and leopard-skin u holstery; and an English Jaguar.

While he was in the Army, he on drove one of the Millers at 157 miles p hour on a flat near his air base. He got r of all the cars, at Gwen's behest. The far ily is content today with a Pontiac and Cadillac, both stock models, plus a brigh red Italian Bugatti in which one has to r cline to drive.

Donald has had seven dogs, rangi from mongrels through poodles to his cu rent pet, an Irish wolfhound, the large breed known, named The O'Flynn. Th O'Flynn is a gigantic Celtic beast whi can wipe Donald's nose by just runni past. The animal got into the house o day, and in two sweeps of his posteri shillelagh decapitated two table lamps a brushed a coffee table clean of Sèvres. H once stunned Donald with a friendly up percut merely by offering his paw.

O'Connor's sports are bowling and golf. He is a good archer and also can snap a bull whip. "I can trip up my wife at 10 paces," he says, "but I don't dare." He indulges in touch football, ice skating and horseback riding. When the customers allow, he practices on piano and drums. He and his brother Jack built their swimming pool. Like most show-business libraries, the majority of the books on Donald's shelves are about himself. He has 23 scrapbooks bound in red and green leather, including a couple on Gwen and one on five-year-old Donna Gwen, their only child.

Donald likes to be his own stunt man, contending that he is lucky. He probably is. To date, he has had nothing worse to show for it than sprained ankles, a bruised nose, a case of poison oak, and numerous splinters from heels to head. His latest joy is skiing. This makes his associates shudder; if dauntless Donald should break an ankle, it will throw 203 people out of work. Donald maintains a $150,000 insurance policy in case his luck should give out.

House Décor in Lurid Colors

The O'Connors live in a rambling house, painted shocking pink, in a San Fernando Valley suburb. Decorated by a friend who used to be a shoe clerk, it abounds in luscious greens, blues, and yellows, and has padded furniture for Donald to fall into. His casual mannerisms—dumping stuff haphazardly out of his pockets, folding pants carefully on the floor and then abandoning them there, falling asleep in any position—are the despair of Gwen. "But my worst problem," she confesses, "is his mania for hobbies." She gets him out of one and Donald slides into another.

After the car-hobby fever subsided, Donald took revenge in his own peculiar fashion. He started looking for hobbies for his wife.

An old fiend on physical conditioning, he induced Gwen to go to the gym and "harden up." She spent $35 on costumes and worked out so hard that she fainted three times in one day—in the gym, in the shower, and in the steam bath. Undaunted, Donald foisted the same procedure on writer Sid Kuller. The gag man boxed one round with the instructor and went home with two broken ribs. He was unable to think of a joke for three weeks.

The O'Connor family life has been reasonably happy, if not always entirely smooth. Donald came home one night late from work and Gwen greeted him with: "Don, I'm bored."

Okay," he said. "Why don't you do ething about it?"

I am," she said. "I'm getting a divorce." turned out to be a three-day separa-. There have been a couple more since, nothing serious. Redheaded Donna en, who arrived 20 days before Donald twenty-one, is an efficient curative for ital difficulties. (So are the fan maga-s, on occasion. The editors kept tell- the tiffing couple: "You've got us in a . We have a double spread on you, ures and text, next month. If you don't together for 30 days, we'll sue you!")

When Gwen and I got married," Don- says thoughtfully, "we decided who boss right away. We agreed that all big isions were mine. All little decisions e hers. Of course," he adds, "we haven't *le* any really big decisions."

he first time Donald ever left the ted States was in 1950. He took a trip South Africa on a 7,000-ton freighter. thought it would be a good rest being days at sea. "I lost 20 pounds," Donald morosely. "I guess I thought too h."

le stayed in South Africa three months had a wonderful time. He was feted feasted. He gave a beauty prize (the ial reason for the trip), raised money polio, and danced with the natives. "I ldn't pick up their steps in the war ace," Donald confesses. "They laughed me for being so dumb."

The same year Donald went to England and Scotland for a five-week tour at $10,000 a week. He spent time in London, Birmingham, Liverpool and Glasgow. The taxes of both England and the United States nipped him so severely that he ended up with slightly less than $2,000. "But," he says, "the Scots liked me. We met four on the train and they taught me some songs. I sang them in Glasgow. I was a hit with I Belong to Glasgie. But if they don't like you, they all shout: 'Hoot! Awa' wi' ye!' And awa' ye go!"

He has two outlets for relaxation. "Hobbies don't relax me," he says in a puzzled fashion. "I have to concentrate on them just as hard as I do on my work." So in the fall and winter he relaxes by going to the mountains with a couple of decks of canasta cards, 10 or 15 full-length movies, a projector and a group of friends. In the spring and summer, he is an avid fight fan.

Donald says the best fight he ever witnessed was in Alabama during an Army tour in an obscure sporting club. The two boxers knew little about the art; the referee, apparently, knew less.

The two boys sparred, then one launched a roundhouse from north of Natchez. His opponent tottered and went down. Unhappily, the referee became confused, lost the count, and commenced again. When he got up to the equivalent of nineteen, the boy on the floor raised his glove.

"You're mighty kind, ref," he said softly, "but I'm through for the night."

Frustrated as a Song Writer

None of Donald's side activities, he admits, have panned out well. He has written 76 songs, words and music, and only one—I Waited a Little Too Long, in collaboration with his TV writer, Sid Miller—has been published. He has created 11 musical plays. None has seen the light. He has written an unpublished book and three unproduced screen plays.

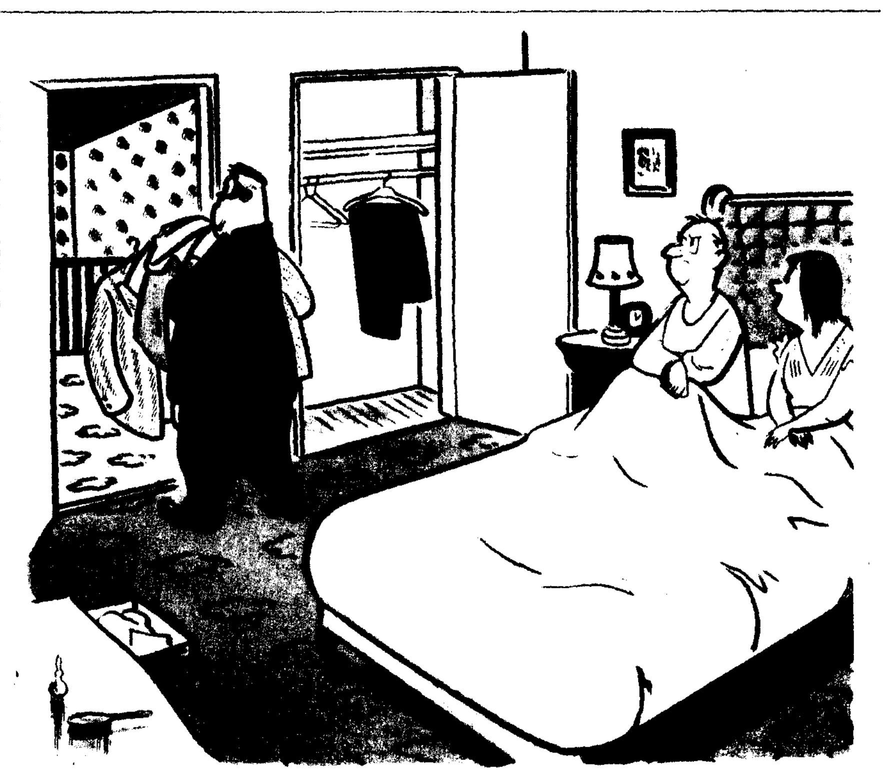
He tried to raise pedigreed hens. They refused to lay except in the vacant lot next door and in the neighbor's sewing basket. "So we killed one and had it for dinner," says Donald. "We all got sick—it was like eating one of the family. We gave away the rest."

The mahogany running board recently dropped off his Bugatti runabout. It was infested with termites. A prize pair of boxer dogs which Donald intended to breed grew ferocious. He had to dispose of them. His wife objected to his $7,000 collection of 400 guns. He had to give away and sell all but nine. Somebody swiped his prize German beer stein, which had a languorous nude set in glass in the bottom.

Naturally, like other Hollywood stars, Donald also collects fan mail, which is one of the reliable indexes of popularity. This is one collection that has turned out well for him; the mail is variable, but large.

"It runs between 8,000 and 15,000 a month," Donald says. "From all ages, too." He adds: "What gives me the biggest kick in the business is when somebody on the street hands me a thank-you. 'So many hours of clean entertainment,' they say. That's what my father would have liked. They tell me he never cracked a blue joke in his life. Neither will I." THE END

BUTCH



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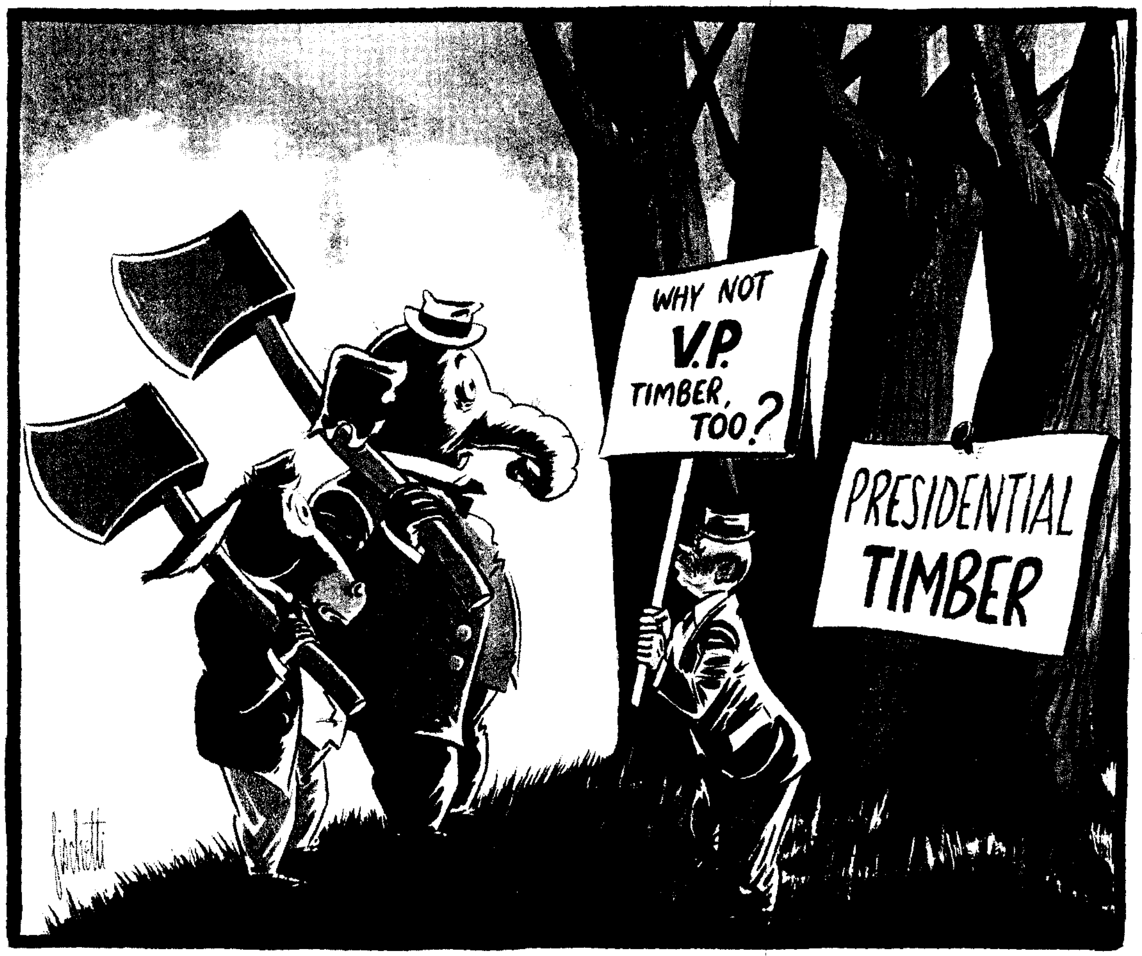


JOHN FISCHETTI

No More Throttlebottoms

WHO WAS THE Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1924, the year Coolidge beat John W. Davis?

That's a favorite question of one of our colleagues, who likes to address it to people who can remember way back when we used to have Republican Presidents. Usually he accompanies the question with a small wager that they don't know the answer. He makes quite a bit of lunch money that way.

The correct answer is Charles W. Bryan. It is not remarkable that so few people remember him, for he was not a remarkable man. Mr. Bryan had only two memorable distinctions. He was a brother of William Jennings Bryan, and he wore a black skullcap.

We got to thinking recently about Brother Charlie, as he was commonly called, when we read that a wonderful old musical show called Of Thee I Sing is being revived and brought back to Broadway. Some more mature readers may recall that the show includes a bumbling, ineffectual character named Vice-President Throttlebottom. And some younger ones may have heard the name without knowing its origin.

Throttlebottom was a delightfully funny character, especially as played by Victor Moore. And we don't mean to stint credit to him or the show's authors, George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, if we suggest that they didn't really create him. That honor should go to the delegates to the national party conventions through the years. It was their frequent choice of candidates like Brother Charlie for the number two place on the ticket which—in spite of an occasional exception like Theodore Roosevelt—finally created Throttlebottom. All Kaufman and Ryskind had to do was assemble the composite character. We enjoyed Vice-President Throttlebottom the first time around, and we hope that his revived presence on the scene will serve to remind the 1952 conventions that this is no time for Throttlebottoms.

It is an obvious fact that a Vice-President is a potential President of the United States. But it often seems that such a thought never enters a convention's collective mind. The selection of the candidate—or rather the convention's confirmation of the candidate already picked by the Presidential nominee and party bosses—is almost always a hurried afterthought. And the candidate's qualifications are usually that he is likely to please a certain class of voters, or a certain section of the country, or maybe just the negative assurance that nobody is sore at him.

That is the time-honored way of doing things, but we think it's wrong. For one thing, we think the notion that the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees must be from different parts of the country is unrealistic. In 1948, for instance, Mr. Warren of California couldn't save his home state for Mr. Dewey. And Mr. Barkley of Kentucky couldn't hold the usually Solid South for Mr. Truman. As for the second man on the ticket cementing the farm vote or the labor vote or the something-else vote, we believe a little study of the history of American elections will show that there is no such thing as a consistent, perennial bloc of anybody's vote capable of guaranteed delivery.

We think it can be said with safety that nobody votes *for* a candidate for Vice-President. He simply hangs onto the coattails of his running mate and is elected or defeated automatically. Maybe that isn't how it should be, but that's how it is. And it presents a challenge to the far-sighted wisdom of both conventions. For one of these automatic candidates, once elected, assumes an importance far beyond that of his single official duty as President of the Senate. It is for that important possible eventuality that he should be chosen.

The Presidency of the United States today has been called a "killing job." Its responsibilities are humbling and sometimes frightening. Its duties are taxing and exhausting. Thus it is the duty of the major parties' delegates to give serious thought to selecting as a Vice-Presidential candidate a man of comparable stature and experience to the Presidential nominee. We also think that Presidents, once elected, should consider the Vice-President their possible successor, and provide him with duties and information consistent with that position. Certainly the United States of America, in the four years ahead, cannot afford to have in the Vice-President's chair a man whose only recommendations are his point of geographical origin or his personal inoffensiveness.

Rise—and Fall?

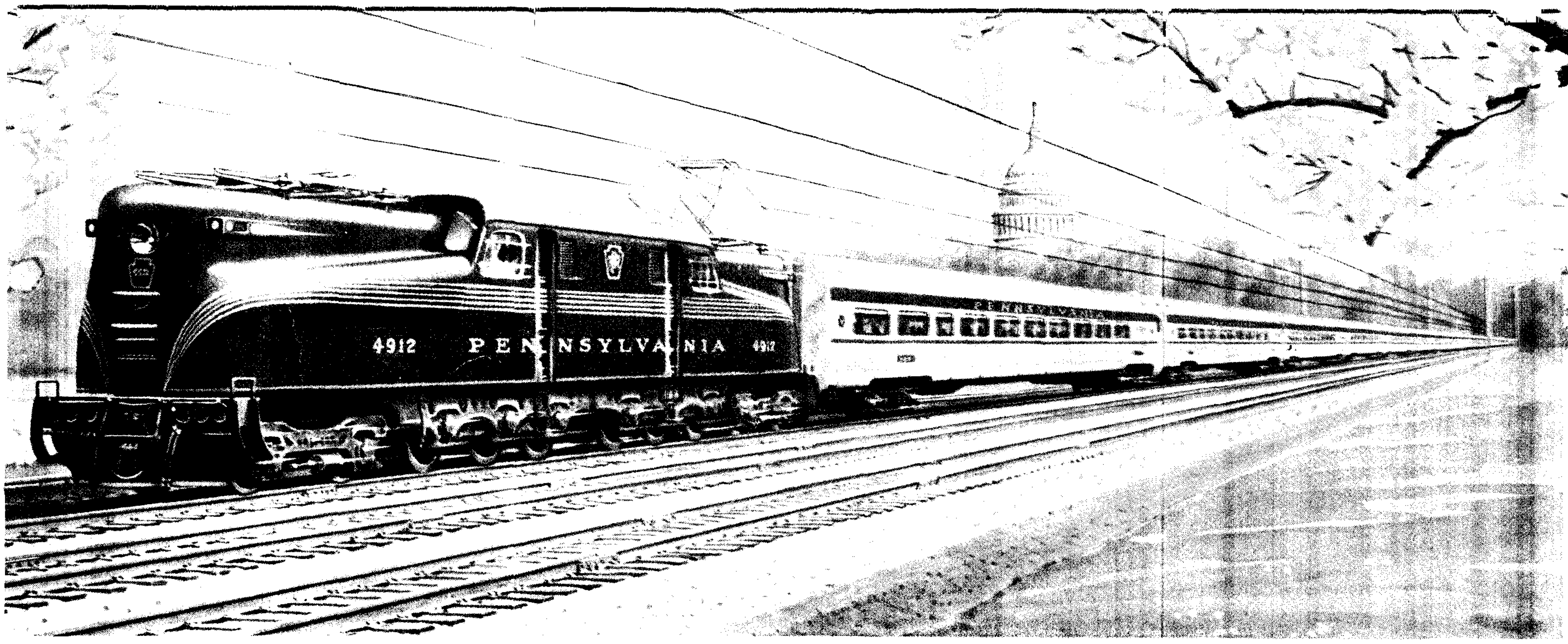
THERE IS NO END to books, magazine articles and newspaper stories about Communism, Communists, reformed Reds and present fellow travelers. Yet for all that, there is a dearth of writing which views Communism intelligently and dispassionately, and explains it in the same terms. Such writing is badly needed at a time when uninformed emotionalism too often replaces rational analysis. And such writing is to be found in the recent book by Massimo Salvadori, The Rise of Modern Communism (Henry Holt & Company).

This slender volume gives, in a little more than 100 pages, a concise, understandable history of the rise of Communism, and of the reasons behind the prewar and postwar shifts in Soviet policy. Mr. Salvadori writes with informed detachment and with a remarkable perspective, considering the closeness and constantly changing aspects of his subject.

He holds out no Pollyanna hopes that the Kremlin will ever hit democracy's sawdust trail. He sees no likelihood that the Communist rulers will ever cease their efforts to enforce their will upon their citizens by coercive powers. For then, he says, "they would no longer be Communists, but what they hate with the greatest passion: democratic Socialists."

Yet his is also a hopeful book. For he finds, in a survey of world-wide Communism, a broad, common front of tough resistance against it. He also sees in Communism what the Communists profess to see in capitalism: internal weaknesses which may in time destroy it. He thinks it possible that "the quality of the leadership of the Communist societies will gradually deteriorate . . . But if non-Communist states can—and there is no reason why they should not, unless seized by panic—hold their own for a generation or so, they are likely to be faced at the end of that period by a Communism that has lost much of its present energy, a Communism whose institutions are becoming empty and brittle shells, and whose leaders and followers, instead of being crusaders, have become mere bureaucrats."

To those of our readers who are not content merely to fear or rail against the Stalinist threat to freedom, but who wish to understand it better, we commend the book, The Rise of Modern Communism.



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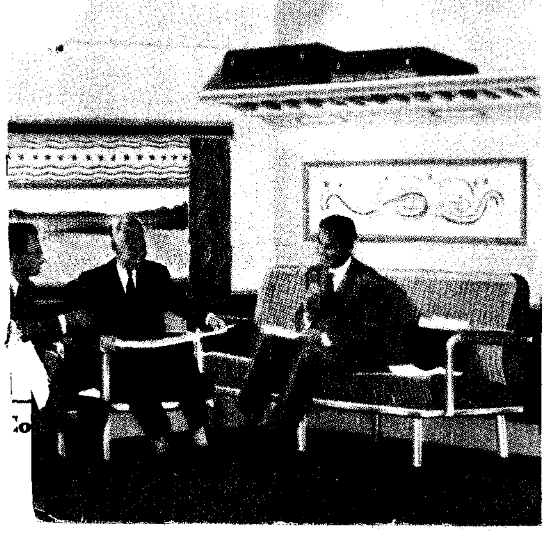

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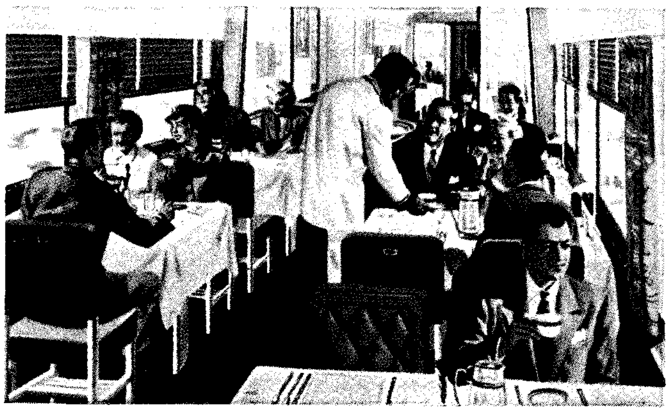

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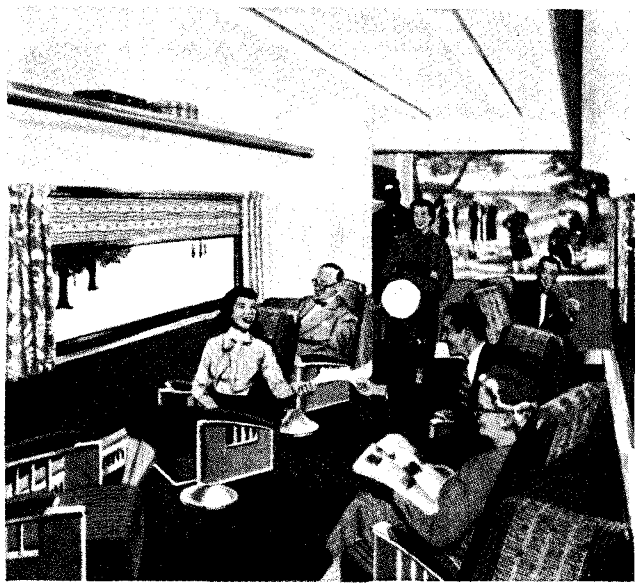

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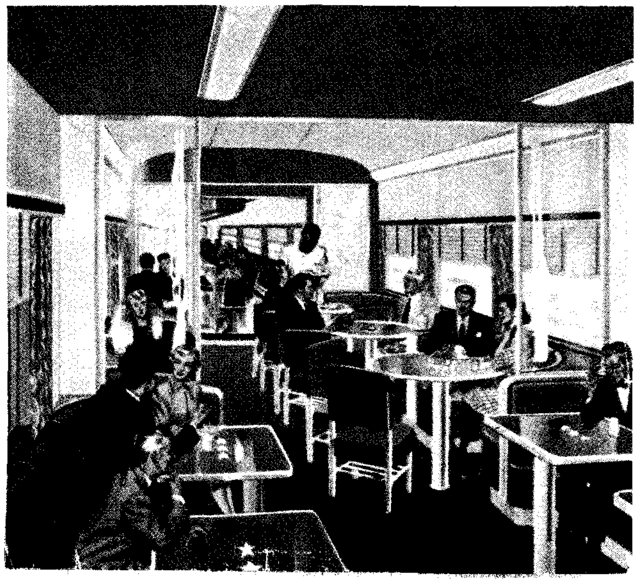

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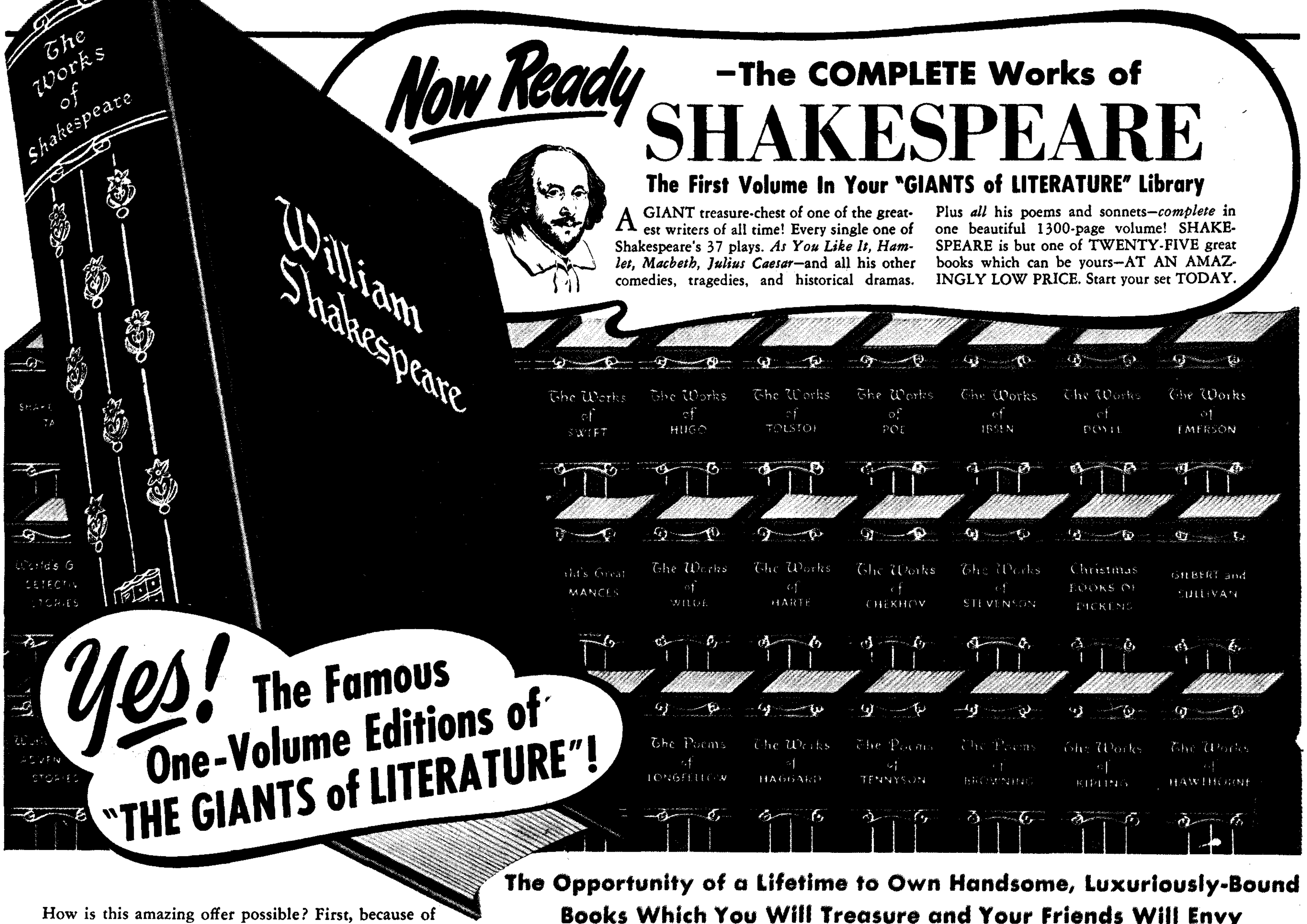

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